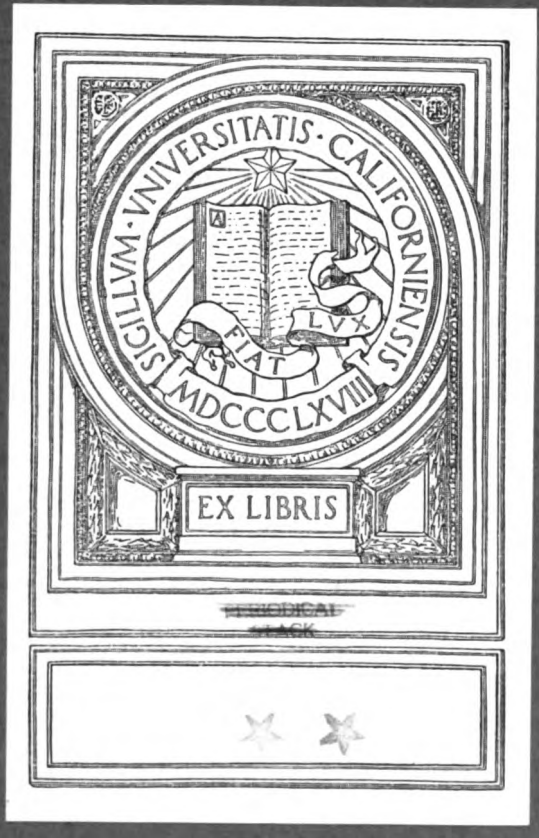

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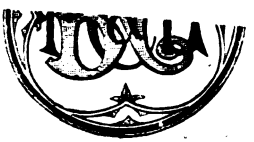

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

September, 1871, *to February*, 1872.

PAGE

'Lord' a Romance. By John C. Freund. Illustrated by D. T. White, J. W. Petty, and T. Robinson 1, 129, 273, 399, 527, 651

Reflections. By W. H. Pollock . . 18

The Autumn Manœuvres. By Patrol-Leader 19

With the American Embassy from Tangiers to Fez. By Ben Tarick 30

Orpheus and Eurydice. By Alfred Perceval Graves. Illustrated by W. J. Hennessy 41

A Famous Frenchman. By the Vicomtesse de Kerkadée 51

In September. By Aureolus Paracelsus 64

The London Needlewoman. By Alexander Redgrave, H.M. Chief Inspector of Factories . . . 66

'Take Care whom you Trust.' By Compton Reade. Illustrated by W. J. Hennessy . 76, 220, 350, 466

In Vain.—Early one Summer Morning.—To a Fly. By R. G. . . 90

Sketches of Travel in Germany. By Professor Blackie . . 91, 193, 320

By Night. By John Whitcher . . 101

French Dramatic Art in London. By Frederick Pollock and Walter Herries Pollock 102

Autumn Song. By Florence K. Berger 110

Oxford Chit-Chat 111

To L. M. O. By Elisabeth Wilson-Block 114

In Town. By Edmund Yates . . 115

PAGE

The New American Poet. By G. F. Armstrong 120

Spain since the September Revolution. By F. H. O'Donnell . 152

'Apres nous le Deluge.' By Hubert de Burgh 166

In Love's Eternity. By Arthur W. E. O'Shaughnessy 167

Browning as a Preacher. By E. Dickinson West 171, 305

An English Communist. By J. Hain Friswell 185

Benevolence and Pauperism. By Amelia Lewis 205

Down Stream. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Illustrated by F. Madox Brown 211

Women in France. By A. P. . . 213

Dido to Æneas. By T. H. Leary, D.C.L. 236

International. By Brigadier-General Duff, U.S.A. 237

A Study of Walt Whitman, the Poet of Modern Democracy. By the Hon. Roden Noel. Illustrated by W. J. Hennessy . . . 241, 336

The Moors. By the Rev. Arthur Faber 254

The Cattle Spoil of Daibt. By the Bishop of Limerick . . . 262

Through Kerry. By Edmund Yates . 267

A Conquest. By Walter Herries Pollock 295

On Crime. By Amelia Lewis . . 296

Marie. By Frederick E. Weatherly . 299

Mumal and Mendra: a Legend of Scinde. By G. A. Simcox. Illustrated by E. F. Clarke . . . 300

005702

PAGE

PRESERVATION OF THE NATIONAL HEALTH. By Edward J. Wilson . . . 327

GARDEN POEMS. By Professor Dowden 366

THE TRAINING OF THE BRITISH OFFICER. By Major Knollys 369

REVIVAL OF THE FACULTIES AT OXFORD. By Thomas Arnold, M.A. 380, 493

'THESE TO HIS MEM'RY SINCE HE HELD THEM DEAR.' By Israel Davis . 386

A BILLET AT CLOONBAWN. By J. Franklin Fuller 387

HOW GALAHAD CAME TO CAMELOT. By Alfred Perceval Graves . . . 397

WEARY. By S. Waddington . . 421

ACTIVE CHRISTIANITY. By Amelia Lewis 422

THE BURDEN OF THE WILLOWS. By F. Scarlet Potter 425

WHY IS ENGLISH SCULPTURE UNSUCCESSFUL? By H. E. P. Platt . . 428

SONNETS. By Millicent O'Hara . . 433

CARMILLA. By Sheridan le Fanu. Illustrated by M. Fitzgerald and D. H. Friston . . . 434, 592, 701

MIDNIGHT CONFESSION. (From Charles Baudelaire.) By H. Curwen. . 449

ON PHYSICAL EDUCATION: THE TURN-VEREIN IN ENGLAND. By George Barraclough, M.A., M.R.C.S. . 450

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN'S POETRY. By E. L. Bryans 484

ANTIGONE. By James Beale . . 510

THE ANGEL OF EBLIS. By E. B. Nicholson 511

SHE SANG. By J. E. Harrison . . 515

REVIEWS:—MR. MILLER'S SONGS OF THE SIERRAS. By G. F. Armstrong 120

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS OF CHARLES DICKENS' READINGS. By Ernest Rawlinson 516

RECENT VERSIONS OF VIRGIL. By T. H. Leary, D.C.L. . . . 518

THOUGHTS ON GOVERNMENT, BY ARTHUR HELPS. By E. D. J. Wilson 640

TWO NEW BOOKS:—
GILLOTT AND GOOSEQUILL . . 765
CURRY AND RICE . . . 767

PAGE

'OUR PRINCE IS OUT OF DANGER.' By Alfred Perceval Graves . . . 525

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT AT VERSAILLES. By the Earl of Dunraven . . 549, 715

WINTER. By Mathilde Blind . . 556

ENCHANTED EMBERS. By Guy Roslyn . 557

WINTER DAYS. By May Mather . . 559

THE GRANDSON OF CANDIDE. By H. D. Traill. Illustrated by Sydney P. Hall 560

FIXING THE DAY. By Shiel Dhuv . 576

CHRISTMAS-EVE IN A COAL-PIT. By Robert Jocelyn 578

LITTLE CHINCHILLA: A SKATING SONG. By J. Ashby-Sterry . . . 590

THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYES. By C. H. Waring 606

THE LAST MAN OF MEXICAN CAMP. By Joaquin Miller 607

PERFECT WEATHER. By Mortimer Collins 619

A REAL EDUCATION FOR WOMEN. By Amelia Lewis . . . 620, 736

A STORY OF OUR VILLAGE. By M. Hartley 624

BEFORE THE CURTAIN 626

MR. IRVING AT THE LYCEUM, AND MR. VINING AT THE OLYMPIC . . 635

A KISS. By Walter Herries Pollock . 646

THE OPENING OF THE RIKSDAG. By W. D. Rawlins 647

IRELAND AND HER NEED . . . 665

COMPULSORY MILITARY SERVICE. By Major Knollys, F.R.G.S. . . 672

LOVE'S LAND. By Florence K. Berger 681

A MORNING IN THE BODLEIAN. By Two Fellows 683

OUR POLICE SYSTEM 692

TWO PICTURES. By John C. Collins . 730

THE COMING SESSION. By a Liberal . 732

AN EPISODE OF THE TERROR. By H. Schütz-Wilson 738

CONVERSATION. By Charles H. Waring 752

ANNIE. By A. Henderson . . . 760

AT THE THEATRES 761

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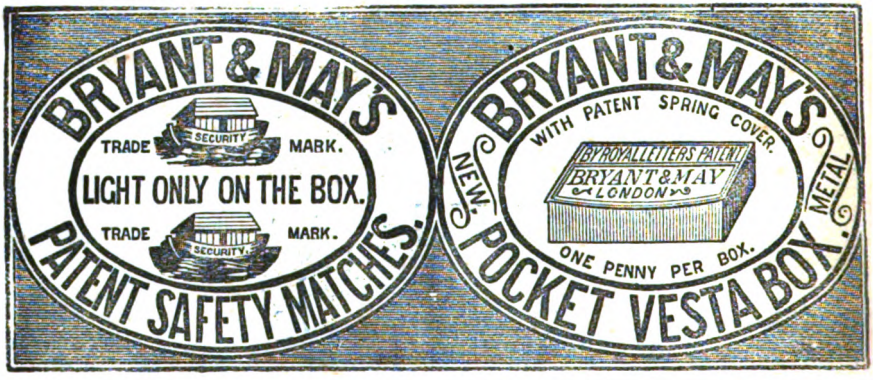

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

I. 'LOST:' a Romance. By John C. Freund, Author of 'By the Roadside.' Illustrated by D. T. White 1

CHAPTER XXV.—The Enthusiasts again.
" XXVI.—The Zenith and Nadir of George Harrowby.
" XXVII.—Two Politicians.
" XXVIII.—A Sod and a Story.

II. RAINDROPS. By W. H. Pollock 18

III. THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES. By Patrol-leader 19

IV. WITH THE AMERICAN EMBASSY FROM TANGIERS TO FEZ. By Ben Tarick 30

V. ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE. By Alfred P. Graves. Illustrated by W. J. Hennessy 41

VI. A FAMOUS FRENCHMAN. By the Vicomtesse de Kerkadée . 51

VII. IN SEPTEMBER. By Aureolus Paracelsus 64

VIII. LONDON NEEDLEWOMEN. By Alexander Redgrave, H.M. Chief Inspector of Factories 66

IX. 'TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.' By Compton Reade. Illustrated by W. J. Hennessy 76

CHAPTER XIX.—Another Move on the Board.
" XX.—Another Fair Face.
" XXI.—Debit and Credit.

X. IN BED.—EARLY ONE SUMMER MORNING.—TO A FLY. By R. G. 90

XI. SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN GERMANY. By Professor Blackie . 91

XII. BY NIGHT. By John Whitcher 101

XIII. FRENCH DRAMATIC ART IN LONDON. By Frederick and Walter Pollock 102

XIV. AUTUMN SONG. By Florence K. Berger 110

XV. OXFORD CHIT-CHAT 111

XVI. TO L. M. O. By Elizabeth Wilson-Block 114

XVII. IN TOWN. By Edmund Yates 115

XVIII. THE NEW AMERICAN POET. By F. G. Armstrong . . 120

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'LOST.

THE

DARK BLUE.

SEPTEMBER 1871.

'LOST': A ROMANCE.

BY JOHN C. FREUND, AUTHOR OF 'BY THE ROADSIDE.'

CHAPTER XXV.

THE ENTHUSIASTS AGAIN.

HALLE — the old town, with her many-gabled houses, crooked streets, and glorious churches, among which the beautiful Gothic structure of St. Mary is pre-eminent, with her public institutions and public schools, with her salt works, her Frankonian foundation, and finally her University buildings —the new town, attaching herself by the handsome railway station and pretty modernised houses to her ancient sister—both old and new Halle were revelling in May glory. The merry month of May was indeed a merry month in Halle. Vacation time was coming: the students, wearing their collars a little looser still, swaggered more than ever, the professors began to relax in discipline, the young maidens accorded sweet interviews of leave-taking and a general *laisser-aller* principle pervaded the place. May shone on Halle as it had shone a thousand years ago, the famous German willow-trees bordered the pretty brooks near the river Saale, cosy beds of forget-me-nots and wild violets hid their modest beauty

under the shade of the willows, and in the high May grass lay the alumni of Halle University peeling the elastic willow twigs, and lazily plucking forget-me-nots and violets. It was so much better, forsooth, to lie there learning something soft and inspiriting from mother Nature, than be for ever bothering over the learning of the ancients, the theology of the Middle Ages, and the philosophy of the moderners.

Had Tacitus in his 'Germania' not praised the willow-trees eighteen hundred years ago, and extolled the yellow tresses of German maidens? Was it not the best classical study to do the same and lie there toying with both *à la dérobée* in the green May grass?

The day near the end of May was declining. Out fluttered the students—fluttered here and there as fancy or inclination would take them, some gathering round that old house near the market-hall. There in the long room with the shadowy haunts and odd corners, low ceiling and whispered reminiscences of bouts and meetings, songs and speeches *ad infinitum*, were collected about a dozen students; through the small window-panes the evening sun threw a Claude Lorraine light over the assembly, encircling many a youthful head with its rich yellow sheen. That sprightly boisterous spirit that had enlivened the meeting when Zollwitz left was not among the students: they lounged and talked, but neither song nor toast was heard; the chair at the head of the table was empty—no one had been allowed to occupy it since their chief's departure.

One rose: 'Has no one heard from Zollwitz yet? Does anyone know if Professor Holmann has returned from Torgau?'

All shook their heads; no one had heard from Zollwitz, and Professor Holmann had not been seen in Halle since Christmas, having lain dangerously ill at Major Zollwitz's.

'It is wrong of Zollwitz to leave us without a leader. Great questions are arising, times are thick with meaning, life is stirring in the north and in the south. Brethren, ye know it, the sword is to bring us liberty and unity; diplomatical despotism is to raise us in the scale of nations. Believe it not, brethren; it is rotten, this unity, and will fall away like brittle sand: it is hollow, this freedom, and sounds like brass. Brethren, unity and freedom are mightier words: freedom comes from within, it is born in man's soul, it is his most sacred heritage, it is given with his existence, it is neither to be bought nor shuttled for, it is the gift of the gods to enshrine man in divine light. Oh, brethren, debase it not—shun it, this false freedom, and from your innermost souls hail that true harbinger of liberty and peace on earth and sing with me, "O Freiheit, hoher Götterfunke."'[1]

Out burst the youthful chorus, through the room rang the swelling sounds of those mighty strains; up sprang the singers, hands raised aloft, eyes glowing, heads erect, and the enthusiasm of undefined ideas shone in every face!

[1] O Freedom, divine spark of the gods!

A hasty, light, but firm step outside, the door is pushed open, and Zollwitz stands before them.

'Zollwitz! Zollwitz!—our head, our chief, our soul, where do you come from? How have you got here? Man, is it you?'

And round that young manly figure they gathered, glad to touch something of him, happy to grasp but his hand, and led to hero-worship by that supreme consciousness of their fellow-student's superiority over them all, of this young man's high inner human power—he, born to be a leader of men!

'Our last meeting, Zollwitz, before the vacation. Here take your place, no one has had the chair. How tall you have grown, and how foreign you look! Where hast been, fellow-worker, fellow-enthusiast, our leader, believing still in the light of our debased modern humanity?'

Zollwitz took the chair.

'From England I come. This moment I have arrived, and travel-stained came here at once to meet you.'

'And what hast brought us from England?—some new grand ideas of liberty and freedom? Wilt help us out of this chaos into which we have fallen? What says the land of Simon de Montfort, of Hampden, of Cromwell, of Fox, of Bright? Dost not speak? Hast brought us nothing? Hast succumbed to the guinea? Hast thy purse full of them? Oh, Zollwitz, Zollwitz! deceive us not—we *cannot* afford to lose such a spirit as thine!'

Zollwitz stood there—as he had stood by Ethel—in the glow of the eventide, his noble countenance full of his soul's light,—no doubt, no hesitation, but the conviction of truth depicted in every lineament.

'What I bring, brethren? What I have learned in England? Shall I tell you? Listen.' Zollwitz raised his voice, and distinctly, like the sounds of Schiller's new-cast bell, came the words:

'I have learnt obedience to law and faith in reason—and here I come to lay down this experience of mine—for to my own old University I return as in duty bound, to do that which shall stamp me as fit to lead others, by submitting to be led myself for the time which is considered necessary to finish my studies.'

'And is that all?'

'That is all or the principal portion of what I have learned. Believe me, brethren, there is no receipt for freedom. As a thoughtful English author says: "Let no man who belongs to a community presume to say he is independent; there is no such condition in society." In himself must man become free, then will the fetters of life sit lightly on him; from within must he strive, silently and determinedly—not wishing to break the chain of divers human interests with a crash, but constantly rendering them less galling by the onward movement of just social development. I know this is not so enticing as those imaginary ideas, that freedom—often but the wilful action of man—shall rise up

and soar above our heads in resplendent glory, as I heard you sing that chorus, but it is more lasting. What is now forecast here in our Germany will have to be called by another word, that is "self-assertion." Germany needs it; it has been working towards it since that glorious uprising at the beginning of our century; but call it not yet freedom and unity—those will have to follow. For self-assertion we want external means, we want the sword, we want the bold diplomatist—then, brethren, will come *our* work—by that time let us be prepared to play *our* part.'

'But, Zollwitz, where are all your former dreams—"Down with tyrants in every shape"?'

'Where are they? Buried in the actual experience of life. What do you think I was doing all this time in England? Teaching a wilful boy in order to earn my daily bread.'

'You?'

'Yes, I. I had self-respect enough when I left to take but a moderate sum with me and ask no more from my uncle; and I was right: the looking life boldly in the face has taught me that enthusiasm must become practical and rational to be of use to mankind.'

'And what will you do now?'

'Finish my course of studies.'

'And then?'

'Ah, then—strive for something else as my reward. But come, let us drown differences in a bumper. Here, fetch wine—quick—and let us have a chorus: "Frisch, Brüder, trinket!"[1] To-morrow we will have a business sitting; then I will explain my views on our anxious times, and we will settle our programme.'

The bumpers were pledged: Zollwitz, tapping them all, held his aloft; the May evening sun shed a mellow streak right over his rich chestnut hair, and, turning his bright glance upward, he called out:

'To liberty, reason, and love!'

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ZENITH AND NADIR OF GEORGE HARROWBY.

THE Right Honourable Mr. Damer sent in his resignation. The Premier, knowing the colleague he had to deal with, accepted it. The papers of both parties said little; they all respected the *man*, however much they might dissent from the *politician*. Conservatives and liberals thought what would the ex-minister not say, now he was free from official trammels, when he had never much trained his tongue to obedience to them? Conservatives and liberals were wrong. Mr. Damer meant to subside for a while intellectually, if not bodily, and bide his time;

[1] Quick, brothers, drink!

and that time would come when his vast strong mind would tower up and become a powerful binding medium between the grouse-shooting British peer and the sturdy English workman; when he would help to force the one party to see the *necessities* of their position, and hold their hands out over the heads of that higher middle class—over that House of Commons that has built up the constitution of England, to the other party below—the noble, self-reliant British workman, and help him to assert his independence of action in the choice of the country's representatives.

Have you ever smoked an early cigar? have you ever thought an early uneasy thought over some undertaking requiring all your energy? and ever sat at your window about four o'clock in the morning, watching the early social bird in London? There comes tottering home the old sinner—ashamed of his shabby clothes, ashamed of his neglected beard, ashamed of his own drowsy self. There comes home the young sinner, stumbling onward in doubtful consciousness whether it is all right or not, whether mamma will have sat up for him all that time, whether it isn't stupid to be so foolishly tight, and whether, hang it all, life isn't altogether a mistake? There comes along the bright-faced railway porter, to be at his post at five o'clock, almost as handsome a countenance as that of the young peer who has just taken his seat among his equals in the Upper House. There comes the lagging policeman, counting on the near approach of being relieved, and there comes, click, click, click, the firm step of the workman, hurrying along to catch the early workman's train, that step which must come ever six days, and six days again at the same hour—or mother and father, brother and sister, wife and child, will have nothing to 'make the pot boil;' click, click, click, I hear it; there it comes, and with it the man, who must not waver in *constant* work, enjoying *little* recreation. Up beyond on the Scotch moors, where the prettiest bird of the north, the blue, black, white-marked grouse, with his plainer brown wifey, sits in the gorse; up there my fancy also hears a click, click, click; the sportsman, in shooting-jacket and hat, lounges there, sniffing the invigorating breeze that passes over the moor heather, and enjoying the expanse of the widespread horizon above. *Periodical* work—*repeated* recreation. When will the last click understand the first? Some day, when man will know what work and recreation mean, and find in every station of life an equalised time for both.

Professor Holmann and Mary Zollwitz paid an early visit in Eaton Square on the day following that of Holmann's first call. The Professor was afraid of allowing the Damers and the Major to meet, as they had not yet discovered how to acquaint the Major of his nephew's stay at Damer's house, and his abrupt departure from it. By coming themselves, thought Holmann, they would avoid the Damers calling upon them.

Both were received more than kindly; they were received like

people to whom a particular interest attaches, who have taken up a peculiar share of the life-experience of others. Mary was mostly attracted by Mrs. Damer, and Professor Holmann was altogether charmed by her. Then Ethel came, and the two young girls, types of various womanhood, understood each other at once. Through Ethel's veins rushed some feeling of relationship to that sweet sister, some longing, loving emotion: 'Don't you know, don't you know?' she would have liked to have whispered in her ear. Mary, utterly heart-whole herself, clung to everybody and everything referring to her brother, and seemed inclined to worship the whole house for the sake of *his* footsteps that had fallen in it.

'Will you come and see your brother's room?' said Ethel to Mary.

'Most willingly,' answered the other.

On the way Ethel was tempted to take Mary into the conservatory. She managed just to stand before that yellow rose before which she had stood a few evenings ago, and next to her now stood Mary—*his* sister. It was so 'doux,' that remembrance, that Ethel forgot who *did* stand there, and began to dream. . . . . Harry had followed them.

'There now, she's at it again, Mademoiselle Mary. Look at her; does she not look as if she were a statue? I do not know what has come to her. Ethel, wake up!'

Ethel did wake up, red as scarlet, begged pardon for something, and led Mary further on. They entered Zollwitz's room—dreary now; all gone that had belonged to his individuality; nothing left but the ordinary housings of any other person.

'Ah, Mademoiselle Mary, if you did but know how we loved your brother! It is wrong for him to have left us so. He made a respectable boy of me; he made me understand that I had a beastly bad temper, and must always be working to subdue it, and conform a little to other people. He helped me by teaching me the way to do it; and he is gone. About Ethel I don't know. I believe they had a secret between them, for they were always looking at each other, and never spoke. Ha, ha, ha! it was a dumb friendship, that; but I didn't like it, all the same. Do, Mademoiselle Mary, stop with us; you are so much like him, only you look sweeter and prettier. Do stop, and be my tutor. I know I'm not like other boys—English boys—they get independent, and like to row and swim, and play cricket, and that sort of thing. I don't. Now my brother Edward is always away from home, with some tutor or other; or when he is at home, being trained to politics. He doesn't mind it. I like to be at home, and with people I love and who love me. I do verily believe God has given me a girl's soul and a boy's spirit; it's a bother, for I don't know what to do with them. Do, now, stop, and I'll give up that cross girl there with her dreaming, and I'll keep to you, dear Mademoiselle Mary.'

Ethel laughed outright, and Mary smiled at this confession. A knock came to the door. Young William stood there.

'Please, Miss, Mrs. Damer hopes you will soon come down.'

'Oh, look here, William, that's *his* sister, Mademoiselle Mary; and that's William, Zollwitz's favourite servant.'

Mary went up to William, and said she was pleased to see him.

'Well, Miss, he was the nicest young master anyone could have, and Mr. Damer said I was to wait on him specially. And you don't know, Miss, how my old father and mother will miss him when we go back into Suffolk. There he used to sit with father and the old schoolmaster, who is a bit of a philosopher, and tell them all about the grand wars of his great King Frederick, and about the other, I believe that one's father, who took in the Protestants and gave them food and land, and about the fights with Napoleon. Oh, it was beautiful. And really he told them about Suffolk more than they knowed; and often and often he would make the tears come into their eyes. Oh, Miss, I wish he had taken me; but he said that would be dishonourable to Mr. Damer, and so I had to stay. When I find out where he is, I'll go to him into foreign parts, wherever it may be, for he treated me somehow almost as if he thought I was as good as he, only there was the different things we had to do in the world. God bless him.'

Mary was overcome. Harry, who had rushed down and up again, called out:

'Ugh! down there, papa and Professor Holmann are talking such horrible stuff; it makes me shiver, and my blood run cold. They are settling the affairs of the nation: it's awful.'

When they took leave, Mrs. Damer asked Mary to stop for the day. Ethel begged hard, and Harry clung to her; but Professor Holmann ruled that it was impossible. It would arouse the Major's suspicions. He should, however, be duly prepared for Mr. and Mrs. Damer's visit the next day, and then Mary might return with them.

The next morning Mr. Damer's carriage stood before the hotel in Dover Street. Harry and Ethel *would* come. The former would not be denied, and Ethel wanted in her heart of hearts to look upon that man's countenance who had partly taken the place of father to Zollwitz. The Major had been informed by Holmann of all concerning his nephew, and the Professor had pointed out the fact that Hermann might now be trusted; that where so much independence of thought and energy of action existed, there would also come reflection, when experience had added her quota to this young man's acquirements.

The Major and Mr. Damer could only bow, shake hands, and look at each other. Neither had learnt the spoken signs of various national intercourse, being each restricted to their own tongue. But the Major's true blue Prussian eyes said 'I thank you' so plainly, that in return Mr. Damer shook hands again. Mrs. Damer then took possession of the old soldier, and so thoroughly charmed him, in German, with the recital of his nephew's stay in her house, that he most gallantly ventured to kiss her hand. Poor Ethel dared not say much; her

blushes went and came, and looking with Mary over an album of portraits seemed to engross her attention. How she would have liked to have gone up to that dignified old man, and told him, 'Don't you know, don't you know?' Suddenly all were startled by Harry's voice.

'Ethel, Ethel, there he is! there he stands! I know him—that's Christian, blessed old Christian, of whom Zollwitz told us so much. Look at him. Why he looks taller than the tallest Life-Guardsman, and he is straighter than a poker! Oh, and he has *such* a gray moustache, and *such* eyes!' Up went Harry to Christian, who stood on guard at the door in his old position, surveying the company, as if his heart would burst with emotion.

'Wie geht's Ihnen, Herr Christian? Kann Deutsch sprechen. Herr Zollwitz mich gelehrt.'[1]

But Christian's feelings were full to the brim. He could not answer directly. Bending down, he half raised up Harry.

'Danke, danke; bitte zu rapportiren, 's geht gut. Engländer brave Leut'.'[2]

All eyes rested on Christian; he returned the look, saluted and left the room. Outside they heard his deep bass voice singing:

Befiehl du deine Wege, etc.[3]

Mary was carried off for the day. Her evening dress, packed in a box, was brought too, for there would be a soirée at the Damers'.

'Mustn't show the white feather, now,' said Mr. Damer. 'Folks know I've left the Cabinet; shan't think I left it in disgrace, but by my own free will.'

Mary was taken here and there; then had a drive; till Mrs. Damer insisted on some rest. Her judicious management could calculate how much the human frame could bear, and that nothing weakened it more than overcrowding impressions.

Lights dazzled in the rooms with fairy brightness. Friends were arriving, for friends only had been invited. Mrs. Damer, dressed in soft maize gauze, received her company. The two girls entered the drawing-room, Ethel and Mary—life and spirit—two delicious girls; both in white, natural flowers in their hair, and not a single ornament about them. They floated into the room, and Mr. Damer led them proudly up to aunt Sarah, who, in old-fashioned cap and gown, occupied the place of honour.

'Now, my dears, to look at you both does one good. You do look like young girls fresh from the garden of life. Come, you'll both visit me at the old place; you know, Mademoiselle, your brother has been there. Ah, your brother *was* a nice young man, a *very* nice young man, a dangerous young man!'

[1] How are you, Mr. Christian? Can speak German. Mr. Zollwitz taught me.
[2] Thanks, thanks; beg to report, I'm well. The English are a brave people.
[3] Commend thou thy paths, &c.

Somebody stood by—Lord Tenterton. He devoured Ethel with his eyes, and there and then made up his mind to propose for her as soon as possible. A little tremulously, not at all like his lordship, he approached Ethel and began to converse. Ethel, heart-free there, chatted on glibly, drawing my lord into the meshes deeper and deeper. The old duchess, Lord Tenterton's mother, approached, patted Ethel on her cheek, and said:

'Sweet child, sweet child; quite right, Frank, to be so attentive; comes from a good stock.'

Ethel became confused, curtsied, and turned away to Mary. Mary looked at this first great party in her life with curious eyes; it seemed to her as if she were not there in reality, as if she did not belong there. Those people had other aims in life than she. Next to her stood ever and ever a great dark presence, that chased away joy and happiness, and filled her with an undefined longing for death. Mary would have sat there, scanning the English countenances, and trying to guess at the characters they covered, had not suddenly Ethel and some one else stood before her.

'Mary'—the girls called each other already by their Christian names—'my brother wants to be introduced to you. I must at once tell you that he comes to you for forgiveness. He was very rude twice to your brother, having an inconceivable dislike to your countrymen. Can you forgive him?'

Mary smiled. 'I think my brother would have forgiven if *you* had pleaded, and so will I?'

'Mademoiselle Zollwitz, I am very grateful,' said George Harrowby penitently. Their eyes met—there is something in young eyes meeting—does an electric spark pass from the one pair to the other? Did it here?

Mrs. Damer fetched Mary. 'My dear young friend, you *must* come and sing us a song. I will accompany you.'

Mary had no excuse about colds, but rose, and within a few minutes all eyes were on her, standing by Mrs. Damer's side near the piano. Do you hear them, those strains of Schubert's, 'Who is Silvia, what is she?' Every voice was hushed. Men stood still. Politicians held their breath. Women glanced across nervously; and one young man, as it sounded again, 'Who is Silvia, what is she?' one young man rivetted his gaze upon that speaking face. He walked unconsciously right across the room. He stood still before the piano. In that face something spoke to his soul; that face he felt would make another man of him; that face could raise him out of his slough of despond. The voice stopped, and as he meant to bend forward and thank the singer, there came across his inner gaze another scene. The room swam round. *He, the elegant Oxford student, stood under the verdure-covered porch of a French Protestant curé's house in Normandy, and that curé's pretty young daughter was holding up her face to him, and the*

Oxford student impressed his first kiss upon those innocent lips. A shiver passed through George Harrowby's frame; he turned very pale, tottered, and held to the piano. Lord Tenterton hastily led him from the room, and laid him on the dining-room sofa.

Ethel hurried down. 'Thank you, thank you, Lord Tenterton; it's very kind of you. Dearest George, what is the matter?'

Tenterton whispered, 'Think he is smitten altogether; dead done!'

George beckoned to Ethel; Tenterton withdrew. Ethel wiped the cold perspiration from her brother's face; and when she saw the tears in his eyes, bent over him, and pressed a sweet loving kiss on his lips.

'Don't mind shedding some tears, George; it is not unmanly; it shows some good in us. Do you remember what a great poet once said: 'Dieu a refusé la vertu à ceux qui ne savent pas pleurer.'

'Don't quote French, for God's sake, Ethel; my uncle always does that in his cynical moods. You are a dear good girl, without the quotation, and I didn't know it, and I might have gone to the devil without knowing what a treasure was near me. Come, call William, and let me go home.'

George Harrowby got home to his lodgings in Portman Square, and dismissed William. George Harrowby lay quite still for some ten minutes; then his breathing became harder, his eyes started almost from their sockets, his hands were clenched, he struck his head with his fists, and rushed across to his writing-table. He took the photograph album; from it he tore the hundred and one likenesses of doubtful enticing beauties; down under foot he trampled them; he swept with one rush the French novels of the modern school on to the top of them; innumerable scented notes came next in a shower; French and English voluptuous prints and drawings were pulled from the walls and cast down, and then, pointing in a ghastly and sneering manner at the lot, he exclaimed: 'Good God! good God! what have I been? I forgot that girl till the spiritual face of this German beauty called her to mind. Good God, what may not have happened! She was innocent; I know it, and I, and I—what may she not have done? I never heard from her; I never thought of *that*—there are such things—the woman who wrote Adam Bede said something about it. There is a translation of that German Burger's ballad, 'The child's murderess.' What shall I do? act uprightly; go to her? She might have lost my address, and forgotten my name. I gave her both, and told her to write, but never heard. And must I lose that angel, that angel who might reform me, to be just to a little French girl? My wasted life, my missed career, my neglected studies, my wild nights and lazy days—it is coming, coming upon me—help! help!' and George, seeming to lose his actual nadir on earth and his moral zenith in the heavens, struck his arms in wild dismay right across the table. One of the burning candles he sent on the heap he had collected, and himself fell forward on his chair. Goethe's picture was realized;

there grinned Mephistopheles opposite his Faust, but far above poor Gretchen was saving the *repentant* soul.

The row had awakened landlord and landlady. People ran into the room, with some trouble extinguished the flames of the burning books, and put George Harrowby to bed—raging in the wildest manner, and sick for weeks to come with brain fever; far less sinning than sinned against by the consent and encouragement society gives to false ideas of culture and elegant fast life.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TWO POLITICIANS.

MARY ZOLLWITZ opened her eyes one morning in an English gentleman's house; she had remained at the Damers' overnight. Mary had been brought up so rigorously and simply, and spiritually so refined, that this wealth of materialism overpowered her. Existence seemed here in this country to have new outlets and new desires, for which her mind found no equivalent; the *richness* of life impressed her as the *necessity* of life had impressed her brother. Poor child! this teaching of her aunt Augusta to accustom herself to renunciation had so broken the stems of youthful aspiration that they had withered ere in full bloom; and now, this bright new life before her, this striving for actual enjoyment, this unrestrained interchange of feeling with strangers, overwhelmed her. Mary hung down her head; she knew that the strength was wanting to breathe such an atmosphere, and some unintelligible feeling came over her that for her was only the cypress, while her brother was reaching up for the laurel. For his striving, searching nature were indeed fitted the words of Sir William Jones:

> Since all must life resign,
> Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
> 'Tis folly to decline,
> And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

What might healthy English life not yet have done for her? She looked so much livelier when Ethel fetched her from her room to take her to Mrs. Damer that her very beauty was enhanced a hundredfold, yet you could not help agreeing with Harry when you looked at her: 'Somehow the tears would come into one's eyes.'

Mr. Damer sat that morning like a sultan among his beauties—the banter, the talk about the newspapers, the plans for the day, Harry's caustic remarks, all breathed actual enjoyment of actual existence. This activity became communicative, and Mary was chatting unrestrainedly with the great political man till he made her blush by exclaiming:

'Bravo, bravo, young lady! How I wish our girls had to learn such sound things! how I do wish the schoolmaster would come among our mammas and daughters here a little—the downright good schoolmaster, teach history and geography, grammar and the initia of science applicable to daily life! I hate a foolish drawling woman. I am afraid I have been spoilt,' he added softly as he turned his gaze on the sweet wife next to him.

Harry begged to have the girls given up to him, but for an hour, to go into the Square garden.

'You know,' he whispered to Ethel, 'you may dream there to your heart's content, and stare at the flower beds; Mademoiselle Mary and I will amuse ourselves. She shall tell me lots more about her country. I must have living teaching, papa says, not dry books; and she is twice as nice a teacher as you, you cross girl!'

He hugged Ethel all the same, and called her his own old love. The young folks were gaily wending their way in the garden, forgetting time and necessity: the old folks were not doing better at home. Professor Holmann came to fetch Mary, heavy at heart; he had a visit before him that would tax all his nerve, and he feared that Mary would now but too soon see that sad mystery of her mother's life unravelled.

The Professor and Mr. Damer entered the latter's study; it was no snuggery like that of D'Alvensleben, but an immense apartment built out under the conservatory and the reading cabinet—so as to be accommodated to Mr. Damer's roving habits. He *must* have space to move in; his custom while thinking was to walk up and down—he would perform miles on such peregrinations in his room. The two men paced side by side and easily fell into political talk, of which Master Harry had such a horror; Mrs. Damer left them—even for her they would dip too deeply into the affairs of statecraft.

'So you think, Professor, that England has been the only individually developed political state in Europe?'

'The only one. A great test for the soundness of political institutions is the way in which a nation will form political unions or societies. Here with you the people, when they combine to carry some great object, have a sound rational method; they keep in *one* direction, they remember that they represent but *a portion* of the whole nation, and they individually affix their signatures to their opinions as a verification. Witness the Reform clubs and Corn Law League; in all other countries political societies have no definite object, but a Utopian, unrealistic desire to turn the whole state machine topsy-turvy. Witness the Jacobite clubs in France and the "freedom societies" in Germany in 1848. We *must* go step by step in state development.'

'But it is a tedious method, when the wants of an increasing nation render new ways of government more and more necessary.'

'Ah, that is another thought you take up, Mr. Damer; it may be

that your individual political life was too restricted, admitted too small a portion of the nation to share its responsible action. You are right there; England is beginning to see that however politically independent it has made itself among the lagging nations of Europe, it has however to suffer for a great waste in collective strength, by the prerogatives enjoyed by certain classes that would not freely admit other classes to unrestricted intellectual life. If you will allow me to say a strong thing, "England's brain has gone into trade." Not that trade is a bad or unnecessary occupation—far from it; but trade is not exempt from any other exclusive direction. Exclusive directions pervert a country's development.'

'But we have great statesmen, learned men, savants, artists, soldiers, and sailors.'

'So you have; but your educational methods not being elastic and being too individual, you have formed cliques—and cliques are bad. You have shown by history what you can do: it is my idea that you might again astonish the world by what you could do, by sifting and strengthening education. You are the first realistic novel writers of the world—an immense test for the strength of *individual* life; you are the first realistic and political essay writers of the world—an immense test for the strength of *intellectual* life; you are the first political orators of the world—an immense test for the strength of rational independent *political* life; you are the first and grandest traders of the world in a higher sense—an immense test of the strength of *active* life. But you want method; you are a little given to self-deception and self-laudation, and decline to be discussed. Do not mind it—let others discuss you; look things straight in the face and forget that you are islanders. There is no island now in a certain sense of isolation; we all depend on each other more or less, and we *must* learn to understand each other better.'

'There, Professor, you hit upon an idea of mine. Our education does *not* fit us to understand other nations—we are too exclusive, and call this exclusiveness "English" with a foolish childish pride.'

'My dear sir, the lesson will have to be learned, rest assured, that exclusive national pride is behind the time, unless some strong minds like your own point to a new direction.'

'I am afraid, Professor, *I* am as yet little fit for it. I must say that if I could improve our legislation in any way, if I could but carry one great measure for my country's benefit, I should die happy, thinking my time had not been wasted. But as yet I have to learn; in my inmost heart I feel that *my* education has not been equal to my capability or energy. I have lately, with the scanty historical knowledge I possess, tried to cast for myself a general glance over historical political development. Why have we no political chair at our Universities? I know constitutional history is studied as a subject of law; I know political economy is; but I want more than that, I want

young men, who may not care to become learned men, to have lectures delivered to them that will give them a wide survey of the political development of ancient and modern nations, its aims, its shortcomings, and its results. We get members of Parliament who *cannot* have been trained in political knowledge—honest, upright men—who want but sounder education, and much of our superfluous talk and insufficiency of action would be done away with.'

'Right, sir.. We want a history of politics, we want teachers in politics. If Aristotle could, more than two thousand years ago, admit politics among the ethical studies; if we have had such a bright galaxy of writers on politics since; if the Greeks, whose political life was pre-eminent but one-sided, and therefore doomed to extinction by a stronger people—if they could show us political historians like Thucydides and Polybius—orators like Perikles, Kleon, Lycurgus, and Demosthenes; if Æschylus and Sophocles gave us political strains in their tragedies; if the Roman poets did the same; if Roman political oratory counted such men as Cato, Marcus Antonius, and Cicero; if Roman political historians can point to a Tacitus; if in modern times your own country had such historical writers as Gibbon, Hume, and Robertson, besides many others—Germany, Schlözer, Von Gagnern, Dahlmann, Malchus, and Vincke—France, Montesquieu and Delolme—Italy, Machiavelli; if such a host of political oratorical stars shine on your horizon; if France furnished us with some scarcely less in brightness since the revolution, and Germany in very modern times has also brought forth hers; if political aspirations have originated some of the most stirring poetical strains; then, I say, political science, or rather art, deserves more consideration in our education than it receives, so that these efforts may not remain the isolated fruitless monuments of single individuals.'

'You meet me in the object I have at heart; our young men must be impressed with the idea that they must acquire *useful* knowledge for political life, and that property and position will not alone give them political standing.'

'It is dangerous in our times, when great movements are desirable among the nations of Europe, to give political power into weak or unskilled hands; it may cost a country dear, and I for one should—man of letters as I am—deal sharply with those who venture to hold the balance of a people's welfare in an uncertain scale.'

'Professor Holmann, how long do you intend to remain here? I want to ask your advice about a tour I wish to make on the Continent.'

'Oh, I have a sad duty to perform in England, and can forecast nothing. Believe me, my dear sir, that every hour spent in your society will be most agreeably spent.'

'It is very good of you. Come now, dine with us to-morrow, and leave Mademoiselle Mary here.'

'I think she must come home to her uncle; he is lonely. Poor child, she has not yet seen much of joy.'

In rushed Harry: 'Here we are papa; come along, and make Mademoiselle Mary stop. You don't know what a clever girl she is; she talks almost like her brother, and is much jollier than she looks. Do look at her.'

Mary stood there with Ethel, red as a fresh-blown rose. Holmann's loving eye rested upon her:

'Dearest Mary, you *must* come home.'

'Very well, dear Professor; I shall be ready in a few minutes.'

'I hate that solemn old man,' whispered Harry to Ethel. 'Bother him, he isn't her father or commander. I wouldn't give up myself like that. I know she would like to stay.'

'I wish she would,' answered Ethel.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A SOD AND A STORY.

'Wer um Todte trauert,
Glaub' es: Ewig dauert
Nicht der Aussaat Zeit,
Aus enthülster Schale
Keimt im Todesthale
Frucht der Ewigkeit.'[1]

So sang Salis, friend of Goethe, Wieland, Herder, and Schiller. Who has not sung that theme of death, of the body's annihilation? Hamlet cynically brings it before his uncle the king, that equalisation of greatness and littleness on earth: 'We fat ourselves for maggots;' 'A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of the worm;' 'Nothing but to show how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.' In our Burial Service Job says: 'And though after my skin, worms destroy this body.' The worm equalises all, it destroys the husk—from that husk what shall arise? The worm destroys, the sod covers; when the sod covers the story is done. The gay, the wild, the sad story, it is done—there may be some hearts that remember it, but generally we

[1] Let him who mourns the dead,
Believe this: Ever lasts
Not the time of seed.
From the shelled husk
There springs forth in the vale of death
The fruit of eternity.

pass on to the next. There is so much to be attended to in this world of ours that we have not time to linger.

A life was ebbing fast in the Chelsea street—such a mournful life! Pale and beautiful, a woman lay on a poor bed in the room above the odds and ends shop—a little girl cowered at the foot of the bed and would not be removed. The doctor had just called, and pronounced life to be of short duration; a cab drove up, and out of it stepped Professor Holmann, in it remained a young lady, thickly veiled, and a tall military-looking old man.

Holmann went into the shop. 'How is she?'

'Won't last long,' said the woman, whimpering. 'The Lord forgive us, but she looks bootiful. Who can she have been?—and I never knowed it. I do pity her, I do indeed.' That hard-hearted woman meant it; death was melting the crust which poverty and wretchedness, relieved by gin, had formed round that particle of her body called a heart.

'Take me up,' faltered Holmann.

'Here is some one come to see ye, my dear,' she said, as she approached the bed. 'How are ye now?—any better?'

The sufferer stared at the questioner and looked round. How was it to be borne, the Professor thought, this first look? He stepped up gently by the side, bent down over that thin listless hand and kissed it.

She looked at him—*such a look!* 'I know you,' she said in German; 'you are Professor Holmann; don't be afraid of me, my senses have come back. I am going away and mind nothing.' In her other hand she held a medallion firmly.

'Mathilda, dearest Mathilda, have you strength to speak to me?'

'Oh, yes, a little. Come here, my dear friend. There, in the drawer, is a parcel of papers—they are for you. Professor, where are my children?'

'Your son is a noble boy, a noble man; he is in Germany,'—the Professor knew not if he spoke rightly. 'Your daughter, Mathilda, your daughter is before this door, and poor dear old Christian.'

She became uneasy. 'Stop a while—stop a while,' she gasped. 'Come here, down to me. Where is my husband?'

'Up there,' said the Professor.

'Then I shall go to him soon, for look here, look here—for all that the world said—for all that the world thought—here in hunger and thirst, in want and misery, in the madhouse, where I was for two years—never, never, never has this left me.' And exultingly she held up the medallion, her husband's portrait. 'It was false what they told to him. Oh, God! it was done by that man—by D'Alvensleben—to deceive him and separate us.'

She had half raised herself up; she fell back exhausted—utterly exhausted.

'Say no more, Mathilda. Why leave? why never tell us where you were?'

'How could I?—How could Frau von Zollwitz be doubted? Better disappear and die the death of forgetfulness!' she faltered faintly.

It required all the Professor's courage to bear it.

'Seventeen years?'

'Is it so long? I did not know—how time went by—I was cold here,'—she put her hand on her heart—'and empty there'—she put her hand on her forehead. 'My daughter! I—I am dying!'

The Professor fetched up the veiled young lady—the old soldier followed.

Mary bent over her mother—found at last! Speaking was out of the question. The mother felt with her poor trembling hands her child's hair, her child's dress, her child's face. 'My little, little Mary, my baby-girl,' she gasped. 'God was good to me at last, He sent you here, my angel—don't forget—kiss Hermann. There is Christian—good Christian, don't cry; I am happy now. Come here, Professor. In the days thou knowest, dear friend, thou didst promise—I know thou hast not forgot—come here—that little girl—I begged it—it was a tie—gave it me at the madhouse—take care—and that poor shabby man at the madhouse—he was good, pitied me, gave me what he had—sang to him sometimes, sometimes—look to him—mad people do have pity for each other—dear friend, promise!'

She closed her eyes—her breathing became harder and fainter—the day declined. Restoratives could do nothing—life ebbed and ebbed—the fiery red angel was ascending—the flag fluttered. With a superhuman effort that poor sick woman rose in bed, she threw up both arms, she called out:

'Hermann, Hermann, thy faithful wife is coming!' The husk fell back, the spirit had fled!

Outside another despairing sound was heard:

'She is dead! I know it—my heart tells me. Run up and see!' The shabby man spoke to the woman; she, gentler than usual, did go up, and returned.

'She is gone,' was all she said, as she came down.

Then that shabby man tore his hair. 'All is gone that tied me to life! What's the use of bearing it longer?'

On he rushed: a fearful splash, and the waters of the Thames had buried one more of the worldly sick mortals, whose nadir is not firm and whose zenith doubtful, and who somehow gravitate into a pauper's, a criminal's, or a suicide's grave!

The mourners sat still and wailed—the child crept to the dead woman's side. 'Won't you sing any more, ma'am?' she asked gently.

'No, my dear,' said the Professor. 'Come, you shall go with us.'

'I wish she had taken me; she was an angel, and God had sent her!'

What could describe the feelings of those within the room? There are things on the face of our earth beyond description; we must humbly

bear them. From the moment that Mary's mother had heard her name pronounced by Lord Wharnton, her recollection of former circumstances had returned. The doctor had, at Holmann's request, prepared her gently for his visit, because with recollection—after being half-witted for years—came the last struggle, the earthly tenement gave way, and the sound mind could no longer exist in it. The whole story was in that bundle of papers of which Holmann took possession. Christian remained by the corpse, and the little girl would not be removed. Mary left—life's bright hope gone, for that mother's image would never leave her!

When Holmann entered the cab again he murmured, 'If we but knew, when striving for so much material comfort, "Che 'l tempo è breve e 'l necessario poco," and would but turn our gaze to something else, this sorrow could not be! Mary, you *must* be strong; I cannot.' And the good man sobbed as he left that forlorn Chelsea street.

[*To be continued.*]

RAINDROPS.

When thunderclouds hang black in May,
Cool drops refresh the weary day:
To man, in childhood's short-lived grief,
Fast-flowing tears bring sweet relief.

The clouds that come in winter's train
Drop snow instead of tender rain,
And duller grief can find no tears,
To melt the ice of older years.

W. H. POLLOCK.

The Autumn Manœuvres.

By 'Patrol-leader.'

Professional soldiers who have been in the habit of devoting a certain amount of study and attention to the current military literature of the last twenty or thirty years must be well aware, that the relative value of the French and German systems of instruction for manœuvring large bodies of troops has been very frequently made the subject of discussion during that period. What is known to military men as the French system is indeed not by any means exclusively employed in that country; on the contrary, it is what we have ourselves put in practice at Aldershot, Shorncliffe, Colchester, and the Curragh. It has been frequently used in Russia; as, for instance, at Kalisch and St. Petersburg; and also in Austria in former times, but not of late. A number of regiments, battalions, batteries, and smaller divisions, are sent to what is, by courtesy, called a camp, being in reality a huge overgrown barrack. They are there incorporated into brigades, divisions, &c., go through a course of drill, and are then set to perform 'school manœuvres' or so-called 'sham fights,' in which everything is settled beforehand, and the most improbable suppositions are necessarily resorted to in order to escape from the monotony of constantly manœuvring on one spot. These 'sham fights' forming the tests, as it were, of what has been done in the way of educating the troops, all the previous drill and instruction is made subservient to them; in a word, the troops are trained to perform wholly artificial, not unfrequently totally absurd, manœuvres; and having gone through a course of this monster drill, the regiments, battalions, &c., have been hitherto cast adrift from Châlons or Aldershot, from Colchester or Satory, to relapse into their previous position of *disjecta membra* of the mass of the army.

Perhaps the best criticism we can offer of this Franco-English system will be simply to state what the German or rather the Prussian system is, for it has only been of late adopted by the other German States.

First of all, the brigades, divisions, and corps d'armée are permanent organisations, with commandants who regulate and inspect the whole work of instruction according to one general plan, commencing with

companies, squadrons, going on at a later period to battalions, and finishing at the end of July with whole regiments of three battalions each; equivalent to English brigades, or a good deal more if we regard the number of men. Secondly, the troops being permanently quartered in the same districts and with reference to their tactical formation, the whole of the work of concentration for the great manœuvres takes place gradually, and is carried into effect by the staffs belonging to these troops. Thus, in fact, a very valuable part of the instruction commences long before the manœuvres themselves, which form simply the climax of the whole year's work; and this having been reached and gone through, the troops return in the same gradual manner to their previous cantonments or garrisons, resolving themselves as they get nearer to their respective permanent stations into smaller bodies, divisions into brigades, regiments, and battalions successively, without however for a moment ceasing to belong to the same higher organisation as before.

Now this is simply the type of what occurs in actual warfare: there are marches to concentrate the army; there are operations in the field; there are marches to take the troops back to their garrisons: and everything connected with the movement of the troops having been thoroughly mastered before the manœuvres really commence, it becomes practicable for those who have the direction of them to devote their whole attention to the tactical movements, to the real fighting business.

In France and in England it has been hitherto the practice to whirl an isolated battalion or regiment by rail from Bordeaux or Liverpool to Châlons or Aldershot, and then after a certain time whirl it back into a new isolation at Lille or Edinburgh.

Two leading principles of great importance are adhered to in Germany with the greatest strictness. First, never to attempt anything in the shape of manœuvres, not even the skirmishing of a squad of ten or twelve men, without opposing to the body of whatever strength it may be a really equivalent force to represent the enemy. The latter is never supposed or 'marked;' and this is the only way in which the troops can acquire from the least to the greatest anything like correct ideas of actual warfare; we may, indeed, go farther and say that it is the only way in which extravagances and absurdities can be avoided; and even so, it is difficult to escape these wholly, because the actual effect of the soldiers' weapons which shows itself soon enough in real warfare cannot, of course, be exhibited at manœuvres. *The best rifle shooting of the best of our volunteers is therefore of no avail, and goes for nothing at a manœuvre.*

The second rule is, that companies, squadrons, and, to a certain extent, batteries must be augmented as nearly as possible to their real war establishment for the manœuvres properly so called; and for this reason: in actual warfare a company, battalion, squadron, &c., can

cover a certain extent of ground with skirmishers or outposts, or undertake to attack or defend given points, and of course the rules laid down in every army as to such matters always have reference to the war strength of these various bodies. It is, therefore, utterly impossible to escape all sorts of bewildering suppositions and *make-believes*, if one attempts to make a show of doing with fifty men what really would require a hundred men. What one wants to exhibit to both officers and men is as nearly correct a picture as possible of the reality of war; and not a bewildering daub, with the words, 'this is a horse,' 'this is a cow,' 'this is a brigade,' 'this is Hannibal,' 'this is the gallant Adjutant-General,' written under the figures.

Now the French, and we must also admit the English, have been hitherto mostly in the habit of exhibiting not only one-sided manœuvres of this kind, but also of doing so with battalions and squadrons of any strength that just happened to exist at the moment; and it was consequently nearly impossible for the leaders of the troops to avoid, not mistakes merely, but glaring absurdities, which of course rendered it equally impossible for the general officers who directed the manœuvres to criticise the faults committed and point out their consequences. This is not an imaginary case; here is some documentary evidence.

Everyone has heard of Prince Frederick Charles and his celebrated pamphlet published about ten years ago. Speaking of the French manœuvres, the Prince remarked, that the errors committed were never blamed or even criticised by the general officers in command. To this M. de Fruston replied, in the 'Spectateur militaire,' that this accusation is not exact: 'Every fault,' he says, 'that is discovered is blamed, or rather remonstrated against, in a friendly manner and rectified by the chief; otherwise our exercises would be not only restricted and incomplete, but would become the personification of tactical anarchy, in fact regular mobs, which even the Prince himself does not venture to assert. The fault committed is not made a display of to the staff nor in the orders of the day. It is in private or in the presence of a friend or two that a kindly observation is made to the officer about the mistake he has fallen into. This explains the attitude of ease or even of vivacity distinguishing the officer who returns from an exercise at which he has not been successful; he does not dread the wounding criticism nor the humiliating blame that he would have to encounter in Prussia.' Of course not, and the manœuvres are according. At the same time it is necessary to remark, that the Prussian criticism can only wound very thin-skinned individuals in this dreadful manner, being always strictly objective.

All of a sudden, in consequence of the lamentable breakdown of the French, we have now determined on reorganising our military establishment, abolishing purchase, creating military districts, testing the Control Department (we hope that is the proper title), and introducing autumn manœuvres after the Prussian method. Some one

seems to have said, 'It is evident that something must be done; let us therefore attempt something new and grand; let us do a Prussian manœuvre, and it will be all right; the public knows nothing at all about the matter; its motto is like that of the Capuchin friar, *Credo quia absurdum est.*'

So the thing is to be done, not indeed in the manner originally projected, but after another easier fashion; a little escamotage is to be introduced, and certain portions of the *dramatis personæ* are to be made to perform double duty, first with one part of the force and then with the other; just in the same way as we have seen, many a long year ago, soldiers of the Connaught Rangers at Corfu, representing, in one scene of the 'Siege of Corinth,' Turkish and in the next Venetian soldiers.

It would seem from this, that the Control Department is supposed to present the main difficulty, and that everything else is considered to be as it should. There has been indeed some talk of the lateness of the harvest, and the equinoctial gales, but the evil effects of the latter will be no doubt totally avoided by the difference of latitude between Berkshire and Hampshire. Far be it from us to enter into a controversy about the Control; we leave that to others, and undertake the simpler but not pleasing task of enquiring whether, supposing the equinoctial gales, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the harvest, and the Herr Upper Controller to have been propitious, there may not exist other reasons why these manœuvres should not have been attempted for the present at least.

Has the reader ever had an opportunity of observing how a good military band or an orchestra gets up a piece of music or an opera for a public representation? Of course each player has first to learn his part for himself; then the horns, clarinets, flutes, or violins, &c., have to get up the parts belonging to these instruments together in groups; next come the rehearsals; the instruments must be tuned, and the various groups are combined gradually into one perfect unison, before the piece is performed in public. This is the Prussian method of doing military manœuvres: there is a graduated system of instruction from the company up to the corps d'armée, the whole of which is got through at home, that is in the regular garrisons of the troops; but it is all applicable anywhere and everywhere; only the troops must be tuned, like the instruments, and there must be no learning of single parts in the middle of the performance.

What is proposed to be done in Berkshire or Hampshire is like bringing a lot of brass bands, wooden bands, and stringed instrument bands together, that have never been together before, and setting them to work at Wagner's music of the future without ever tuning the instruments. Sir Michael Costa or Sir Julius Benedict can tell Mr. Cardwell what sort of 'Katzenmusik' or Charivari would result.

Let us begin with the Line, and first of all the Cavalry. There would be a sufficiency of this arm, perhaps. But we may ask, Does it ever

practise patrolling, reconnoitring, outpost duties, skirmishing *after the Prussian fashion*, that is to say, squad against squad, troop against troop, regiment against regiment? If not, why not?

Let us go on to the Artillery. Have we got twenty batteries horsed and equipped in every respect for field service? If not, again, Why not?

For the Infantry we may ask the same questions as for the Cavalry, substituting company and battalion for troop and regiment. There are, however, other still more important questions to be asked. What about the war establishment of the companies? is there such a thing as a war establishment? is anything at all fixed about the strength of battalions, except that they are sent out to India as strong as possible, in order that they may not die out too rapidly and be reduced to perfect skeletons before their time of service is over?

This is the proper place to mention in what manner the Prussian regiments, &c., are brought up to the war establishment for the autumn manœuvres. It is simply by calling in the reserves of trained soldiers from furlough. Perhaps Mr. Cardwell will call in his reserves and complete his battalions to the war establishment for the Hampshire manœuvres; if so, we beg his pardon, but we are really getting quite confused; there is, it seems, no fixed war establishment, and as to the reserves, we are by no means certain whether any do really exist. Professor Pepper might be able to render them visible.[1]

Granting that the infantry *battalions* of the line may by some occult process be brought up to about the strength of two and one quarter to two and one half German *companies*, there remains the difficulty, not to say absurdity, of attempting to carry out manœuvres on the principles of modern infantry tactics with this number of men, divided into *ten* companies. This is no pedantry; modern fire-arms have rendered it impossible to manœuvre in open or indeed any ground otherwise than with half and quarter battalions of a certain strength; the quarter battalion or company has become the tactical unit of the infantry. Battalions of 1,000 men in four companies is the German formation; it would do very well perhaps to have the same number of men in eight companies, and then work with divisions of two companies each; but a battalion of 550 to 600 men in ten companies is equally obsolete, except for parade ground purposes, as a wooden three-decker armed with eighteen-pounder smooth bores would be. It has required about the same length of time to put both one and the other of these war instruments out of fashion; there is no escaping this conclusion, however it may wound our vanity.

Let us look at this matter from another and a very important point of view. A Prussian battalion has in the field 1,000 men, led by sixteen company officers, one major, and one adjutant: total eighteen

[1] The newspapers of the morning of August 12 state that the first Army Reserve is being called in for *four* days' drill and organisation in extra battalions.

officers, or one officer to fifty-five rank and file. At Weissenburg, August 4th, 1870, the proportion of killed and wounded officers to killed and wounded rank and file was one of the former to eight of the latter. At Wörth, on August 6th, the proportions were one officer killed for every thirteen rank and file; one officer wounded for every twenty-one rank and file; and, taking killed and wounded together, one officer to twenty rank and file.

Let us now take a British infantry battalion, giving it 1,000 men, in ten companies, led by thirty company officers, one Lieutenant-Colonel, two majors, and one adjutant, total thirty-four officers, or one officer to about twenty-nine rank and file; the British officers would no doubt go into fire just as the Prussians did, and then what a glorious harvest for the great mourning warehouse in Regent Street!

Before we finally dismiss this matter of the reserves being called in in Germany for the manœuvres, that is to say, at the general annual rehearsal of the field work, it will be as well to remark that Mr. Cardwell's reserves are to be kept in good working order by being called in annually for a certain number of hours' drill by gaslight, in a music hall or mechanic's institute. Good Mr. Cardwell, knock that notion out of your head; it can never answer! We have a vivid recollection of a certain gallant major of Militia, who kept, many years ago, a pack of hounds in Merrion Square, Dublin, and used to hunt the back slums, about where the railway station now is, regularly three times a week, but it was *not* good sport.

And so we arrive by an easy transition from the Line to the Militia, which is also to appear '*sul campo della gloria*' in Hampshire. With respect to this portion of the force, there can be no doubt whatever that it is never permitted to have an opportunity of, or at least time for, acquiring anything beyond slight acquaintance with the simplest forms of elementary tactics; the twenty-eight days being devoted, and necessarily too, to drill pure and simple. Is a Militia battalion ever taken out by companies to learn field duties, outposts, patrolling, and their other duties? or is the instruction in skirmishing ever carried beyond the dressed lines of the exercise ground? Certainly not. The Militia has not, and cannot have, the preliminary instruction necessary to enable it to take part in field manœuvres with the slightest prospect of benefit to the officers or men.

This matter is too important to be slurred over; the Militia has hitherto really formed a very valuable portion of the national force, and it was no doubt a very judicious thing to send Militia battalions to the old-fashioned Anglo-French camps of institution, so long as the old system of infantry tactics was in vogue; but from the moment that quite a different method of infantry combat was introduced, this ceased to be the case, *because this method can be quite as well if not better acquired in the home garrisons*; and unless time and opportunity are afforded to the Militia battalions to perfect themselves in this new

method, not only the men but the officers, it is quite useless to send them to the autumn manœuvres in Hampshire or elsewhere.

Many people seem to attach great importance to the fact, of a certain, and by no means inconsiderable, proportion of the officers of the Militia having previously served in the Cavalry and Infantry of the Line or in the Guards. In some respects this is an advantage, but in the altered condition of affairs, too much weight must not be attached to it, nay, it may even prove an inconvenience. The *ci-devant* Liner brought with him to the Militia the now totally obsolete system of tactics that he had spent his youth in acquiring; to this he is pretty sure to adhere most tenaciously and obstinately; his idea of efficiency for the Militia is to make it resemble the Line as much as possible, and the training period is so miserably inadequate that nothing more than an outward resemblance can be attempted. For this reason, anyone who wishes to discern the weak points of the Line cannot do better than direct his attention to the Militia, where he is sure to find a glorious exaggeration of every possible formalism.

We have no wish to play the part of Cassandra, but we really do apprehend that the Hampshire manœuvres will afford evidence of the unfitness of the Militia in its present state to undertake work of the kind, and perhaps too their whole character and object will be thereby changed, if not defeated.

Having said so much of the Militia, what can we fairly say for or against the Volunteers, who have neither the twenty-eight days' continuous training, nor any of the other advantages hitherto enjoyed by the constitutional force? This is a delicate subject, but it is also a most important one. It is no fault of the Volunteers themselves, but simply through the course of events, that armaments of this kind have lost their value; and, therefore, any criticism we may offer applies much less to the force itself than to the system on which it is based.

What can the Volunteer Rifles do? what have they an opportunity of learning? We may say without fear of contradiction, that they can shoot most admirably, that some of them can go through a few battalion movements tolerably, and they can march past, on an average, pretty well. This is what the constitution of the force renders it possible for them to learn, some better, some less perfectly, and they do learn it. But the thing they do best of all, the shooting, is of no use whatever at a manœuvre; it cannot even be exhibited, the few battalion movements may possibly come into play, but just as likely not, and this marching past is of very secondary importance. The outpost duty that can be learned at the Guildhall, or the skirmishing that can be practised at the Inns of Court, is no doubt admirable in its way, but would be scarcely applicable in Hampshire. There is no use in beating about the bush, the Volunteers have not opportunities of acquiring the preliminary knowledge that would enable them to take a part in real manœuvres.

It will be said of course, that unless the Volunteers are permitted to take part in the manœuvres, they will never learn, in fact, they will not even know whether they are fit or not, any more than the Irishman could say exactly whether he could play the violin or not without having first tried. Before we proceed farther, let us put the question: How are the volunteers organised? how many companies in each battalion? of what strength? and here we stumble on that monstrosity in nomenclature, an administrative battalion. What does military administration mean? how on earth can this term be applied to a force that has neither permanent pay, clothing, subsistence, or anything else to administer.

The Volunteers, who have no opportunity of learning practically either skirmishing, out-post duty, or even the commonest precautions requisite when marching in the face of an enemy, that is to say, after the only rational manner in which these things can be learned, who have only partially a battalion organisation, and that too an imperfect one,—these men are to be combined into extempore brigades and divisions, and sent to do Prussian Manœuvres; they are to learn all these things that are wanting '*chemin faisant*,' the opera is to be performed in public with the full orchestra before the musicians have learned their parts. Oh, bravo Figaro, bravo bravissimo!

It has been more than once asserted of late that Parliamentary government, *by parties*, depends mainly on compromise; it is indeed not openly avowed that what is compromised can be nothing less than principle, but this is sufficiently evident on the face of the assertion. Tender professors may no doubt be enabled to reconcile their consciences to the apparent immorality of this dogma by the consideration that what *their opponents* are called upon to sacrifice is not in reality principle, but merely something mistaken for it; and if the said professors have a good working majority at their back they are of course in the right; heterodoxy is always another man's doxy. This system of compromise may or may not work well in matters connected with the civil administration of a country: we have no wish to enter into the question; but we are quite certain that an army *cannot be organised, reorganised, or even administered on any such principle* without the most dismally ludicrous results ensuing, and this we assert as a matter of experience and not merely of theory. If anyone will take the trouble to trace out to its ultimate cause the superiority of the German Armies to the French, he will find that it depends wholly on the fact, that the former were organised on fixed scientific principles, not indeed without a great struggle, whilst the latter was disorganised by compromises and make-believes. It is, however, quite unnecessary to go abroad for proof of this; there is sufficient evidence of what we assert in the whole of the nauseating debates on the Army Reform, or abolition of purchase or autumn manœuvre question, or whatever it was,

for these things have been all jumbled up together, and made the subject of compromise.

We have long been aware of the existence of invisible under-currents in the management of affairs of which all we who theoretically govern ourselves see no positive indication on the surface, but it was reserved for the parliamentary session of 1871 to justify the paradox, that publicity and duplicity are convertible terms, and in justice to all concerned we must admit that there is no longer any attempt made to conceal the concealment; the formality of argument, or at least controversy, may for the future be dispensed with—'*stat pro ratione voluntas.*'

Promotion by purchase, which no one could possibly defend on principle, has been done away with not by demonstrating its indefensibility, but by dangling an impossible project of army organisation coupled with an impracticable plan for performing Prussian manœuvres before the eyes of the general public, finishing up with a *coup d'état* in the House of Lords. What shall we say for the business capacities of those who put forward these schemes, if they believed the impossible and impracticable to be feasible, or for their political honesty, if knowing their worthlessness, they still insisted on them? The whole scheme of army organisation has been compromised away to secure the abolition of purchase, and now the Grand Prussian manœuvres are gradually subsiding into a sham fight '*al solito.*' As to the Lords, nothing was left for them but the argument of a '*reductio ad absurdum,*' which has been consummated.

The plan of the original manœuvres, as detailed in the Memorandum of the Quartermaster-General presented to the House of Commons, being merely a sketch, should not perhaps be subjected to criticism. We cannot, however, refrain from remarking that there is a great deal too much of *supposition* in it, that the result of the operations is too much narrowed in, and, worst of all, there is one makeshift resorted to which destroys all the air of reality that forms the real essence of the instruction to be derived from properly conducted field manœuvres. It was proposed on the fourth day to convey by rail, right through the zone of operations, 10,000 men, to be posted at Wantage, Letcombe, and Lockinge. Now one of the great lessons for the Cavalry to learn would have been to report where and how they had rendered this very line of rail impracticable, and moreover on the third day they should have been able to report to the southern army the whereabouts of these very same troops that do not appear till the fourth. This merely shows how difficult it is to avoid losing time and opportunity and misleading the troops when makeshifts have to be resorted to. It cannot be too often repeated, that the umpires never can do their duty fairly and efficiently if they have to take a number of hypotheses into account.

The whole of this manœuvre appears most unfortunate, and will have exposed to foreign Governments not only our total ignorance and help-

lessness, but what is even still worse, the hopeless way in which our military affairs have got jumbled up with party politics into a sort of tangle that nothing short of a regular catastrophe seems likely to unravel. Mr. Cardwell's speech on introducing the Military Manœuvres Bill makes a frightful *exposé*. Early in February the Duke of Cambridge brought forward a plan of Sir Hope Grant's, who recommended that 15,000 to 20,000 regular troops should be marched in the course of the summer from Aldershott to the New Forest: what this force was to do there is not stated. If this had been carried into effect, the working of the Control system could have been tested at least, and perhaps some useful practical information acquired by the troops: the thing was feasible at least. But the Government found it necessary to make political capital out of the manœuvres, so as to facilitate the passage of the Disorganisation of the Army, or rather, the Abolition of Purchase Bill through the House of Commons; the country was to be called upon to pledge itself to the expenditure of several millions of money, and the hook required a bait of some kind. So a council of war was held in Pall Mall on March 11, and it was decided to form a camp of 30,000 men, to be composed of regular troops, militia, yeomanry, and volunteers. The three last-named descriptions of force are well represented in the House and command a certain number of votes; that was enough; and a grand Prussian manœuvre was therefore held out as an inducement to the country and the House. Sir Hope Grant very complacently withdrew his plan, having discovered that the New Forest abounds with flies and is very hot in summer; this is a delicious morceau for the Russian 'Invalide' or the Berlin 'Militair Wochenblatt.'

We can only repeat once more what we have already said; did Mr. Cardwell or his advisers know that, putting the regulars altogether out of the question, the Militia, the Yeomanry, and the Volunteers cannot possibly possess the preliminary knowledge indispensable to troops that are to do Prussian manœuvres? or were they wholly ignorant of the fact? Is the governing principle in military matters humbug or ignorance? We prefer the latter alternative; it seems more natural in a country where a man makes a bet that the world is flat and not spherical, and then having lost his wager, loses an action for slander and a lot of damages into the bargain.

We have laid so much stress on the necessity for constant instruction in field work being imparted to troops in order to prepare them for field manœuvres, that we fear we shall be suspected of exaggeration; and, therefore, in order to set ourselves right in this respect, give a sketch of the programme of instruction for the Prussian troops taken from a well-known class-book;[1] this extract may also be useful in other respects, especially to those whose ideas on the subject of drill and instruction have been formed on antique models.

[1] Baron Lüdinghausen, 'Organisation und Dienst,' &c.

As mention is made in this sketch of recruits and older soldiers, it is necessary to point out that, the term of training with the colours being three years, one-third of the peace establishment of the troops is annually dismissed to the reserve, being replaced in the ranks by an equivalent number of recruits, every one that has served above one year being considered an older soldier. The recruits generally join in October, and therefore the year's work may be conveniently supposed to commence at the same date. We have therefore the following Scheme of Instruction for this period:

October to December.—Fundamental drill of the recruits in exercise and (theoretical) instruction. The older soldiers have gymnastics, bayonet exercise (for the artillery, practice with the guns) and theoretical instruction, also *field-work* and target shooting. In the larger garrisons there is a good deal of guard-mounting for the older soldiers at this time.

January to the middle of March.—Exercise in the company, instruction. The other exercises are continued, as also sighting practice at target, for the whole company.

Middle of March to end of April.—Battalion exercise and sighting practice.

May to July.—Fieldwork, target practice, gymnastic instruction and swimming.

Beginning of August.—Exercise in regiments (of 3 battalions) and brigades (of 6 battalions).

End of August to beginning of September.—Manœuvres.

Remainder of September.—The reserve men are sent home. Practice of field work on a small scale, especially for the officers and non-commissioned-officers, after which—*da capo*. About one-third of each man's triennial period of instruction is therefore devoted to practical field-work and a large proportion of it to theoretical instruction in the same.

With the American Embassy from Tangiers to Fez.

By Ben Tarick.

In the spring of 1871 I received an invitation from Colonel Mathews, the Consul-General for America at Tangiers, to accompany him to Fez, a city to which he was about to proceed on a diplomatic mission. Although I had been some years resident in Morocco, I had never had an opportunity of visiting the capital of the west Barbary States, and therefore gladly availed myself of the chance of doing so. For centuries this country has been almost a terra incognita, and even up to the present time very few Europeans have visited the capital. I therefore considered that a few notes which I put down while on the expedition would not prove uninteresting if offered to the public.

The mission consisted of Colonel Mathews the Consul-General, the Vice-Consul Mr. Scott, and an interpreter, Captain Cobb, an American citizen; three gentlemen who happened to be visiting in Tangiers and four British officers from the garrison of Gibraltar had also received invitations and joined the party. On the morning of May 20 we assembled at the American Consulate, and from that proceeded through the streets of Tangiers, and out under the old gateway, where, about two centuries ago, during the time of the English occupation, Colonel Kirk's soldiers mounted guard. Here we were joined by the Pasha of the Province, and several of the European Consuls who accompanied us to a short distance from the town. An escort of ten Moorish cavalry soldiers was sent as a sort of guard of honour to proceed with the mission to Fez, and besides these the Pasha had twenty men who were to return with him to Tangiers. These fellows were mounted on small but wiry-looking horses, which to the eye of an English connoisseur would certainly appear rather weedy, having the bad qualities of the Arab horse in an exaggerated degree; they were, in short, cow-hocked, narrow-chested, and long-pasterned, but it is just to say they are capable of getting over a great deal of ground in the day, and will do much more work than their appearance would warrant.

The soldiers themselves were hardy, active, bronzed-looking fellows; they had long Moorish matchlocks slung over their shoulders, and with their snow-white turbans, long flowing burnouses, and coloured sashes bound round their waists, through the folds of which a scimitar was passed, they presented a wild and picturesque, but by no means unmartial, appearance.

At the hill of Baharein, a few miles from the town, the Pasha took leave of us, and we followed a straight and gently ascending track till we came to a range of hills about ten miles from Tangiers. Our road lay over the top of these hills, and when we reached the summit we halted for the first time since our departure. The scenery from this point was most charming, rain had fallen abundantly up to within the last few days, and all the land looked fresh and green on this lovely May morning. Stretching on towards Tangiers was a broad level expanse of country, planted with barley, wheat, and durra. On the other side, in the direction of Arzila, which was to be our halting-place, was a similar but very much longer plain, also covered with waving crops interspersed here and there with Arab villages, and bounded by distant hills, whose outlines we could just see through the morning haze. After stopping a few minutes to admire the scenery, we continued our journey, and passed on by a path through the fields only broad enough for one horse at a time.

Now and then we met droves of camels, with merchandise for Tangiers, and groups of Arabs passed us on the road all armed with the old-fashioned Moorish matchlock, a very unmanageable and clumsy weapon, and frequently a dangerous one to the man who fires it. *À propos* of this, I may say that during the war against Spain in 1860, an Englishman of a speculative turn introduced some Enfield rifles into Morocco for the use of the Moorish troops. One or two specimens of them being shown to the Sultan were rejected by that potentate, who sagely observed that to make them of any use cartridges were required, and were the cartridges to be expended the rifles would be of no use, whereas with a matchlock all that was wanted was a handful of powder and a bullet, which would always be forthcoming; besides, had not their grandfathers used the matchlocks, and should not such wise old men like them know far better what was right than the young generation?

At about seven P.M. we arrived t Arzila, where we found our tents pitched about three miles outside of the town, on a dreary treeless wind-blown plain. All our equipage, with tents, spare mules, servants, had been sent on before, and when we arrived we found everything ready for our reception. A deputy from the Pasha of Arzila invited Colonel Mathews into the town, to which most of the party proceeded, and we entered the house of the American Vice-Consul of the place, where we remained for a short time. Arzila is a decayed but very ancient city, having been a place of some importance in the time of the Romans; it has now only a population of about 1,500 people. It is situated on the

coast, and has a few ruinous fortifications, on which some old honey-combed guns, dating probably from the Portuguese occupation, remain. On our return to camp we dined in Colonel Mathews's tent, and then, rather tired by a ride of about twenty-five miles, we separated early, as we were to be on the road again at about five the next morning.

May 21.—We were in the saddle at five A.M., and after riding a few miles entered the province of L'Araiche. We were here met by an escort of soldiers who were sent to meet us by the governor of the province. Riding on through gently-undulating ground, we reached at noon Klatsa Rysana, a place where a weekly market is held. From time to time along the road the Moorish cavalry soldiers who had been sent out to escort us indulged in a good deal of what they call 'lab-el baroudh,' literally 'powder play.' In performing this exercise the whole party urge their horses at full speed, and on a word of command from the chief of the party they discharge their matchlocks and then wheel round, retiring a short distance until they load again. Colonel Mathews, who speaks Arabic perfectly, conversed for some time with the officer commanding the party, who was a very intelligent-looking man with all the manner of a perfect gentleman. We found Klatsa Rysana a wide open plain with a few Moorish villages scattered about. Provisions in abundance had been sent by the Pasha: they consisted of sheep, poultry, eggs, butter, milk, and immense dishes of a peculiar preparation of flour called kus-kusou. After we had lunched, some of the party went out shooting, as we were informed by the Moors that the country about here abounded with hares, partridges, and rabbits.

May 22.—We started from Klatsa Rysana early in the morning, still accompanied by the Moorish escort. The country seemed fertile and well cultivated: it was studded in some places with patches of cork wood. At about one P.M., we arrived at El-Kesar, where we found our tents pitched on a slight elevation overlooking the town. The country in the vicinity was rather pretty, being laid out in orange-groves and well-wooded orchards.

El-Kesar contains about 9,000 inhabitants, a large proportion of whom are Jews. The town was in a state of great commotion when we arrived, as a few days previously a member of the large family of the Shereefs or soi-disant descendants of the Prophet had arrived from Fez for the purpose of marrying the daughter of a man of the town. The inhabitants of the neighbouring hills, a rather simple and primitive people, unfortunately having heard of the forthcoming event, arranged to offer some presents, consisting of a few sheep and cattle, to the Shereef. These they sent by the hands of chosen deputies to the number of two thousand, selected chiefly from the youth of the tribe, who in due time arrived at El-Kesar with the offerings, having also brought their arms in case of accidents. On entering the town the mountaineers proceeded to the house of the Shereef, and duly presented their gifts, which were received with thanks and a highly compli-

mentary speech. The worthy fellows then commenced to make themselves at home. One party repaired to the gate of the town, where a kind of tax is collected in the form of a duty levied on every camel or mule load passing in or out of the gateway. They entered the custom-house established here, told the officials and soldiers in charge that their services were dispensed with, and allowed them to take their departure, after having been rather roughly handled. They then proceeded to plunder the treasury of any ready cash they found there, which they divided among themselves, after which they established on their own account a gate duty like the former one, charging, however, only half the amount per load. Another and much larger party at the same time made a raid on the market-place, which they at once looted, thrashing severely any of the owners of the merchandise who resisted them. After this they repaired to the Jews' quarter, beat and otherwise maltreated any of that most unfortunate race whom they chanced to meet, burst open the houses, robbed the contents, and fired volleys in through the various windows, wounding several of the inmates, apparently out of pure recklessness and love of mischief. Matters had at last assumed so serious an aspect that the Pasha was obliged to send a message inviting these interesting children of Nature to leave the town and go to their camping-ground outside the walls; this proposal they were good enough to accede to, and passed out through the gates (which were at once closed) without doing any further mischief.

May 23.—At daybreak we started from our camp, and after a ride of about a mile arrived at the river Locus, which we crossed by a broad but shallow ford. The scenery about this place was rather picturesque, the right bank of the river being planted with orange and olive trees. After crossing the river, we ascended by a somewhat precipitous road till we arrived on a broad level plateau where the province of L'Araiche terminates and that of El-Gharb commences. Here we were met by the Caid Sidi Ben Howdah, one of the governors of the province, with a fresh escort of Moorish cavalry. After riding a few miles we saw in advance of us the mountaineers who had created the sensation I have described at El-Kesar. The Chief Ben Howdah, knowing the desperate character of these fellows, very few of whom had ever seen a Christian before, sent repeated messages to their leaders to move them aside as far as possible from the track which we were following. This order, however, they distinctly refused to obey, saying they intended no violence, but only wanted to see the son of America, as they called the Consul-General.

On this Colonel Mathews directed the party to advance, and as we approached them they formed up on the road-side in three distinct bodies. They seemed for the most part hardy, active, broad-shouldered young fellows, their skin burned to a reddish brown by exposure to the sun; physically they were certainly superior to the Moors of the

plains. They fired several volleys of blank charges as we passed by way of a salute. Some of the chiefs were mounted on nice-looking Arabs and presented a picturesque and warlike appearance with their long white robes and bright arms.

We rode on for a few miles more until we arrived at Ben Howdah's residence, near to which our tents were pitched. The chief's house was a stone-built and fortified place surrounded by a high wall, capable, if well provisioned and garrisoned, of resisting for a considerable time any force not provided with artillery. We had hardly arrived at our tents when twenty-five men appeared, carrying on their heads large trays which contained several dishes cooked after the Moorish fashion, also jars of milk (the Arab symbol of peace), and sweetmeats; a large quantity of provisions in the way of sheep, poultry, eggs, bread, and kus-kusou had also been sent by Ben Howdah's order. Not very long after our arrival, the mountaineers we had passed on the road and who were on their way home arrived, and as they approached, formed up in a succession of columns and halted before the gateway of the Caid's residence. Here they expended a good deal of powder in repeated volleys of blank firing, and then marched to their camping-ground, where a few small tents were pitched for the chiefs. Towards evening they pressed in hungry crowds round the gateway, and were served with soup, kus-kusou, mutton, and fowls. A large quantity of provisions had been stored up ready for them, but as evening advanced, fresh relays of hungry and impatient men crowded round the entrance (they were not invited in) and loudly demanded more. Ben Howdah's stores were at last exhausted, the gates were closed, and the hill men retired to their camping-ground, where they kept up during the entire night a hideous music made by beating tomtoms and playing a rather harsh instrument known as a Moorish flute.

May 24.—We started early under escort, and after riding for an hour were met by the other governor of the province, the Caid El-Habassi, with about one hundred and twenty followers, who conducted us across a fine broad plain to the river Siboo, before arriving at which we passed the large country market of El-arabi-sidi Aisa Ben Hassan, thronged with mountaineers and peasants. We crossed the Siboo in crazy ferry-boats, and were delayed a long time in consequence of the difficulty of getting the horses and mules to enter them; some eventually had to be swum across. On the south bank of the river, we found ourselves in the province of Ben Hassan, and having proceeded a short distance we pitched our tents for the night.

May 25.—We started early in the morning and passed through a fertile level plain, like most of the country we had traversed since leaving Arzila. Before we arrived at Sherardah, where we were to pass the night, we were met by five caids or military chiefs with an escort of about four hundred mounted soldiers; they were drawn up in single lines, each caid being slightly in advance of his own party. As we

advanced the five chiefs rode forward and welcomed Colonel Mathews to the country: the whole party accompanied us to the camping-ground, where, as at every other place we stopped at, a large mona or present of provisions was sent to us. There is no town at Sherardah, the name being simply given to a collection of small villages.

May 26.—We started with an escort of about nine hundred men, who accompanied us to the end of the plain we had been crossing for the last two days, and for some distance over the mountains lying north-west of Fez, where we were met by an escort from the Pasha of Loudana, by whom we were escorted to the Wad Miques, a river over which we crossed by a bridge, one of the very few that are to be found in West Barbary. On arriving at our tents, which were pitched under some large spreading trees on the banks of the river, we found that fifteen soldiers were under arrest. They should have formed part of the escort sent out to meet us, but had not been present when the party started, being unable, as they alleged, to catch their horses in time. They had all been sentenced to be flogged, and the first man's punishment was just being completed as we rode up. He was stretched face downwards on the ground, his hands and feet being firmly held by four men. All his clothes had been previously taken off, with the exception of his short linen shirt. Two other men then took their position, one on either side of him, each armed with a heavy thong of plaited cowhide which they brought down in alternate heavy strokes on the back and legs of the wretched creature, whose screams for mercy we heard as we rode up. About fifty lashes had already been given, and the bruised and lacerated flesh attested the severity of his punishment. Colonel Mathews at once interfered, and requested the officer in charge of the party to release the other men, who were about to receive a similar flogging, and fourteen men, saved thus from a barbarous and cruel punishment, understood, for the first time, that the banner of America, which floated over the Minister's tent hard by, carried along with it those principles of humanity and justice which are a characteristic of the American people.

May 27.—Three hours after starting we saw the walls of the city of Fez, some five miles away, and, following a winding path through some mountain passes, we emerged into a broad and beautiful valley, in which the city of Fez is situate. The place, whose appearance I am about to describe, was founded by Muley Edris, a descendant of the Prophet, A.D. 807. It was once the seat of all the arts, the sciences, and the learning possessed by the Moors of former days, and of which a few traces remain even at the present time. Schools and colleges were instituted, commerce flourished, justice was impartially administered, and such a character for learning and taste did this city acquire that when a great part of Spain was conquered and in some measure colonised by the Moorish hosts, their nobility used to send their sons to the Fez University to receive an education which Moorish Spain itself, refined and cultivated as it was, could not afford. One of the

largest of the mosques of Fez is that of El-Karoubin, to which is attached a library containing a great number of very ancient books, amongst which are, it is rumoured, some of the Greek and Roman authors (written in Greek and Latin); indeed it has been supposed that were this library thoroughly searched some classical works hitherto supposed to be lost would come to light. It is next to impossible, however, to obtain reliable information on this point, so great is the intolerance of the Government and the dread of interference from any Christian Power. The city is beautifully picturesque at a distance; it is built on several low hills, and the glowing white of the flat-roofed houses is relieved by the gaily decorated mosques, which, scattered in profusion through the city, and built with all the delicacy of design so characteristic of Moresque architecture, left nothing to be added to one of the loveliest panoramas I have ever seen. All around and even inside the city are highly cultivated gardens and lofty trees, while far away for many miles in front tower the Atlas ranges, the highest peaks of which are covered with everlasting snow.

As we approached the gates, numbers of the officials of the Court and city came out to meet us and welcome the representative of America, the first, it may be remarked, who for nearly forty years had visited the Sultan. For some distance along the road we passed through a double line of Moorish infantry troops. Fine-looking fellows they were, but, with most execrable taste, clothed apparently in cast-off uniforms of different European armies, and provided with many a varied description of firearm of ancient date, and certainly of little use if required for active service. A band, composed of men who, from their countenances, I judged to be Spanish renegades, were playing tolerably well on brass instruments. After entering the gate of the city, we were conducted through narrow streets to a palace which had been placed at our disposal by the Sultan. The palace was built round a square open court, with a marble fountain in the centre. There were no windows, and light was admitted through large doorways, the woodwork of which was beautifully carved in Moresque tracery. The palace was furnished with a mixture of European and Moorish taste. On the floors were scattered handsome rugs and carpets, with richly embroidered cushions; there were also gilt bedsteads and washhand-stands, articles of furniture not always to be found in the houses even of the nobility. A spacious garden was attached to the palace, laid out in pretty parterres of flower-beds, planted with orange and peach trees; and supplied with water from various fountains. Soon after we were installed in our quarters the Prime Minister, El-Hadj driss li Amani, paid us a visit, and said the Sultan would be happy to see the Consul-General in three days from that time.

May 28.—After breakfast we decided on visiting the Jews' quarter, and on notice been given of our intention of doing so orders were issued by the Sultan to have it at once cleansed and purified, a process

to which it had not been subjected for some years. The Jewish quarter is separated from the rest of the town by walls, the gates of which are closed every night, and even in the daytime the persecuted Hebrew can only obtain permission to walk through the Moorish quarter on condition of carrying his shoes in his hand, whilst the wealthiest and most venerable of his class are exposed to the frequent and wanton insult of the lowest Mussulman street ruffian he may chance to meet. Many of the houses are spacious and lofty, but the streets are narrow, and even after the partial cleansing they had undergone were filthy to a degree. We were invited into several houses of the wealthy Jews, which were as a rule luxuriously furnished, in the usual Eastern manner: cushions and rugs generally supplying the place of chairs and sofas. Here we witnessed in all its repulsiveness a most painful though common spectacle in the East, that of young female children married to middle-aged and even old men. In one house we saw four married girls whose united ages amounted to only forty years. Several others we saw between ten and twelve, and one wretched wizen-faced creature of eleven years with an infant some months old in her arms. The natural consequence of this practice is apparent in the puny forms, retreating foreheads, and bird-like features of the Fez Jews. Indeed the only wonder is that, with the combined influence of early marriage, foul atmosphere, and grinding oppression, this singular race contrives to exist and multiply as it does at Fez. After leaving the Jews' quarter we strolled out to the environs on the north side of the city. The ancient walls at this place we found in a ruinous condition, and utterly useless for defensive purposes. We went up to an old and now ruined palace of the Moorish kings situated on an eminence close by, from which a fine view of the city could be obtained. On all sides beyond the walls the ground was occupied by green and luxuriant gardens, in which were built pretty villas and country palaces of the wealthy merchants and nobles, who often spend some hours of the day in these sheltered retreats.

May 29.—Colonel Mathews and his party received an invitation to dine with the Prime Minister, to whose residence we proceeded in the afternoon. We were served with a great number of Moorish dishes, amongst which sweetmeats figured largely. The first thing provided was tea, brought in by two very graceful young slave girls, of a light brown colour, but with pretty features. They were both dressed in loose white linen robes gathered round their waists by sashes, the long sleeves tied behind their backs. A good many of the slaves we saw had very intelligent countenances, differing entirely from the negro type, and these I was told came chiefly from Abyssinia and Nubia.

May 30.—This day being fixed for Colonel Mathews's reception by the Sultan, the Consul-General and party started early for the Menshuwar Palace, which was situated about a mile and a half from the town. On arriving there we found that the Imperial residence consisted more of a collection of irregularly-built Moorish houses joined together than

what answers to our ideas of a palace. The place was surrounded by extensive and well-wooded gardens. In front was a large open space, occupied by about twelve hundred infantry soldiers. We were conducted towards a large stone archway leading to the palace, the double gates of which, after a short delay, were thrown open. The Moorish trumpets then sounded loud and shrill, and the band which I have before alluded to played the Spanish national anthem, while under the archway Sidi Mahommed Ben Abderhmann, Emperor of Morocco, rode forward to meet us. He was mounted on a handsome white Arab horse, nearly covered with trappings of gold embroidery; before him walked two soldiers, and at one side there was an attendant holding over his Highness's head an immense umbrella, the symbol of Moorish sovereignty. The article in question was made of green and red silk, with gold fringe round the edge. On the other side was a man who with a white handkerchief was occupied in brushing away the flies from the horse's head. The Sultan is a middle-aged man, rather darker in complexion than the generality of the Moors. He has very intelligent features, but speaks with a painful hesitation, to which it is said he has always been subject. He was rather plainly dressed in a long white robe of fine texture brought over his head in the form of a hood, round which was bound a silk handkerchief. The usual compliments then passed between the Consul-General and the Sultan; the other members of the party were introduced and welcomed by his Highness; and the interview, which had lasted about twenty minutes, terminated, the Sultan retiring to his palace, and our party returning home. In the evening we dined with the Minister of Finance, and as the furniture and appointments of his residence were unquestionably the handsomest we saw during our stay, I shall attempt some description of them. Outside, no architectural beauty was discernible in the whitewashed blind walls; but on entering through a side doorway we were escorted into a spacious patio or court, furnished in the centre with a marble fountain, and surrounded on all sides by pillars supporting a broad balcony. The pillars themselves were hung round with heavy folds of velvet, worked at the edges and corners with pretty devices in gold embroidery. On ascending to the upper storey we passed through a number of long narrow rooms furnished with rich carpets and rugs, while here and there piles of silk and velvet covered cushions supplied the place of chairs and sofas. There were no windows, but an ample supply of light was admitted through the side doorways, which, together with the woodwork of the ceiling, were carved in that singular design known as the Arabesque pattern. The walls up to about six feet from the ground were hung with velvet and silk in the same way as the pillars I have before described. After some time we entered a large hall, in which a table was laid for dinner in European style. We were attended on by handsome Mulatto slave girls, dressed in loose white linen tunics fastened by sashes at the waist, and adorned with a profusion of gold

and silver ornaments. The dishes we were served with consisted chiefly of mutton and fowls dressed in various ways, and, as is usual amongst this people, large quantities of various kinds of sweetmeats and kus-kusou. I need hardly say that none of the ladies of the family were visible; it is quite possible, however, that some of the rooms we passed through were ordinarily inhabited by them, and that on the occasion of our visit the fair occupants had retired to a secluded part of the building. Walking out they are covered from head to foot by a loose white haik, which answers the purpose of a veil; they hold a fold of it in their right hand, which they draw over their face when any man approaches: occasionally, however, the veil is not so quickly arranged as to prevent the European when passing through the thoroughfares having a passing glance. When young, the Moorish women are pretty and well-featured: like all Oriental women they are kept in great subjection, and are entirely ignorant. The Moors are perhaps more jealous of their women than any other Mussulman race, and an instance of this occurred not long ago, when a Moorish woman, having permitted an artist residing in a town on the coast to paint her likeness, was seized by order of the authorities a few days after, and thrown into prison, from which after three days she was released, apparently in a dying condition from want of food. Had it not been for the strenuous exertions of the artist in question to obtain her release there is no doubt that a day or two more would have realised the evident intention of the authorities of starving her to death.

During the remainder of our stay in Fez we dined with several of the Moorish nobles, but, as their houses and the entertainments were not very dissimilar to those above described, any further account of them would not be interesting. A few days after Colonel Mathews was officially received by the Sultan. Both the Minister and the Vice-Consul received each a present from his Highness of a handsome Arabian horse and a sword with an enamelled scabbard inlaid with gold. Captain Cobb, the American citizen who accompanied the party as the guest of Colonel Mathews, and one of the British officers were each presented with a sword similar to that received by the Vice-Consul. Nothing of any great interest occurred up to June 7, on which day we started from Fez, and until we arrived at the river Siboo our road was the same as that by which we had come. On crossing the river we travelled westward in the direction of L'Araiche, a town which Colonel Mathews wished to visit, situated about sixty miles from Tangiers. L'Araiche, signifying in English the vine-trellises, stands on a promontory stretching a short way into the sea, at the mouth of the river Kous. It contains about three thousand inhabitants, of whom perhaps a fourth are Jews. This place was taken in 1610 by the Spaniards, who built fortifications which still exist. It has much more the appearance of a Spanish than a Moorish town, having remained under the dominion of Spain until 1689, when it was taken by Muley Ishmael. The ruins of the ancient

Phœnician city of Lixus are close by, and cover a considerable space. This place was once one of the richest and most important ports of Mauritania. It by degrees, however, lost its trade, owing, amongst other causes, to the gradual accumulation of sand at the mouth of the river, which effectually prevents the entrance of any but very small vessels. Some of the houses of Lixus were built of enormous blocks of stone, many of which are lying about. I measured some which were twelve feet long by three feet high. Among the ruins are some singular stone archways about thirty feet long by twelve in height. The entrance is at one end of the building, the opposite one being built up. There are no windows, nor any means of admitting light except by the entrance. The general idea seems to be, by the ancient inhabitants of the city, that they were used as prisons. Were the place cleared of the thick brushwood by which it is covered, and if a proper system of excavation were carried out, I am sure many curious relics of antiquity would be discovered, and even at the present time a visit to this place would amply repay the antiquary or the archæologist. On arriving at Tangiers which we reached on the 14th June, we repaired to the American Consulate, where we took leave of Col. Mathews, whose frank agreeable manner and genial good-humour made his hospitality on the expedition so doubly welcome. Amongst the natives of this country the Minister is decidedly popular and respected, from his complete knowledge of their language and the absence in his manner of that overbearing expression which unfortunately is too commonly assumed by a dominant to an inferior race.

DRAWN BY W. J. HENNESSY.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKINS.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

Orpheus and Eurydice.

As sweet Eurydice, with footfall light,
Roved the Thessalian woods one moonlit night,
Singing amidst the gentle Naiad throng,
Who ranged attentive to her voice, a song
That her own Orpheus taught her, suddenly
Aristæus, hot with honey-wine, comes by,
Follows the music ardently, and ere
The singer and the listening nymphs are ware,
Leaps in their midst, and, kindling to her charms,
Clasps at Eurydice with eager arms.
She, the sweet melody on her lovely lips,
Snapt with a scream, from his embraces slips,
And crying, 'Orpheus, Orpheus,' swift as light,
Flies from the woods, he following, through the night,
Until escaped from the pursuer's hand
O'er the full Hebrus she has swum to land;
When, through the shelter of the sloping sward,
A hooded snake that haunts the river ford
Shoots his lithe length to meet her from the ground,
And, ere she sees it, darts a deadly wound.
She still would flee, if but she still may reach
Her home, now nigh, and find a friendly leech,
Or die at least in her dear love's embrace—
But the black poison runs a swifter race;
Her footsteps fail, her limbs their force forget,
Her fluttering sighs came fast and faster yet;
The landscape swims around,—she falters, falls—
Thrice strives to rise, and thrice on Orpheus calls,
Each cry a fainter echo of the last,
And murmuring Orpheus still the gentle spirit passed.

Then Aristæus, stricken with remorse,
Braves the loud flood, and kneels beside her corse,
And chafes her hands, and every art essays
From her last sleep the lovely Nymph to raise.
But all in vain, and, turning with a tear,
Slow he retraces his too swift career.

Anon the Naiads from the general flight
Toward their Hebrus one by one unite;
And when—ah! woeful hap—they see her slain,
Beat their white breasts, and lift the cry of pain,
Wood, vale, and mountain mingle in the dirge,
The desolate River sobs from verge to verge;
And Night herself, veiling her starry eyes,
Leads the lament with long-drawn tempest-sighs.

O say not that two sympathetic souls
Can only mix as outward sense controls.
Far off the mother of an only daughter,
Pierced with her pangs, has tremblingly resought her:
The absent brother feels the fatal power
That strikes the partner of his natal hour;
And the fond youth, beneath far distant skies,
Knows the sad moment when his mistress dies.
Thus Orpheus, who had left his lovely spouse
For Delphi's steep to pay his filial vows
To King Apollo, starts from sleep to hear
His name thrice shrieked with anguish in his ear:
To earth he starts—a weapon wildly snatches—
Hies through the hall, the darkling door unlatches,
And stands bewildered in the moonlight clear,
Crying, 'Eurydice, your love is here;'
Till the night airs on his uncovered brows
Blowing awhile his woe-stunned wits arouse.
But sense no solace yields, and, as he flies
With homeward haste, still dark and darker rise
Death's phantom fears, till on the dewy lea
Orpheus has clasped his cold Eurydice,
And laid alone by her with weeping strong
And sobs tempestuous tosses all day long.

Then King Apollo, pitying the pain
Of his dear son, whom most he loved of men,
Stands by his side, his awful beauty veiling
In softest cloud, and thus rebukes his wailing:
'Rise, Orpheus, rise, infatuate with grief;
Orpheus, arise, Apollo brings relief;
For not in vain hast thou required my favour
With filial vows and first-fruits sweet of savour;
Nor idly did thy docile genius follow
The magic music of thy sire Apollo.
No Marsyas thou, but reverently mute
To hear and learn the language of my lute,

And therefore thou of living men alone
Canst charm all cruel force with music's moan.

For this did Jason, warned of Chiron old,
In choice of questers for the Fleece of Gold,
Prefer thee helmsman of the hero crew
Of Argo, wisely yielding thee thy due:
Else had they never rowed to Colchian seas
Past those gray cliffs the dread Symplegades;
For, as with oars that to thy harping clear
In cadence dipped, the desperate course they steer,
From the almost shock the shores resilient flew
Rapt to thy lay and let the questers through;
Thou too, when far upon the western main
Fierce thirst possessed the heroes, with thy strain
Alone could'st win from the Hesperian Maids
The golden offspring of their garden shades;
And after, when the Argonautic oars
Approached too near those bark-beguiling shores,
Where bleach the bones of many a music-slain
Mariner—and the Siren Sisters' strain
Was with its amorous enchantment stealing
Each quester's soul, thy heavenly pæan pealing
Struck dumb the weird witch-music, and reclaimed
Their service due who else the Quest had shamed.'

'And what avails that skill,' the mourner sighs,
'Oh! father mine, when low my mistress lies;
Though, when I luted, love stole softly o'er her,
The song that won her never can restore her.'

'Orpheus, I heard you once, when stars were clear,
Echoing the strains that thrill from sphere to sphere;
You sang, whilst Argo o'er the ocean hoary
Leaped to the lay, Creation's awful story
Softly you sang; and, though you knew it not,
Nature was tranced around in troubled thought,
Fearful lest thou shouldst wake that louder lay
Intolerable that shook her natal day.
Idly she feared, for I of gods and men,
Save Love alone, have knowledge of that strain,
And I but once its music can recall—
Yet, for I love thee, son, yea more than all
My children, and now pity, bride-bereft,
Thee I endue with my transcendent gift,
The song of songs, to whose ecstatic strain
Informing Love, from Chaos' dread insane,

Called the young Cosmos. Lift that psalm again,
And earth shall quake, the empyrean lower,
Seas rage, and at the last the Infernal Power
Ope to thy lay the inexorable door,
And thy lost mistress to thine arms restore.'

He said, and vanished, whilst a rosy source
Of sudden sunset flowing found the corse,
Kissed her cold feet, suffused her bosom's snow,
Blushed in her cheek, and melted on her brow.
Then Orpheus: 'For the dim discoloured light
Of Hymen's torch upon my nuptial night
This radiant omen, Phœbus, I accept;'
Whilst o'er the lute his eager fingers swept,
Preluding softly to that mystic strain
Which he but wakened once, and none shall wake again.

Then the sphere-music stole upon the harp,
Pregnant with rapturous pain and pleasure sharp,
All things that are, enchanted, paused to hear,
Save the small growths that sprang to be more near;
For joy and sorrow, birth and life, and death
Trembled together in that tuneful breath.

Anon the wild sphere-music louder grew,
Loud as when first the parent atoms flew,
Of air and water, fire and formless earth,
Each seed to share an elemental birth;
For to that cadence arched the skyey dome,
The soft soil hardened, Ocean sought his home,
And shapes of sea and landscape loom around,
Till sun and moon and stars the night astound,
With living lustre leaping to the sound;
And verdure springs, and with the breathing form
The earth and air and ocean sudden swarm;
And last of all, to crown Creation's plan,
Awakes to life the myriad-mooded man.

But, on the even of that natal day,
Love's louder song had died into the lay,
That all too subtle-sweet for mortal ears
Thrills with eternal music through the spheres.
Orpheus alone had caught that softer strain,
And, as he wakes it now, his eager brain,
Inspired by Phœbus, links the sound subdued
To its loud, long-forgotten parent mood.

So lutes he, and so sings, with flashing eyes
And dark dishevelled locks that fall and rise
O'er his torn vestments to the cadence wild.
Eve fades—night blackens—and Apollo's child,
Unseen as Philomel pours his passionate thought
Whilst round him all the universe, distraught
By the fierce phrenzy of his awful lyre,
All breathing forms, earth, ocean, air, and fire,
Hear and make moan as each indwelling essence
That forms them feels the old Creative Presence
Maddening their rest, and drawing them to mix
In other moulds, and all that is perplex;
Till at the sphere-song, out of centuried sleep,
Old Chaos rears him from the utmost deep,
Deeming perchance that erst obnoxious hymn,
Favourable now unto his empire dim;
Then rocked the earth for fear, the vaulted heaven
Thundered aghast, far leaped th' affrighted levin,
Shook the deep sea dismayed, and, at the last,
Through the song-severed gates of hell the poet passed.

Hard by the hideous porch a spectral crew
Deform first meet the minstrel's troubled view;
Grief, Labour, Care, Disease, and tristful Age
And Fear and Famine, War, Revenge, and Rage,
But shape most dread of all the demon Death
With infant face distort, a maid beneath,
Yet with lean palsied arms and locks of eld,
Who first from far the approaching bard beheld,
And fain to startle him to swift retreat
Begins: 'O fool, what strain to Death is sweet.
Essay no further, lest this countenance,
In wrath revealed, consume thee at a glance.
Or canst thou, front to front opposed, outstare
Her whose fierce eyes' intolerable glare,
Spite all the horrors of her serpent brow
And hellish aspect, laid Medusa low.'
She said, but Orpheus struck his saddest chord,
Wept the fell fiend, and past her haunt abhorred
The youth unhurt pursued his darkling way,
Till at his feet the Stygian river lay,
And rustling round him stole those bloodless ranks
That wait expectant on the oozy banks
For Charon's bark; but that grim senior rowed
Toward the further shore his goblin load.
Then Orpheus, for Eurydice the lost,

Eager peruses all that phantom host,
But vainly, when outspake a giant ghost,
Whose shoulders topped the crowd. 'Oh! comrade dear,
Orpheus divine, what quest has led thee here,
Alive! O strange, as first *I* sought this shore,
Admetus' bride, Alcestis, to restore,
And with these hands, how forceless now, alas!
Fettered the Triple Hound all fear to pass;
Surely some bitter cause thy suppliant dress,
Dishevelled hair, and downcast eyes confess.'

Then Orpheus weeping, 'Ah me, grief on grief,
No woe is single, thou too here, my chief,
Whom yesterday sang Victor, then she crossed
The ninefold stream before thy life was lost,
For, by a serpent slain, Eurydice,
My bride, is hither borne. Oh, woe is me!
Her now I seek; but what fate forced thee here,
Whom of old Argo's crew I loved most dear?'

Then great Alcides tells the jealous wile
Of Deianeira, by the Centaur's guile,
Malignant, fraught with poison fierce and fire
Life-ridding on the self-sought funeral pyre.

'Console thee, Herakles, my comrade dear,'
Orpheus presaged, 'for short space art thou here.
It only needs to expiate the ire
Of Dis, conceived what time his hell-hound dire
Thy might o'ermastered, that as yon weak ghosts
As forceless thou awhile shouldst range his coasts.
Right soon from Hell exempt, with honours meet,
Thee gods shall welcome to a heavenly seat,
Constellate in their midst, and for the love
Of woman, bless with Hebe's bower above.'

Now Charon brings his boat once more to land,
And Orpheus hastes his service to demand;
But with a hateful scowl the ferryman
In scornful answer to his suit began,
'Back, rash intruder in the realms of dark,
For long as I direct the Stygian bark
No sprite embodied enters it again,'
He said; but Orpheus woke a soothing strain,
So sweet, so softly wildering the brain,
That all his grisly length old Charon slept,

Then lightly to his seat the poet stepped,
And, singing, o'er the stream with easy oarage swept.

Stretched on the further shore the Triple Hound
Owns with a troubled voice the magic sound,
Whom Orpheus passed, and through the palace-gate
Of Hell still presses on with hope elate,
Until at last before the dusky throne
Of Dis and Proserpine he casts him down.

Whom, sternly eyeing, Pluto straight addressed:
'Stranger, declare thy name and what thy quest,
No Tityos sure, nor with Alcides' might,
Hast thou approached the realms of nether night;
My minions have been mocked with panic error,
If thou, effeminate form, hast caused them terror.
Speak, but expect no grace.' Then Proserpine
Broke in, 'My Lord, 'tis Orpheus the divine,
Offspring of Phœbus and Calliope,
Who, when the Fleece-Quest neared sweet Sicily,
His descant tuned till e'en the sea-beach smiled,
To bright-eyed blossom by his song beguiled.'
Then Orpheus, with fresh heart, awoke his litany wild.

'Not out of impious lust, O Nameless Name,
Nor friend for friend, as Herakles hither came,
Have I adventured to thine empire dread
No might of mine—ay well, this downcast head
And feeble limbs provoke thy sharpest scorn—
Not his poor prowess hath thy servant borne
Thus strangely past thy guardian forms of fear,
Charon and Cerberus, and set unscathed here,
A Power eternal bears me from above—
Now in my need forsake me not, O Love—'

On whom so crying bitterly a great change,
With tremor fierce and sighing thick and strange,
Smote suddenly—his labouring limbs assume
Stature divine, his front immortal bloom,
Erect he starts, a sudden halo bright
Burns from his brow, beneath whose living light
His eyes, bright stars in bluest heaven, shed
Ethereal influence through that palace dread,
Whilst his sweet voice divine went forth amongst the dead,
Singing the lives of those two lovers fond,
How dutiful in youth, then how beyond

Compare in piety; and how they loved
A long, long love, that but the purer proved
By bitter ordeal; their brief nuptial bliss
And latest parting; last the envenomed kiss
Of the fierce serpent, when with flying foot,
Scarce had Eurydice foiled the vile pursuit
Of Aristæus, and how she failed and fell,
And made her death-bed in the asphodel.

Here paused the voice awhile; but soon again
Awaking, poured a most enchanting strain
Of a fair goddess in Sicilian meads,
And Eros charioting those dusky steeds
Soft o'er the lily leaves and grasses green,
And to the King of Night bearing his beauteous queen.

Last the voice sang how that deep love divine
Had never quenched in Dis or Proserpine,
Or failed in anywise for Eros' aid,
For which dear services that sweet voice prayed
Eurydice's reprieve with its last breath,
Then on the darkness died a most delicious death.

The strange song ceased; but, ere its echo dies,
Pluto repents him, and to Minos cries:
'Eurydice is free, 'tis thine to fix
The law that speeds the lovers o'er the Styx
Unto the upper light, whose stern decree
Bids Orpheus lead his dear Eurydice,
But nor to turn, nor look upon his love
Till they have safely reached the realms above.'
Then forth they fare, the living and the dead,
He first, she following with painful tread,
Till every peril passed and ghostly dread,
Upon the very threshold of the day,
Fearful lest that dear shape had gone astray,
Orpheus looks back, O fool! for close behind
His love still followed with a faithful mind;
But scarce has turned him when that well-known form,
Half-spectre still, yet momently more warm
With waking life, dissolves with shrill despair
And looks of anguish on the nether air.
Rose as she sank a universal knell,
And clapped in thunder the grim gates of hell

Seven days and nights he strove, but strove in vain,
Once more to wake that elemental strain,

Nourished the while on nought but tearful sorrow;
But with the eighth inexorable morrow
He sadly rose, one look of longing cast
On Tænarus, and, sighing, Thraceward passed,
And three long years, amidst the lost one's bowers,
Wandered, wild warbling to her favourite flowers,
Laments more melancholy sweet than ever
Echo had answered by the Hebrus' river.

Thus on Eurydice his constant thought
Still fixed, no solace of fresh love he sought,
Till as he sleeps outworn within that wood
Whence she whilere had flown towards the flood,
Exasperate each at Orpheus' slights of love,
A Mænad troop steal on him through the grove,
Of whom one snatches swiftly from the ground
His lute, low-shivering with ill-omened sound.
'Io, exultant! Io!' through the brakes!
The Bacchants shout, and shuddering Orpheus wakes,
But helpless quite, as of his lyre forlorn,
By the wild women limb from limb is torn.
'Eurydice,' the passing spirit cries;
'Eurydice,' the troubled vale replies;
'Eurydice,' afar, each snowy summit sighs.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

A Famous Frenchman.

Translated from an autobiographical sketch by Maximilien de Béthune Duc de Sully, Prime Minister of Navarre, and concluded by the Vicomtesse de Kerkadée.

My father was François de Béthune, Baron de Rosny, and my mother Charlotte Dauvet, daughter of the Seigneur de Rieux. At my birth I received the name of Maximilien. Our House drew its origin (by the House of Coucy) from the ancient House of Austria, with which must not be mistaken that which is now on the throne; the latter is descended from the Counts of Hapsburgh, who were only noblemen 300 years ago.

The House of Béthune gave its name to a town in Flanders whence came the Counts who anciently governed that Province. All the Béthunes distinguished themselves in the wars during the Crusades, and were amongst the first to scale the walls of Jerusalem.

Antoine and Coësne de Béthune, following the steps of their ancestors, were also the first to hoist the banners on the ramparts of Constantinople when Baudoin Comte de Flandres took that capital from Alexis Comène; Coësne obtained the government of it.

The Béthunes allied themselves to several princes of the House of France, to the Emperors of Constantinople, the Kings of Jerusalem, the House of Lorraine, and many other illustrious stocks.

In thus writing of my ancestors I beg my readers to exonerate me from all affectation or vanity. I was born on December 13, 1560, and although I was only the second son, yet (owing to the infirmity of my eldest brother) I was looked upon as the future head of the family. I had been brought up in the doctrine of the 'réformés,' and I have constantly professed it, spite of the threats and promises of parties and the vicissitudes of my times; nay, even the change in the religious views of the King, my protector, and his most earnest endeavours to win me over to the Romish persuasion, could not make me renounce my faith.

I was twelve years of age when the Massacre of St. Bartholomew took place. I had gone to bed very early the day before, and I was awakened

at three o'clock in the morning by the ringing of bells and the confused cries of the populace. St. Julien, my tutor, went out hastily with my valet to know the cause of the noise; but I never heard of them afterwards, and undoubtedly they fell a sacrifice to the public fury. I was alone in my room, dressing, when I saw my landlord enter the hall in the greatest consternation. He was a Huguenot, and, having heard what was the matter, had resolved to go to Mass. He had come to try and persuade me to go with him and do the same; but I would not follow him. I tried to reach the College of Bourgogne, where I studied, notwithstanding the long distance from the house, which rendered my resolution a very perilous one. I put on my scholar's dress, and taking a large missal under my arm, I went downstairs.

I was seized with terror, on entering the street, to see the furious mob, who surged fiercely through the streets, breaking open the doors of the houses, and crying; 'Kill, kill; massacre the Huguenots;' and the blood that I saw on the pavement redoubled my fright. I fell in with a corps-de-garde, who stopped me. I was questioned, and they were beginning to maltreat me, when the book I carried was luckily seen, and served me as a passport. Twice afterwards I fell into the same danger, and escaped from it with the same good luck. At last I arrived at the College; but the porter refused me entrance, and I remained in the street, in the midst of a fierce crowd still in eager search for fresh prey; when I bethought myself of asking for the principal of the College, called Lafaye, a good man, who loved me devotedly.

With the help of a few pieces of silver that I slipped into the porter's hand, I at last induced him to let me pass, and I was soon in the presence of Lafaye. The good man made me go with him to his room, where two inhuman priests, who were relating the massacre of the Sicilian Vespers, tried to tear me away from him and put me to death, saying that their order was to kill even children at the breast. All that Lafaye could do was to conduct me secretly to a small closet, and lock me into it. I remained there three whole days, receiving food from a servant of the charitable Lafaye, utterly uncertain what my fate would be.

At the end of this time, the prohibition against further slaughter and pillage having been at last published, I was taken from my prison.

Eight days after this adventure I received a letter from my father, in which he said how much alarmed he had been on my account; however, his advice was that I should remain in Paris, since the prince I served was not free to leave it, but that, in order to escape further risk, I ought to make up my mind to do what the prince had done, and go to Mass. But to this suggestion I would not assent.

As I was not always permitted to attend upon the King of Navarre, I employed my leisure in as useful a way as I could. I gave up the study of languages and many other studies, notwithstanding my father's

strong recommendation to me not to neglect them; but this became an impossibility to me as soon as I returned to Court. I parted with regret from the excellent tutor my father had given me, and passed from his hands into those of one the King of Navarre had with him, whom he ordered to teach me mathematics and history, two sciences which soon consoled me for the neglect of my other studies. The rest of my time was employed in learning how to read and write well, and in the acquisition of exercises which give grace to the body, and the cultivation of the virtues which give strength to the soul.

In these principles, and especially in that of giving more attention to moral than to mental and physical training, the King had been instructed himself. But at the age of sixteen this course of education was interrupted by the outbreak of war, in which I engaged, in company with the King, without any hope of ever coming out of it with my life.

To our peaceful exercises succeeded those which only concerned war, and we began by trying the art of firing the arquebusse.

All that a young man can do at such a time is to make his heart profit at the expense of his brains; for even in embarrassment such as we encountered, nay, in the very midst of arms, there presents itself to whoever knows how to seek for it excellent schooling for virtue and politeness. But woe to him who is engaged in so fatal a profession to youth if he fails in strength and will to resist bad example: if he has not the good sense to guard himself against all vices, how will he be fortified in those principles that wisdom dictates, to the private individual as well as to the prince? Yes! Virtue should become so much a habit by practice that no virtuous action should ever cause the slightest effort.

I soon followed the King of Navarre into the battle-field, and was made ensign in the regiment of M. de Lavardin, Marshal of France, who was very fond of me, and we went to defend Périgueux. I ran many risks, but the worst one was at the siege of Villefranche in Périgord. Having gone to the assault with my flag, I was thrown down by the shock of pikes and halberds into the ditch, where I remained sunk in the mud, and so hampered with my flag that without the help of La Trape, my valet, and of a few soldiers, I should certainly have perished.

The town was completely pillaged, and I obtained as my share in the spoil a purse containing a thousand gold crowns, that an old man, pursued by five or six soldiers, gave me to save his life.

During a truce the King of Navarre went into Béarn, and allowed me to follow him. He was going under pretence of visiting his sister, but in reality to see Mdlle. de Tignonville (whose mother was governess to Mdlle. de Navarre), and of whom he was very fond. I laid aside my uniform, and assumed a dress more suitable to the new part I was about to play.

My economy, added to my military profits, had given me a considerable sum, and I was able to pay several young noblemen to join me in attaching ourselves entirely to the King's person. My great youth made this very extraordinary, but I had felt in my early age how excellent it is to put order into one's house.

Mademoiselle, sister of the King, was very lively, and always in search of amusement. I learnt from that princess the art of a courtier, a thing very new to me. Her Royal Highness had the kindness to teach me how to dance in a ballet, which was executed with great magnificence.

The truce being over, we again began the war. After a great many conflicts, Catherine de Medicis wished to pacify the State; or having, perhaps, some other hidden designs, she left Paris with all her Court, and came to meet us. The ceremonious association between the two Courts soon gave place to pleasure and gallantry. The Queen Mother might then have concluded a truce over all the kingdom; but it was only arranged for the places where both Courts should be together, and within a mile and a half of them. Here they overwhelmed one another with politeness, and spoke with great familiarity; but if two of the opposite factions met outside it was fighting 'à l'outrance.'

We took several towns by stratagem; one of them was St. Emilion, where we marched during the night unknown to the Queen. We had an immense petard, in the shape of a German sausage, which we fastened to the recess of the window of a large tower; the noise of this machine, when it exploded, was so great that it was heard miles off. With it we made a breach in the tower which gave passage to two men abreast, and the town was taken by this means. Catherine was very angry, and said it was a premeditated insult, and both Courts separated, but only to mix again in a short time, as otherwise their pleasures would have been at an end. The Queen at last left, and war began again.

The King of Navarre, who had shown me the greatest friendship, soon gave me the post of Councillor of Navarre and that of Chamberlain in Ordinary, with 2,000 livres yearly. At that time this was the highest preferment, and I was only nineteen.

But I soon committed a fault which nearly lost me the good graces of the King. Two noblemen with whom I was at supper one night quarrelled, and entreated me to be their second, and keep the affair secret; I gave way to them, and did not let the King know. Both were dangerously wounded, and Henry on hearing of it was so irritated with me that he said I deserved to have my head off. Piqued by the King's threat, I replied, very thoughtlessly, that I was neither his vassal nor his subject, and that I would quit his service. He did not answer me except by a look of profound disdain, and I would have left this good prince had it not been for the princesses interceding for me. I was received by him for some time with much coldness, but

soon his affection for me returned, and I attached myself more strongly than ever to the person of a King who so well deserved an allegiance full of all love and loyalty.

Unfortunately I had made an imprudent promise to the Duc d'Alençon, and for a time I had to leave the King of Navarre.

From 1580 to 1587 a number of events took place, among them the affair with Flanders, the taking of the citadel of Cambray, the origin and the formation of the League, as well as many other events of great importance.

Whilst in Flanders I went to see Madame de Mastin, an aunt of mine. She received me as a nephew she had disinherited because he neither believed in God nor His saints, and who only worshipped the devil. This was the opinion of Father Silvestre, her confessor, and she blindly believed him. She made me visit with her an abbey she had founded, and where several of our ancestors were buried; she then took the opportunity of talking to me of my religion, and was very much surprised when I recited to her the Belief and other prayers we have in common with Roman Catholics; kind feelings were re-awakened in her, and with tears in her eyes she kissed me and promised me all her fortune; but no doubt Father Silvestre's hold upon her was too great, as never did I receive anything from her.

On leaving Madame de Mastin I went to Béthune, where all the possessions of my ancestors were, and I was received by the bourgeois and others, armed to the teeth, to do me honour, and bringing me all sorts of offerings. I left the town after having examined with secret pleasure all the public and private monuments which have carried down to posterity the memory of my ancestors, and of the benefits bestowed by them upon the town.

I left Flanders and rejoined the King, who received me with marked friendship, and also entered into negotiations with the Queen; but without much result. I remained in Paris, in order to be often at Court, and give the exact news of all that went on there to the King of Navarre.

I frequented the most brilliant society, and took part in all its pleasures and amusements. Being then in the flower of youth, it is not astonishing that I paid a tribute to love, and I became very fond of Mademoiselle de St. Mesmin, one of the most beautiful girls in France; however, an alliance with her was not exactly the thing for me, yet I could never have renounced her had not Lafond, my private valet, proposed to me to effect a diversion of my passion, and I made the acquaintance of Mademoiselle de Courtenay. I saw her and inwardly approved of the choice; she was promising to be very beautiful, and I found her excessively amiable. Besides that, she was allied to the royal House of Courtenay; she received my assiduities with pleasure, and soon after we were married.

The tenderness I felt for her kept me at home during the whole

year, amidst occupations, exercises, and country amusements which were quite new to me. Towards the end of it a letter from the King of Navarre took me away from my lazy life, and I returned to him.

The bold enterprises of the League had begun, and it is a surprising fact that in less than four years ten royal armies made attacks on the King of Navarre. The League was an association of princes, prelates, and noblemen of Picardy, assembled at Péronne, for the purpose of being dispensed from obeying the edict of the Sixty-three Articles promulgated in 1576 in favour of the Protestants.

I did not assist at all the sieges, but went about and fought at different places, until the sad news I received from Rosny obliged me to go home. The village had been depopulated by the plague, and my wife, who had lost most of her servants by it, had fled to the forest, where she had spent two days and two nights in her carriage. Then she had taken refuge at the Château de Huets, belonging to an aunt of mine. The joy my wife felt in seeing me yielded to her fear of the danger I ran in being with her, and she had the castle gates shut up, thinking I would go away. I entered, notwithstanding her resistance, and remained there a month, with only two noblemen and two servants, breathing the country air undisturbed, because the plague prevented people from coming near us. The persecution of all the Protestants made me fear that the money which was owed to me would be confiscated for the benefit of the League; however, I was paid upon contenting myself with 10,000 livres, instead of 24,000, which was entirely for King Henry's use.

I was severely wounded at the battle of Ivry, and the King, on hearing it, hastened to me, whilst I was being carried on a litter, and did not disdain to dismount his horse in order to express to me his sincere sympathy. When he heard that, although half-mutilated, there were hopes for me, he embraced me, saying: 'Farewell, my friend, recover soon and remember you have a good master.'

The King had wished me to try and effect a reconciliation between the Duc de Montpensier and the Comte de Soissons, and on returning from them I went to Anet, where Madame la Duchesse d'Aumale lived, who had repeatedly invited me to come and visit her. She expressed much joy in seeing me, and gave me a most graceful welcome. She took me by the hand, and we visited the galleries and the splendid gardens which made Anet so enchanting an abode. She was most anxious to see her husband obedient to his sovereign, but the conditions she wished to exact obliged me to decline meddling in this affair.

Hitherto I had seen nothing but what could do honour to the master of a truly royal house, and I should have been ignorant of the deplorable state to which he was reduced if the Duchess had not forced me to stay to supper and sleep there. After a meal long waited for, and as bad as it was badly served, I was ushered into a room all

marble, but so unfurnished and cold that, not being able to get warm or sleep in a bed whose short and narrow silk curtains, very light counterpaine, and damp sheets would have frozen me in the midst of summer, I made up my mind to get up. I intended indemnifying myself for my wretchedness by making a large fire; but I found only holly-wood and green juniper, which would not burn. I spent the rest of the night wrapped up in my dressing-gown. I left this poor dwelling with pleasure, and went back to my people, who had fared far better than their master.

It was about this time that I experienced my first great sorrow: I heard of the illness of my wife, and fled to Rosny, where I arrived in time to receive the last embrace of this amiable woman. The death of so dear a wife shut my heart against all other feelings, and for a long time I thought of nothing else.

The dissolution of the marriage of Henry with Marguerite de Valois had taken place, and I was often in consultation with His Majesty about the choice of a new Consort. The Duchesse de Beaufort, Gabrielle d'Estrées, whose ambition after the birth of her second son had become unbounded, wished to be declared Queen; but Marguerite de Valois had refused to sanction her divorce with the King should the Duchesse be made Queen, and Henry, notwithstanding the importunity of his mistress, had been obliged to give up all idea of marrying her. He therefore confided in me, and we began to pass in review the different princesses likely to suit him.

'That I may never repent of my choice' said the King to me, 'and escape from the greatest of misfortunes—that of having a wife badly made in mind and body—I must have seven things which will be difficult to find in one person: the woman I marry must be beautiful, wise, sweet-tempered, witty, prolific, rich, and of royal lineage.'

All this ended, however, in his marrying Marie de Medicis, niece of the Duke of Tuscany, who was neither beautiful nor of very great descent.

The future Queen arrived at Lyons, after leaving Livorno with an escort of seventeen galleys. Her Majesty was at supper when Henry entered the apartment incognito, wishing to see her without her knowledge. The queen, perceiving that something had happened from the appearance of the people around her, retired to her room. The King followed immediately, and at his entrance Marie de Medicis threw herself at his feet. Henry raised her, kissed her, and after conversing with her for about half an hour went to his supper, and soon returned to the Queen.

Some time afterwards, Marie de Medicis made her entry into Paris; it was a magnificent pageant. The next day the King brought Her Majesty and the Court to dine at my house. All the Italian ladies she had brought with her, much liking the *vin d'Arbois*, drank more of it than was necessary, and began to be excessively lively. I had some

excellent white wine, as clear as crystal. I caused ewers to be filled up with it, and when they were asking for water to mix with their Burgundy, it was the wine that was presented to them. The King, seeing them all in such good spirits, doubted not I had played them a trick.

From this time the life of Henri-le-Grand, spent hitherto in the tumult of arms, was that of a pacific king, and of a father of a family. As for myself, I did all in my power to reform all the financial abuses of past years, and tried my best to enrich the King without empoverishing his subjects, to pay his debts, repair his palaces, and perfect the art of fortifying towns, even more than that of attacking them, defending them, and making provisions of arms and ammunition.

Queen Elizabeth, having heard that Henry was at Calais, thought it a very good opportunity of seeing her best friend. Henry did not wish it less than she did, owing to his desire that they should confer together about the political affairs of Christendom; however, Henry was persuaded not to go, and I undertook the journey incognito, feeling sure, however, that the Queen would be certain to hear of it; and I was not mistaken. The captain of her guards came immediately to me, having received orders to bring me immediately into Her Majesty's presence.

'What, M. de Rosny,' said the Princess; 'is it thus that you break our hedges and pass without coming to see me? I am very much astonished, for I have seen that you are more affectionate to me than any of my gentlemen. I do not remember having given you cause to change towards me.'

I replied that I should endeavour to answer her in a manner worthy of so graceful a welcome, after which I went on without affectation to speak to Elizabeth of the friendly feelings the King entertained for her.

The agitation of mind caused by the conspiracy of the Marshal de Biron—which I was falsely charged with being implicated in by some of my enemies, although the King very soon became perfectly convinced of my innocence—did not prevent people from giving themselves up to pleasures and pageants. For the amusement of the Queen a magnificent ballet was given. The Palace of the Arsenal, where I lived, was chosen for it, on account of its spacious apartments. Great rejoicings took place on account of the birth of an heir to the throne, and Henry IV. had shown his happiness to me by demonstrations of everlasting friendship.

Henry became so seriously ill at one time that he sent for me to make the necessary arrangements about the succession. On entering the King's room I found him in bed. The Queen, seated at the bedside, held one of his hands in hers; he held the other to me, and said:

'Come and kiss me, my friend; I am marvellously pleased to see you,' and then turning to the Queen he added: 'Here is one of my servants

who takes the greatest care of the affairs of the kingdom, and who, in case of my demise, would serve you and my children better than any one else.'

Luckily for France the good King soon recovered, and I was sent as Ambassador to England. James I. had just succeeded Elizabeth, and on my arrival at Canterbury I was received by Lord Sidney, who had come to compliment me for his royal master. Several weeks afterwards I presented my credentials to the King. The Court was then at Greenwich; it was more than a quarter of an hour before I could reach His Majesty's throne, but as soon as the King perceived me he came down two steps and spoke to me in the kindest manner, and when his eulogium of myself was over I answered, not by a speech such as might be expected from court pedants, but by a simple compliment which implied much, and was far more in harmony with my rank. I continued complimenting His Majesty in a manner which seemed to please him greatly, and after talking politics James led the conversation to hunting, adding [he heard what a sportsman I was, and he fancied that I even surpassed my royal master.

James was desirous of entering into an alliance with France against Spain, notwithstanding Cecil's displeasure at it. When I took leave of His Majesty, he said, taking my hands in his: 'Hé bien! M. l'Ambassadeur, n'êtes-vous pas bien content de moi?' I answered with a profound inclination, and kissed the King's hands; he embraced me, and begged for my friendship with a look of kindness which displeased many of the Ministers present.

After the treaty was concluded Henry wished me to return to France, and I gladly availed myself of the opportunity, especially since the negotiations had terminated. I took leave of His Majesty of England at Westminster; he gave me some complimentry letters for Henry and his Queen, and forced me to accept a chain of most splendid gems.

The presents I left from my master were: six magnificent horses for the King, and for the Queen one of the largest and handsomest Venetian glasses ever seen; the frame was gold covered with diamonds; to the Prince of Wales and some of the noblemen and ladies of the court an infinite number of excessively pretty presents. The reception I had from my royal master was most charming, and I began the narrative of all that had passed during my sojourn in England. I resumed my old post of Minister of Finances, and afterwards was made Governor of Poitou. In 1603 I had a long talk with Henry about the establishment of silk-weaving in France, but I vainly tried to dissuade the King from allowing it, and eventually he had his own way.

I began the year 1604, as indeed I began all others, by a duty my rank obliged me to perform—it was to present to their Majesties two purses of silver counters. I entered the royal apartments early, and found their Majesties still in bed. Besides the two purses mentioned,

I offered them gold ones on my own account, and they accepted them with pleasure. The next day I received His Majesty's portrait on a box set with diamonds, and the Queen sent my wife a perfumed diamond chain with bracelets to match.

King Henry's first great sorrow since his mother's death was that of the Duchesse de Bar, his only sister. She was an example of conjugal love. She often repeated this verse of Procopius, changing the word 'Venus' into that of 'Deus': 'Omnis amor magnus, sed operto in conjuge major, hanc Venus ut vivat ventilat ipsa facem!' All the Court went into mourning for this amiable Princess.

Henry was also much annoyed by the constant bickerings between the Queen and the Marquise de Verneuil, his mistress. The latter knew the ascendancy she had over the King, and only used it to drive him to despair, trying constantly to bring about a divorce between him and Marie de Medicis. This princess was not very amiable and excessively jealous. The greatest dissensions took place between the three, but especially between Henry and Madame de Verneuil, which ended in his boxing her ears. But the Queen did not profit by these quarrels, and instead of showing a little love to her husband, she always treated him coldly when he attempted to caress her.

I made up my mind to speak to the Queen, and dictated a letter for her to the King; he was delighted, and answered in the same strain. Unfortunately, some of the emissaries pretended that the King had returned to Madame de Verneuil, and I had to begin afresh to try and bring about another reconciliation. Had Queen Marguerite de Valois chosen, she could have inflamed these ill-feelings still further; but she was most disinterested, and behaved throughout admirably. We wrote constantly to one another, and she often expressed herself thus:

'Vous êtes toujours mon recours, et, après Dieu, l'appui sur lequel je fais le plus de fond.'

I had many enemies at Court, and Henry now and then could scarcely help believing what I was accused of, notwithstanding the proofs of devotion I had constantly given him. An explanation at last took place, all the accusing papers were carefully read by His Majesty, at the end of which he burnt them, and before all the people who were assembled to wait for the upshot of our interview he said: 'J'aime Rosny plus que jamais, et entre lui et moi, c'est à la mort.' I knew from this that the heart of Henry was always for me. Immediately afterwards he gave my eldest daughter Marguerite Béthune and her husband 10,000 crowns each.

Marguerite, to revenge herself upon her daughter, who had married Henri de Chabad against her will, produced, in 1645, a boy of fifteen, alleging him to be her son by the Duc de Rohan. It was ascertained that this young man, whose name was Tancred, had the tuft of hair of the Rohans on the top of his head.

The arrival of Queen Marguerite de Valois, and the gracious welcome given to her by the King, gave occasion to some wicked speeches amongst the people; however, no notice was taken of them. Her Majesty had been obliged to escape from the Château d'Usson—where she had lived twenty years—disguised as a peasant. Afterwards she had an hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain. Notwithstanding all her frailties, she was a most charming, kind, and generous woman, and one of the most accomplished of her time.

The birth of a second son to the throne of France gave much pleasure to Henry, and at that time I received great marks of friendship from His Majesty, which, however, did not prevent some new quarrels; but the services I rendered the King on the assembly of the Calvinists at La Rochelle, and for other good offices, soon re-established our friendship.

The beginning of 1608 was remarkable for its amusements. The King had some Italian actors, and it was always at the Arsenal that most of the *fêtes* took place.

The marriage of my eldest son was celebrated in the course of the year; he married Mdlle. Blanchefort de Créqui, daughter of the Prince de Poix. I had thought of making myself sincere friends by that alliance; however they only remained true to me during the time of my prosperity; they all disappeared when we were disgraced. My enemies, under pretence of zeal, thought of making me change my religion, but I solemnly refused to please the King in this. Notwithstanding this new disagreement, His Majesty offered me his legitimated daughter, Mdlle. Henriette de Vendome, by Gabrielle d'Estrées; but I refused to break with the De Créquis.

Henry, who had some intention of going to Germany, was constantly annoyed by the Queen, as she did not wish he should go before her coronation had taken place. The King consented at last to stay for it. It was the most magnificent scene ever witnessed. During that night the King and Queen had very troublesome dreams about a house falling on the King in the Rue de la Féronnerie. A few evenings afterwards, Henry sent for an astrologer named Thomassin: the latter said His Majesty must beware of the month of May, 1610, designating the day and hour when he was to be killed. The King laughed at him, and sent him away, after having set him spinning round the room several times, holding him sometimes by the hand, sometimes by the hair.

One day, dining with Schomberg, who lived with me in the greatest intimacy, a page brought him a note, which he slipped very mysteriously under the arm of Schomberg; I joked him about it, but very soon he left the room, promising to return very quickly. He did so, and told me he had just come back from Mdlle. de Gournay's house, who had heard from Jacqueline le Vayer—who had been in the service

of Mdlle. de Verneuil—that a conspiracy had been formed against the King, in which the Marquise was implicated.

Henry sent for me several days after the coronation. I was in my bath, and La Varenne, who had come to fetch me, prevented my leaving it, saying, 'that the King would probably come himself to the Arsenal, as I was ill.' I insisted on going to His Majesty, but La Varenne went back to the palace, and in less than half an hour returned from the King to tell me that I was not to leave the house, as he would call at the Arsenal.

In the afternoon I heard my wife (Rachel de Cothefilet) crying and exclaiming, 'Oh my God! all is lost; France is destroyed.' I rushed out of my apartment, and I heard on all sides, 'The King has been dangerously wounded.' Ravaillac, who had heard the King asking for his carriage, had said between his teeth, 'Je te tiens, tu es perdu.' M. de Vitry offered to accompany His Majesty, but he refused him, as well as the attendance of his guard; however, six noblemen entered the carriage, and strange to say, none of them saw the murder perpetrated.

I ran like a madman to the Louvre, where M. de Belancourt said to me, 'He is dead.' Many people were persuaded that the Cominis had had a share in the death of the King.

Ravaillac was born at Angoulême, where he was schoolmaster; he was only thirty-two. His punishment was terrible. He was *tenaillé* to the arms and legs, &c., and his wounds were sprinkled with melted lead, oil, and boiling rosin, and at last torn asunder by four horses; his limbs were consumed by fire, and the ashes scattered to the winds.

Henry was much beloved by his people, he was full of liveliness, and very fond of joking. One day he met a woman leading a cow, and asked her how much she wanted for it. Having answered His Majesty on the point, he said, 'Ventre St. Gris! it is not worth it; I will give you so much for it.'

'I can see,' replied the woman, 'that you are not a cow merchant.'

'And why not, gossip?' said the King, who was accompanied by a large number of noblemen; 'see you not all the calves that are following me?'

Another time a great eater was presented to him. 'Ventre St. Gris,' said he, 'if I had six men like you in my kingdom, I would cause them to be hanged; such rogues would soon famish it.'

It is reported that one day he boasted to the Spanish Ambassador that he would breakfast at Milan, hear Mass at Rome, and dine at Naples. The Ambassador replied, 'Sire, if your Majesty goes so quickly, he will probably be in time to hear Vespers in Sicily.'

'I ask,' said this prince, 'three things of God every day: that He may be pleased to forgive my enemies; to give me the victory over my passions; and lastly, that I may make good use of the authority that has been given me over my subjects.'

No words could depict my sorrow at the death of so dear a master. and I may say of so good a friend; I was heartbroken with misery, and I never can forget the horror that his murder caused me.

The Queen sent a message to me, calling on me immediately to repair to the Louvre, begging me at the same time to bring only a few others with me. This appeared ominous to me, and I sent word to Her Majesty that I could not entirely comply with her request; but immediately afterwards, MM. de Montbazon, de Praslin, and de Schomberg, as well as my brother, were deputed to visit me. I waited, however, till the next day, and at last appeared before Her Majesty, who seemed so much moved that for some time neither of us could speak. The young King was brought to me, and kissed me over and over again.

'My son,' said the Queen, 'you must love M. de Sully very much, for he was the best servant of your father, and I trust he will serve us as well.'

A reception marked with so much distinction and confidence baffled for the time being the plots against me.

In 1611, my enemies were so numerous that I was forced to take steps in order to save myself from disgrace. I wrote to the Regent to justify my conduct: Her Majesty answered graciously, and the King granted me a munificent pension. The Queen-Mother addressed me always in her letters as 'My cousin,' and signed herself 'Your good cousin, Marie.'

The Duc de Sully died December 22, 1641. The Duchesse de Sully had a magnificent white marble statue erected in remembrance of her husband.

Villebon, of all the princely dwellings of the Sullys, was the favourite residence of Rosny. The life he led there was one of decency, grandeur, and even state, such as one would expect from a character so grave and serious as his. Besides a great number of equerries, noblemen, and pages who served him, and of ladies and 'demoiselles d'honneur' attached to the person of the Duchesse, he had a company of guards with their officers, another of Swiss, and a very large number of servants. It was said by the surgeon attached to the house that he had often counted eighty people in bed, and that the service of the house was in no way hindered by it.

The Duc de Sully was a very early riser, and after having said his prayers and read some religious book, he worked with his four secretaries. When he went out for half an hour or so before dinner, a great bell was rung, which was on the bridge, to give warning of his going out. Most of his people then went to his apartment and lined the foot of the stairs. His equerries, 'gentilshommes' and officers led the way, preceded by two Swiss halberdiers. Generally he spoke to some of his relations or friends, then followed his guards.

On entering the dining-room—which was a vast apartment, where the most memorable actions of his life and that of Henry were represented—he sat down to dinner.

The table was very long, and at the top there were two arm-chairs for him and the Duchesse. All his children, married or unmarried, and of whatever rank or birth, even the Duchesse de Rohan, had only stools or folding chairs; for in those days the subordination of children to parents was so great that they neither sat nor had their heads covered in their presence, except after having received orders to do so.

His table was served with great magnificence. The lords and ladies of the neighbourhood were alone admitted, with a few of his 'gentilshommes' and the ladies and 'filles d'honneur' of the Duchesse de Sully.

Except in the case of company, all rose and left the table at dessert. The meal ended, all went to a small *salon* called the 'Salon des Illustres,' because it was ornamented with the portraits of the popes, kings, princes, and other distinguished or celebrated people, which had been offered by them to Sully.

In another dining-room, beautifully and richly furnished, there was a second table, very nearly as well served as the first. When young people were invited with their parents, they dined at the second table, the Duc saying always: 'Vous êtes trop jeunes pour que nous mangions ensemble, et nous nous ennuierions les uns les autres.'

When he had spent some time with his guests, he went back to his room to work. If the weather were fine, he took a walk in the afternoon, followed by the same suite as in the morning, and after taking a few turns in the gardens, he separated himself from the company, and escaping through magnificent avenues of lime-trees, he sat down to think, or admire the splendid panorama that lay stretched before him. Supper passed off like dinner, and then all retired to their respective apartments.

The Duc de Sully would never change the fashion of his clothes. One day, the King having sent for him, the Duc perceived that all the young courtiers—to please the 'Connétable' de Luynes—laughed at Sully, and he said to Louis XIII: 'Sire, quand le feu roi votre père, de glorieuse mémoire, me faisait l'honneur de m'appeler auprès de sa personne, pour s'entretenir avec moi sur ses grandes et importantes affaires, il faisait sortir les bouffons.' The King at once gave orders for every one of them to leave the room.

Subordination, order, and peace reigned among his numerous people. He never made any difference between the Catholics and the Calvinists who served him, except by his being anxious that the former should be exact in attending to their religious duties. Except the Duchess de Rohan, all his children died in the Roman Catholic faith.

In September.

Where lurk the merry elves of autumn now,
In this bright breezy month of equinox?
Among tanned bracken on the mountain's brow?
Or deep in heather tufted round white rocks
On a wild moor, where heathbells wither slow,
Twined with late-blooming furze—a home of grouse?
By river alders? Or on stubbly plains?
Bound not their kingdom so:
They follow Beauty's train—of all her house
Gay pensioners till not one leaf remains.

The splendour of the year is not yet dead:
After cold showers the sun shines hotly still
To dry the grass and kiss the trembling head
Of each wind-shaken harebell on the hill.
Then joys the eye to ramble far and wide
Through all the fleecy circles of the sky;
Broad silverous beams fair slant from southern clouds,
Where sunlight seems to hide;
A rainbow spans the vale's blue mystery,
Whence routed mists troop gloomily, crowds on crowds.

Heaven hath its symphonies! What tones combine
To swell the cadenced chords of luminous gray
That change upon the abysmal hyaline,
Whose glimpses sweet throb to the azure play
Of an ethereal melody—tender as eyes
That shine through tears of unrequited love—
Pure as the petals of forget-me-nots!
Such unheard harmonies,
The deaf ears of Beethoven smote from above
Through vision—filled with heaven his inky blots.

As Ceres when she sought her Proserpine
Slow moved, majestically sad—a wreath
Of funeral flowers above those eyes divine—
The widowed year draws ripely to its death.

The moist air swoons in stillèd sultriness
Between the gales; save when a boding sigh
Shivers the crisp and many-hued tree-tops,
Or a low breeze's stress
Wakes the sere whispers of fallen leaves that lie
Breathing a dying odour through the copse.

A few pale flowers of summer linger late
For languid butterflies, wind-tost, that leave
Their garden asters, tempted to their fate
By the wild bees; stray blooms of woodbine grieve
On their close-twisted stems in brambly dells—
Haunt of the cottage-children's much delight
On sunny afternoons; by hedge and stream
Tremble the delicate bells
Of bindweed, bridelike with its wreath of white
Moving things withering of new springs to dream.

Soon the last field is gleaned, safe harvested
The tardiest-ripening grain, and all the dale
Made glad with far-seen stacks; barn floors are spread
With golden sheaves, sport of the clanging flail;
In sunny orchards the mossed apple-trees
Bend with their ruddy load, and wasp-gnawn pears
Tumble at every gust; the berried lanes
Blush with their bright increase;
Brown acorns rustle down; and in their lairs
Neat-handed squirrels hoard their daintiest gains.

So the month wanes, till the new-risen moon
Shines on chill torpor of white mist, stretched o'er
Low-lying pastures—like a weird lagune
In a dim land of ghosts; and evermore
Through the sad wood the wind sighs wailfully,
And great owls hoot from boughs left desolate
When first the morn finds skeleton leaves made fair
With frosted tracery.
And then must all things frail yield to their fate—
October strikes the chord of their despair!

AUREOLUS PARACELSUS.

The London Needlewoman.

When years have passed over our heads, and we are wearily enduring the fading brightness of present enjoyments, how vividly there flashes upon our memory the recollection of a thrill of our youth, compared with which our enjoyment of to-day is pale and ineffectual. Who that remembers the days of the anti-Corn Law League agitation can ever forget his first perusal of Hood's 'Song of the Shirt'? Written for a twofold purpose, it was as effectual in the one aim as in the other. The injustice of unnaturally raising the price of corn; the oppression caused by the maintenance of dear bread in the interests of a class; are powerfully effective; while the hideousness of the suffering of the poor, prostrate, weary, unknown sempstress sunk deep into every heart.

At that time it was not uncommon to read in the police reports of a wretched widow sent to prison for pawning shirts or trousers given out to her to make, at a rate of pay, which, from the irregularity of the work, would average from eighteenpence to two shillings per week. The case was read, we pitied the victim, sighed over the system, and still went our way as before. But when the humorist who had so often charmed us with his 'exquisite wit,' sung with the simple pathos of a true man,

> Good God! that bread should be so dear,
> And flesh and blood so cheap—

he put a stamp upon the hideous cruelties that were practised; he enlisted every heart in the cause of humanity; and from the appearance of his beautiful poem may be dated much of that amelioration in the condition of woman in this country which has advanced with increasing effectiveness to the present day.

It is not easy to realise the extraordinary change which has been produced within the last few years in the condition of the needlewomen in the metropolis, and a more interesting subject hardly exists than a comparison of Hood's sempstress with the needlewoman of the year of grace 1871.

None but those who have actually seen the condition of the sewer of shirts, of collars, of cloaks, of soldiers' clothes, can fully appreciate the amelioration of to-day. In a squalid court leading nowhere,

every house of the twenty the habitation of many families, all engaged in needlework, might have been seen, ragged and filthy, at least a hundred children under six years of age playing in the gutter which did the duty of a conduit in carrying off, slowly enough, the refuse of every house, powerfully suggestive of cholera and typhus. We might enter a house at random, ascend a narrow dark broken staircase, and finally reach a workroom, in which we could stand upright only in the centre. In such a room have been found eleven women working, having just seventy-five cubic feet of air each, breathing over and over again an atmosphere drained of its life-sustaining particles, and becoming hourly less and less fit to work. A felon is entitled to six hundred cubic feet, if not to more; the nightly guest in a common lodging-house to six hundred feet also. What, then, must have been the condition of these eleven white slaves? In summer the windows might be opened, but this was always objected to as causing draughts. In winter there was no ventilation, and the atmosphere was at all times stifling and unhealthy. Here worked those eleven girls and women; some of the girls being apprentices and bound for a specified number of years; working fifteen, sixteen, seventeen and eighteen hours a day. As a woman recently said to us, 'We used to begin at four in the morning, and work until ten and eleven at night for weeks together.'

Who could wonder that here was no sign of health, that every eye was weary, every cheek colourless except when tinted with a hectic flush, or that the ear was pained by that fatal husky cough!

Who amongst the throng of well-dressed men in any of the fashionable places of resort, imagined that that superbly fitting coat and faultless trousers had only that morning left an abode such as we have described, and that, the night before, this coat and trousers had fulfilled the place of blanket and counterpane, upon a wretched bed of flock or shavings, spread upon a floor, thick with the incrustations of years from crumbs, and splashings, and from the constant smoking and chewing of tobacco.

This is not overcharged; types of similar misery may still be seen here and there, but in a much less degree, for the whole system has been broken into, and happily will soon be a thing of the past.

The work here described was that which was done in the house of a middleman, who found room, fire, light, thread, and trimmings, and the workers had nothing to do but stitch, and were paid according to the work done. The middleman possibly did not take the work direct from the merchant or tailor, but obtained it from a contractor; so that, although in the first instance a fair price was given, yet the actual sum for labour was only a portion of the original price, a heavy profit being deducted by each middleman.

But the work was more severe when done at home by Hood's poor sempstress. She had to find her own fire, light, thread, &c., and the allowance for these never approached the requisite outlay.

Working under these conditions, let us consider what the earnings of these over-worked creatures were.

Hood's poor sempstress, working at home upon shirts and shirt collars, could earn, when working constantly from 4 A.M. to 9 P.M. and 10 P.M., from three shillings to seven shillings per week, according to the quality and quantity of work done.

A cloak and mantle maker, working direct for a manufacturer, doing all the work at home, and being a quick hand, could earn from eight shillings to ten shillings per week. The best hands never reached more than twelve shillings per week.

In tailoring and making soldiers' clothes, a woman, working the above hours, could earn as much as eighteen shillings per week; but there were many who could never get beyond five shillings and sixpence.

Let us recapitulate: from three shillings to seven shillings, eight shillings to ten shillings, five shillings and sixpence to eighteen shillings.

Working hours; from 4 A.M. to 9 P.M. or 10 P.M, or sixteen hours per day.

What is the contrast of the next twenty or thirty years?

Let us first of all go to one of the great clothing establishments of the country—the Royal Clothing Factory at Pimlico—and see what the girls and women are doing there.

Firstly we find a large, lofty, well-managed workroom—warmth, lighting, ventilation under command—in which five hundred women are at work, each having upwards of 1,300 cubic feet of air.

Next we find them working from 8.30 A.M. to 7 P.M.—a little more than half the time they worked when under a middleman.

Then we find them receiving the whole price of their labour without any deduction. For instance, a woman can make one tunic a day, and for this she receives three shillings and twopence. She can make, according to ability and diligence, from one and a half to four pairs of trousers per day, and receives one shilling per pair.

It is not within our province here to speak of this establishment, except as we have done as illustrating the changes that have been wrought in woman's work; but we cannot refrain from repeating what was said to us by a most enterprising and successful manufacturer, speaking of it as a manufacturing establishment: 'The Pimlico Clothing Factory is a hundred years in advance of any factory I know.'

From this admirable establishment we will go to a maker of mantles and paletots both for the home trade and for exportation. Here materials of all kinds are used—cloth, silk, and velvet—and mantles are made from the plainest to the most lavishly ornamented.

Wages here vary from seventeen shillings to thirty shillings per week; upon special occasions, and when engaged upon the best kind of

goods, some women, working within factory hours—i.e. sixty per week—have earned as much as fifty-five shillings per week.

Under the old system, twenty years ago, this gentleman never had any woman who could earn, except as a forewoman, more than twelve shillings per week.

But the work which remunerates the manufacturer satisfactorily, and is most sought for by the workwomen, is that of children's woollen paletots, for the making of which tenpence per dozen is given. The work is simple, straightforward, and easily got through, and five and six dozen can be made weekly without exertion, being at the rate of thirty shillings per week.

A manufacturer who employs in all above 500 women and girls in shirt-collar making, and who spares no pains or money in adopting the best machinery he can procure, never paid in former days more than ten shillings per week, while latterly he has paid 'hundreds and hundreds of women twenty shillings per week.'

An army clothier at the East-end makes a precisely similar comparison. He said to us, 'I used to pay ten shillings per week for sixteen hours a day; I now pay twenty shillings for sixty hours a week.'

As a last illustration of an occupation which now, as formerly, is carried on in the houses of the needlewomen, the makers of shirt-collars, working sixty hours per week, are earning from twelve shillings to twenty-eight shillings per week.

The comparison, therefore, stands thus:

Increase of earnings in shirt-collar making: fourfold.

Increase in mantle-making: between two and threefold.

Increase in soldier's clothes: twofold.

Hours of work for increased earnings, sixty hours per week: against ninety-six hours for half and one-third of present earnings.

One of the instruments, if not the main instrument, by which this extraordinary change has been brought about, has been the sewing-machine. It was first brought to notice in the Great Exhibition of 1851, and is the most remarkable in its results of the many admirable ideas developed from the germ first sown in Hyde Park.

Itself a machine for supplying at a cheap rate the place of human labour, its history also illustrates the axiom, that machinery cheapens labour.

When first brought into use, the price of what is called a Lancashire machine was thirty-four pounds. The present price of the same machine, wholesale, is four pounds ten shillings. Now this diminution in price is not in consequence of the manufacturer or merchant having reduced their price or charges, but simply the effect of a demand for the article.

At first, when made by tens, each part was manufactured separately by hand, and the cost for labour and time was proportionate. Now that the demand is for thousands, each part is cast in thousands, of a form and finish ready to be fitted, and the heavy cost of labour is reduced to

nearly one-sixth; and yet more men are employed in its manufacture than formerly.

We have been informed that a machine has just been perfected, capable of making the different kinds of stitches, which will be sold for fifty shillings.

The old fallacy of the unfortunate effects of the introduction of machinery upon the price of labour has in no instance been shown so abundantly as in the case of the sewing-machine.

Its first effect was to cheapen production; cheaper production means increased consumption; increased consumption means the employment of additional labour and outlay in manufacture; and thus we arrive at higher wages in the end.

This may not be effected in a day, but it has arrived to needlewomen in a very much shorter time than could have been anticipated.

Let us note some of the changes that have followed the invention of the sewing-machine.

First and foremost there is the lightening the labour of the needlewoman; she is never now taxed beyond her strength.

Even though there had been no improvement in the sanitary condition of workrooms, a reduction of the time by one-third of working in close and unhealthy rooms must lessen very considerably the ill-effects of want of ventilation, especially as the one-third of the time that has been saved from the workshop is that which used to be spent under the glare and in the heated and impure atmosphere of gas.

Again, the ease with which in some cases the same amount of wages can be earned, and in other cases double the old earnings can be gained, is by most considered the great gain.

Then there is a change, the commencement of which has taken place, viz. the breaking up of the middleman or contract system, and this is really an element of the greatest value to the female worker.

Employers are beginning to perceive that in carrying on a large trade in which the manufacture of any article is a principal ingredient, it is necessary to adopt the factory system—i.e. the system of congregated labour under personal supervision.

The use of the sewing-machine, and indeed of any manufacturing machine, facilitates such an arrangement in every way; and nothing is of greater advantage to the operative classes than employment in a factory, as now regulated, compared with working for middlemen, and in trades which are necessarily dirty, compared with home employment.

To digress for a moment. In the Eastern counties the system of manufacture in many articles has been until recently that of the employment of hand labour—a system allowing little scope for development by the employer, and stagnating the hands. But machinery is being at last introduced, and it must be extended much further.

In one industry it has already caused great changes. The

weaver of horse-hair seating, who formerly required a child to place the horse-hairs between the warps of the fabric, for which purpose he always selected the cheapest labour—that is, the youngest child whom he could procure—has been compelled, through the influence of the Factory Act in preventing the employment of such little children, to adopt a mechanical contrivance for doing this very work; and their fetters have been struck from these little slaves.

Another hand-labour industry is that of the straw-plait. How rarely is a thought bestowed upon the little mite, not three years old, who with lagging and swollen fingers, sat for hours under the eye and cane of a hard taskmistress, weary and in pain with plaiting that endless ribbon of straw. Surely and certainly, if straw hats are to be reasonable in price, machinery must be adapted to plait the straw: and another Howe (the inventor of the sewing-machine) will discover some subtle movement of a steel needle or spindle to turn and plait the sorted straws. This infant is to be restored to the fresh air and needful muscular exercise; for the inexorable rule of the Factory Act no longer permits this gross abuse of parental authority, this unnatural indulgence of paternal greed.

But to return to the sewing-machine and its effects upon labour. It has been a great power in uprooting the middleman system. First, in the facilities it has afforded to employers to adopt the factory system, and to have their work done under their own supervision; and next, in enabling needlewomen to work at home, and take work direct from the merchant or tailor; as a woman having a sewing-machine can take twice as much work as she could have taken home formerly; and when she is married and has children, she can, besides attending to her home duties, add a by no means inconsiderable sum to the weekly income.

The following incident will show the importance it is to a needlewoman to obtain work direct from the clothier or tailor.

A contractor engaged to supply a large number of military frocks. He underlet his contract to various East-end tailors at 3*s.* 4*d.* per frock for the making only, every requisite, as buttons, lining, thread, braid, &c., being supplied by the contractor; the tailors having the sub-contract were offering sempstresses 1*s.* 10*d.* per frock. A frock would take a sempstress two days: thus if they could have dealt direct with the contractor they would have been able to earn 10*s.* per week—all being hand work; but as the work was only to be obtained through a middleman, their earnings would only have been 5*s.* 6*d.*

As another element in the effects of this particlar kind of machinery we have to note the great demand for female labour. Wages are advancing almost monthly, yet sufficient hands are obtained with difficulty. A mantle-maker said that when he used to advertise he never had fewer than from sixty to seventy applications; now he never has ten. And a shirt-collar maker, speaking of the whole trade in the

metropolis, says that the number of women have increased from twenty to thirty fold.

But to realise more fully the harvest that the sempstresses and tailoresses of the metropolis have reaped of late years, we must still take into account the enormously increased comforts which their earnings have enabled them to enjoy. Rents may be dearer, but almost everything else consumed has been cheaper; and where not actually cheaper, it has been relatively so to them, because their greater earnings have enabled them to obtain that which was beyond their reach before. Then their fingers are not worn to the bone with stitching; every hour of the day is not spent with bended body over the work-table, but they have time for recreation, exercise, and improvement.

And not only our poor sempstresses, but everyone of us has been an actual and personal gainer, not in this country only, but in every part of the world. All articles of clothing are produced in quantities, and can be obtained at prices which would not have been dreamt of in former years. We all know this from our everyday experience, but possibly some are not aware in what abundance and to what degree of cheapness clothes are produced. In one article of dress alone, that of linen shirt-collars, we have reason for knowing that the number produced in London has increased one-hundred fold within the last few years. Then as to the economy of production, we have before spoken of children's woollen cloth paletots, the making of which was well paid at tenpence per dozen. These paletots are sold wholesale at 6*s.* 9*d.* per dozen; the price to the retail purchaser being probably 1*s.* 6*d.* each; these are good, well made, serviceable articles of clothing, the very things to keep children warm, and to cover them with respectability.

It may be remarked, 'when these coats have been worn there would be an end of them.' 'By no means,' would be the reply, 'a Yorkshire manufacturer will buy bales of such as these;' and, in the words of our informant, 'I was told by such a manufacturer that he manured a field with the rags, took off two crops of potatoes, then raked the rags from the field, washed them, and manufactured them again into cloth.' Surely the man who can thus utilise waste, who can transform what is apparently refuse into good sound raw material, and then into a serviceable fabric, deserves well of his countrymen.

We have confined our observations to the present earnings of the needlewomen of the metropolis, but it will be found throughout the country that the employment of women has increased so enormously that they are almost daily finding their way to fresh occupation; and consequently the value of their labour is higher than ever it was. It is even not without hesitation that one can accept statements of what women and girls can and do earn. In a cotton-weaving factory, many women earn at the loom—i.e. when minding four looms—as much as

20*s.* a week; and only to-day, as we write this, we are told of a girl, a child alleged to be 13 years, but whose appearance justified a doubt of her being so old, earning in a factory no less than one guinea per week, knitting those zephyr-like mufflers worn by ladies which are called 'Canadian Clouds.' We could go through employment after employment, and point to the same unerring improvement of position. We know of no important manufacture in which the labour of woman, when suitable, does not come into competition with that of man. We say important manufacture, because there are some employments ruled by societies, in which female labour is not permitted by the regulations. As a rule man's manual labour is more valuable than that of women. He can get through more, and generally he does it better. A woman could not stand at a rolling-mill and roll iron rails; she could not do the work. But she can stand at a loom or a spinning-mule, and do the work as well as a man, and she is sought for, for that occupation. It is true that her wages are less than those of a man, that they are upon a lower scale. This is the result of a fair and equitable law. Her wants are fewer, her cost of living smaller than those of a man, and when married she is absolutely exempt from legal claims caused by her own want of economy, her waste or extravagance. This position of woman in the labour market—competing with, and in many instances superior to man—has been reached, not by efforts of her own, not by her agitating that she had a right to do the labour of a man, but it is due to the determination of man that, when working, she should not be overtaxed; that while he, from the nature of his frame, must earn his living by the sweat of his brow, she should only be employed upon such labour as was fit for her; and he has seen ungrudgingly and cheerfully that in many employments her labour was more suitable than his, and that she could earn as much as he.

The first great step towards the amelioration of the condition of women was the Factory Act of 1833. Its beneficial regulations were originally restricted to textile factories, but latterly every field of labour has been covered; shirt-makers, tailoresses, milliners, dress-makers, artificial-flower makers—sempstresses even—are all equally protected. Coincident with this legislative progression, which first restricted the hours of labour to twelve, then to ten, with a weekly half-holiday, and eight annual half-holidays in addition, by which the strain upon the physical frame has been diminished, sprang into life that adaptation of machinery to perform the work of the hand which, as illustrated in the case of the sewing-machine, has caused the multiplication of well-paid female labour from twenty to thirty fold.

Looking to the physical and social condition of a large section of the female operative class, it must be admitted that the amelioration and the increased comforts enjoyed are almost immeasurable. But there are yet problems to be solved. Female education in middle-class and superior schools is one; and, as was said by a manufacturer, speaking

of the condition of the class of women below the decent sempstress, much had yet to be done there, when, to use his expressive words, 'We should tap the lower stratum of the labour market in the metropolis.'

Here are two subjects, at least, in which the overflow of woman's influence could be used usefully and patriotically exerted. We say the overflow of woman's influence, because her first influence is exercised and felt at home.

Nature always intended woman to do some work; she was to be a helpmeet for man. From the earliest ages she had her duties and her labour to perform; but always those of the household, or, as we delight to call it, 'home.' Even Penelope, Queen though she were, is described to us, in her usual and proper occupation with her attendant maidens, weaving for the household. Let woman, therefore, first set her home to rights; and there are not many women who find this a light occupation. In whatever station she may be, she will find, under her hands almost, that kind of work which woman can do so much better than men. Her quiet, gentle disposition can soothe the angry word, can lead those who stray, and bend the stubborn, when man fails in all. No child ever forgets the lesson learnt at the mother's knee; no precept is so engraven in the heart as the anxious pleading of a mother's heart; no influence is so effective as the persuasive tone, the earnest example, or even the simply sensible remarks of a woman.

In whatever station of life a woman is, these duties seem to us to be paramount. We have seen her in the cottage, the hard-working wife of an artizan or labourer, and to make her home acceptable is almost occupation enough. Yet what effect has not the example of an industrious wife, practising the precepts she recommends, and how valuable is her influence among her neighbours.

If we go to the homes of the middle class and employers of labour, we can here also trace the influence of woman's tact and intelligence in the improved tastes, in the diminished wants, and in the regulated habits of their own immediate dependents. As we go to the higher and wealthier homes, we see extended fields of usefulness, and the signs are unmistakable where woman's guiding influence has been exercised.

There are many and bright examples, which can be called to mind instantly, of women having time to spare, and those having wealth at their command, who have placed their mark upon their work, labouring earnestly and effectually in a field which has yielded to them a fruitful harvest. We have seen the wife of the lord of hundreds of acres exercising almost patriarchal authority over dependents; ever ready to advise; discriminating between the deserving and the clamorous; not backward when necessary to reprehend; thoughtful for the wants of the poor; a kind mistress, ruling her household

with discretion and judgment, and influencing for the highest purposes the course of life and the happiness of all living within her reach.

In another direction, the wife of a lord of thousands of spindles and hundreds of looms has even greater opportunities of illustrating the wondrous effects of woman's magic influence. We have seen her living in the village, the offspring of the factory; the counsellor, guide, and friend of all the busy bees of the hive, in sickness or in health. The factory half-timer, with shining sunny face, does not creep like a snail unwilling to school but bounding with health and contentment. The factory itself is filled with robust operatives, well favoured and well clothed. The machinery is bright and polished, the floors clean with whitewash, and around the machinery is whitened a fanciful pattern, after the fashion of a carpet, with which the not unpleasing coquetry of the female carders or spinners has adorned their place of daily work. We have known all this to be the result of the unostentatious influence of woman's true heart and genial influence. We have even, in these circumstances, seen the lion and the lamb lie down together; we have seen, on the occasion of an annual sermon for the national schools, the church crowded with Dissenters; and the chapel, when the collection is made for its schools, crowded with members of the Church.

We would draw one conclusion. We would see woman using her own irresistible influence in her own and natural way, instead of ignoring her true attributes, and endeavouring to sway opinion by abstract reasoning and rhetoric.

It is Aristotle who, in his old-world philosophy, speaking of the mental powers of woman in relation to public life, says that woman's reasoning powers are limited. We should have hesitated to repeat this were it not for the respectability of the venerable authority; but, we have unbounded faith in her possession of attributes to which man can never attain, in her power of influencing the world for good in directions difficult for man to reach, in her tender yet warm sympathies, full of the true spirit of humanity, the very embodiment of pure Christian principles.

TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.

By Compton Reade.

CHAPTER XIX.

ANOTHER MOVE ON THE BOARD.

To get settled in Lingeville lodgings with all their surroundings of greasy discomfort and shameless extortion was a work of days. Upon this followed a more agreeable occupation, viz. patronage of the local shopkeepery; for Adine, whose simple raiment sufficed to command admiration in Mudflat, speedily discovered the necessity of rehabilitation, in order to rise to the just requirements of a fashionable watering-place. Pecunious be the pockets of him whose wife or daughter enters the wily portals of drapery in that centre of display, more especially during the whirl of the season. The brisker the trade, the higher the prices. The wage of one hundred labourers for a whole year shall be dissipated by one pair of fair hands in an afternoon, and there shall be nothing much to show after all. Poor labour!

In such utilitarian pursuits nearly a fortnight out of the precious thirty-one days slipped away; each sunset bringing Mr. Lovett's engagements to the bank and Mr. Bulps more and more terribly close. Yet Coldhole advowson remained a drug in the market, and, whilst under the benign sunshine of Lingeville ready money kept dissolving, there appeared no friendly opening whereby a poor waif-parson might extemporise bread-winning.

At last, however, in answer to a chance advertisement, a certain Mr. Brown wrote to state that, subject to approval of Coldhole after inspection, he felt disposed to offer as much as seven thousand pounds. He did not object to Essex marshes. Good interest on capital he considered of paramount importance. In that respect Mr. Blackley's benefice seemed to offer unique advantages.

At once their heaviness was turned into joy. In the periphrastic diction of a weak candour Mr. Brown was informed that his letter was only too satisfactory. Should this sale be effected, then the gordian knot was severed. The bank could be satisfied, and a permanent mortgage on St. Mary's Chapel would both wipe off all scores and enable Mr. Lovett to mount the pulpit of that celebrated temple of

well-dressed orthodoxy. A telegram forthwith was despatched to Horace Blackley, who, with his wife, had returned to Coldhole in order to arrange the details necessary to transmigration.

As for Mr. Brown, meaning business, he acted with considerable promptitude. He went down to Coldhole immediately on receipt of Mr. Lovett's reply, and marched note-book in hand to the rectory, intending to jot down its various details, architectural and internal. A surly domestic answered the door. Mr. Blackley was not at home. No. He couldn't see the house, nor the church neither. Perhaps he was mistook; this was a private dwelling, not an exhibition.

Surprised and indignant, Mr. Brown took into his counsel the village publican, who avowed himself 'main sure as parson was within doers. What sort of a man was Mr. Blackley? Well, a rum 'un. Plaguy okkard, and brutal stingy. He'd just step up to the rectory back doer, and ax a question or so.' This in return for the sum of two shillings and sixpence.

The upshot of this amateur detective art proved to be the ugly discovery that Horace Blackley had put a lie into his servant's mouth. He *was* at home. Mr. Brown, placing his own interpretation on this conduct returned to town, and abruptly closed the negotiation, assigning, however, to Mr. Lovett the real reason for so doing; and, by way of sting, adding that from impressions imperfectly formed of Coldhole, he should certainly under other circumstances have bought the living.

Mr. Lovett, thus baffled and driven to bay, wrote Mr. Brown a full explanation of his own precarious position. Whereafter Mr. Brown, though with obvious reluctance, reopened negotiation, the entire correspondence occupying a full week, and thereby bringing the date of the bills due to within a few days of maturity.

The poor souls began to hate garish Lingeville; to wish themselves at home again in Mudflat. Alas! however, *nescit vox missa reverti.* The die was cast.

At last Mr. Brown fixed a meeting in London, requesting somewhat peremptorily that the vendors would bring matters to an issue; for in the interim—Mr. Blackley having returned to Mudflat—he had again run down to Coldhole, and found its various arrangements quite equal to his expectations.

To make assurance doubly sure against a hitch Mr. Lovett telegraphed to Mr. Blackley, entreating him to attend this meeting. He asked for a return-telegram. It did not arrive; but this fact did not go for much. Mudflat was so distant from civilisation that unless Horace Blackley happened to be at home exactly when the telegraph mercury arrived, a reply was an impossibility.

'Adine,' said her husband at breakfast, 'if ever I succeed at St. Mary's, I shall hope to compensate poor Roper for his loss on our old glebe farm.'

'If ever,' sighed Adine to herself.

Fortified with this benevolent resolve, he took the train to the metropolis. Saddened by the reflections awakened by his words, she attempted in vain to digest the pages of a book, which only the night before had delighted her. Now, in her hour of great anxiety, all thoughts not of a home nature appeared irrelevant and distasteful. She closed her eyes and the book, and began to cast up the accounts of her past.

Evidently Horace Blackley had laid a trap for their unwary selves. His old notion of vendetta for her foolish girl frolic was still alive. She felt sure that her foe would triumph. Indeed had he not now the game in his own hands? And thus her poor Doré would be sacrificed. Why did she not confess to his loving ears that ugly bit of history? Had she revealed it, his manly judgment would have guarded against a snare, which she, although forewarned, had been blind to perceive. And yet she could but agree with herself that it was rather impossible to make such a confession; pride forbade it.

Having thus reviewed her past, with its train of fatal consequence, an idea obtruded itself, that it might not be impossible by working on the old love, now turned to hate, for her to influence Horace Blackley. If she understood his game, he would somehow frustrate this negotiation with Mr. Brown. Of that she had a very strong presentiment. Still this failure would signify less, if only he could be persuaded to act in a friendly spirit; and somehow, conscious of power over his heart, she fancied she could make the man do anything, True, the *rôle* was a difficult one to play, but in their almost desperate circumstances much appeared justifiable, which at other times would be rightly termed rank treachery to her beloved lord. She was pondering whether to open fire upon him by a letter, or whether it would be wiser to wait the course of events, and at the crisis to attempt interposition, when the slut of the establishment intruded a countenance, repulsive by nature and neglect, to announce that a gentleman below desired an audience of Mrs. Lovett.

'A gentleman!' cried she. 'Surely you are mistaken.'

'It might be a tailor or a boot-maker for the matter of that,' suggested the slut.

Mrs. Lovett was certain that she had no gentlemen acquaintances in Lingeville. 'Ah! By the way, to be sure, it might be Mr. Bulps.'

But the slut shook her head. She knew Mr. Bulps from having frequently sat under him; in fact her young man—an attractive sweep—exhibited a marked preference for that divine's ministrations, simply because there was a certain retired corner of St. Mary's gallery where lovers could imagine themselves to be in a music hall, and act accordingly, without the chance of a rebuke from the officiating clergyman.

'Who could it be?'

Adine puzzled her little brain much as she hastily arranged her dress, and otherwise put her pretty self to rights. She was convinced

that the man had called upon the wrong person, or at the wrong house, for it was but one o'clock, and indeed early dinner was actually laid. Awkward!

Curious, flustered, and ruffled, with a very bright look on her lovely countenance, Adine tripped down stairs, and was greeted by no less a person than Mr. Horace Blackley himself.

'You here!' she exclaimed, politeness absorbed in surprise.

'Why not?' he enquired.

'Didn't you get Mr. Lovett's telegram? You must have received it, surely!'

'Where was it sent?'

'To Mudflat, of course.'

'And yesterday? No, I've had no telegram. I have come from Blankton this morning. That will account for it. Pray what did Lovett telegraph for?'

'For you, Mr. Blackley. You ought to have met Mr. Brown at two o'clock to-day in the city.'

'Dear me!' said he with insulting *insouciance*. 'How very provoking. It is now after one, and London is distant between three and four hours by rail. I hope they will manage without me.'

With a woman's quick perception she caught a meaning in that callous tone of voice. It roused her spirit. Advancing towards him she laid a little hand on his arm, fixing her grand meaningful eyes on his countenance. Then she murmured in her softest tone, 'Horace Blackley, you cannot deceive *me* to-day. A month ago, when you came to Mudflat, I—I was weak—cajoled. Now I read your design plainly as if you were yourself to write it.' This attack surprised him—by its gentle force.

'I—I assure you——' he began in an apologetic tone.

'Quite so. You have been playing us false. We are fairly under your thumb, nor will your vengeance be satisfied until we are finally brought to ruin. That is to be the end of this scheme of yours. Did you lend my husband money because you desired to befriend him? Did you cozen him out of his living with a kindly motive? Do you keep him on the tenterhooks of a false hope out of pure brotherly love? No, no. And yet perhaps'—with a sigh—'I can comprehend why you should detest a rival. It is very mean, though quite intelligible; but, Horace Blackley, let me ask why should you hate poor me?'

Ravishingly sweet did 'poor me' look. Every clever woman is a born actress, if only you put her on her mettle.

She had formed a right estimate. Her eye, her voice, her presence, had lost none of their old fascination. Were she a school-girl again, again would this man have obeyed her behests. She saw him avert his head, she felt his frame quiver, as he stammered awkwardly, 'Heaven knows, Adine—Mrs. Lovett, I beg your pardon—but my fault as regards yourself has not been hatred.'

'Then why may we not be friends? Why must I stand here and address you as my worst enemy?' And she drew back from him a little, with downcast eyes.

'There is no reason,' he could but falter in reply, 'except an unworthy suspicion. Lovett no doubt has painted me a black rascal, because I won't let him have everything his own way. Not that I am going to affect any very deep affection for the man who has stood in the way of my life's happiness; but you, surely, cannot suppose that I have sinister designs against *you*! For your sake I lent him money, least of all expecting that my kindness would ever be flung back in my teeth. For your sake I rescued him from the disagreeables of a lonesome village. Lastly, for your sake I quite intend to secure him St. Mary's Chapelry—that—that is—if—if he will not thwart me, or act in opposition to my wishes.' These last words lamely enough. To lie is easy. To lie naturally an art.

Disbelieving his asseverances thoroughly, she nevertheless affected credence, and with a smile motioned him to be seated. Then she enquired, sweetly, what course he proposed to pursue in reference to St. Mary's.

Whereupon he adhered to generalities, probably from total inability to particularise his line of action. Then finding this style of vapour produced no effect on his hearer, he took refuge in self-laudation, comparing himself to a benign providence, which always acts for the good of the world in the way they least expect—a comparison suggestive to unsophisticated Adine of rank blasphemy. This brought her to the point.

'You are in command of money,' she said; 'why not yourself purchase St. Mary's, and present it to us? That was our original bargain, was it not?'

He shook his head, and at once parried the common honesty of this proposal by babbling of simony; which he averred was not only a sin, but, worse still, punishable by the law of the land.

This casuistry of his was too patent. She felt angry at the man insulting her intellect by such palpable humbug. Nevertheless native wit prompted her to play a very unpromising hand coolly, so she covered the irritation of defeat by inviting the foe to eat.

The foe was charmed. And if Adine didn't bring forth butter in a Lingeville dish, she at all events plied him with her husband's dry sherry, which he seemed to appreciate like mother's milk. They had happened on an honest vintner, who, strange to say, sold wine. Hence this small advantage.

Under the combined influences of Bacchus and Venus, Horace Blackley could have fallen down and worshipped his goddess. She, however, kept him at a respectful distance. She had made up her mind to charm, delight, and dazzle. Nothing more. Only as he was about to leave did she give him the chance of a little foolish adoration.

He took her hand to wish her good-bye, and it did not seem as if he could release it. As an excuse he murmured such protestations of earnest desire for the welfare of her and hers, that Adine was fairly caught in her own trap, and, imagining that diplomacy had managed the enemy, was herself deceived. The Reverend Horace Blackley might be her slave, but he meant to be her master.

Thought she: He must keep his word now, *ergo*, our interests are quite safe. He is very weak.

Thought he: A little positive poverty and privation, and she will be totally disgusted with Lovett, and my willing friend. She hasn't forgotten how to use her eyes.

Of course Mr. Lovett returned from London boiling over with wrath, which was magnified into hatred, when he was apprised of what had occurred during his absence.

'Blackguard!' he exclaimed. 'Why ever did you see the man?'

'Lucky I did,' rejoined Adine, who was all complacency.

He missed the purport of her remark. 'Mr. Brown,' he cried, 'is so dissatisfied, that I fear the affair is at an end!'

'Never mind Mr. Brown,' interrupted she. 'I've arranged everything for you. Mark my words, Horace Blackley will give you St. Mary's, whether Mr. Brown or Mr. Jones purchases Coldhole.'

'Adine!' He stared in mute surprise.

'I'll make him,' she said, with a merry laugh at his look of amazement.

'What is your talisman?' he enquired.

'A woman's brain. *I* am my talisman.' She was too amused to perceive the strange expression on his face.

'You, dearest Adine? You?'

'Yes, you silly old boy. There, eat your supper, and go to bed. You look as pale as a ghost after your long day.'

Tired as he was, somehow his countenance showed more than fatigue. He was vexed at the turn of affairs, and disposed to brood and chafe.

'I won't believe that Blackley did not receive my telegram,' he muttered doggedly. 'He means foul play.'

'We shall see,' retorted she, rather huffed at his incredulity.

Shall the truth be confessed? This man not only felt aggrieved at this tampering with his wife, but also something like jealous of one whom he had hitherto despised. Mystery is a powerful irritant, and this sudden influence of Adine over a black-hearted enemy, coupled with a certain amount of unaccountable reserve on her part, afforded scope for all sorts of unworthy conjectures, and rankled in his breast as a positive injury.

CHAPTER XX.

ANOTHER FAIR FACE.

WHILST Fortune was thus coquetting with the Lovetts, the capricious dame took to smiling on their protégé, Mr. Samuel Edward Ralph, with no faint lustre. Captain Hawder, astounded at progress made under his new tutor, exerted himself to obtain for him the office of tenor singer in the mixed choir of St. Bathos, a church much patronised by the Hawder family. This appointment not only afforded pocket-money in the shape of salary; it also at once brought him under the notice of a fashionable congregation, so that very shortly he was overwhelmed with pupils of the class which is content to learn little and pay much.

Popularity makes enemies. Barwyn, organist of St. Bathos, who failed to obtain employment except among fourth-rate suburban female schools, was simply enraged at the success of his new vocalist. The idea of a novice thus appropriating without so much as an effort the *crême de la crême* of the teaching within earshot of the St. Bathos' bells —and St. Bathos is extremely well-placed—aroused this man's choler. He well knew that this small revenue ought to have flowed into his own pockets, as holder of the chief musical office in that quarter of the town; and such would have been the case, but for two ugly facts: his character was too disreputable, his music most indifferent. On Sunday at the organ he was nothing if not feeble; whilst woe be to the foolish mother who left him alone in the room with a pretty daughter or a bottle of wine. It did not require a very astute physiognomist to form an estimate of the man from his eyes and his nose. The world had found him out, and he was already a musical cipher, when Ralph came unexpectedly to fascinate St. Bathos' congregation.

An organist is invested with considerable powers of annoyance. Had Ralph been a worse reader, Mr. Barwyn's dodgeries to throw him out of time during every solo or lead that fell to his lot would have produced a *fiasco*. The old chorister of Blankton, however, sang so steadily that he could not be tripped up; and a musical curate, aware that the accompaniment was at fault, had the hardihood to enquire of Mr. Barwyn what he meant by stultifying himself by such slip-shod playing?—a remark which went home, and compelled malice to alter its tactics. Evidently Ralph was too unassailable in regard of musical capacity. Perhaps his morals might be impeachable, and the clergy of St. Bathos were very strong on the subject of morality, as Mr. Barwyn knew by bitter experience, for he had often trembled lest his own peccadilloes might get round to their ears. He would keep a watch on his young friend. Youth is frail.

Now, of all the innocent, pure-hearted boys, that ever stepped into

the temptations of manhood in our wicked Babylon, never was there one more thoroughly protected by a simple soul than young Ralph. He was a devotee of art, regarding her as a mistress to be served in all cleanliness of life. To be a high-priest of her religion was his ambition, and he believed that dignity to be incompatible with vice. Hence to the grosser forms of metropolitan entanglements he was fire-proof. When Robinsoni (alias Robinson) of the opera chorus, and principal bass of St. Bathos, suggested during the Litany at morning service various naughtinesses to which he was desirous of introducing his friend Ralph, he was shut up by the look of disgust on the young man's countenance. When Madlle. Larobe, contralto in that choir, who was certainly married to one husband, and owed her position in the organ-loft to her 'friendship' for Mr. Barwyn—who, by the way, had a wife and family—when this not very backward specimen of powder and rouge attempted a *liaison* with our young tenor, she found her wiles of no avail. She blasphemed him in consequence roundly, as a slow country bumpkin without manners. Her abuse did not hurt, being unheard and unheeded. Nevertheless every human being has his one opportunity of lapsing, and, if you escape falling into a cesspool or a horse-pond, you may find yourself submerged beneath the opal waves of some beautiful lake, where the nymph of the mere will strive hard to keep you for herself, and you may love her more than your life. So fared it with Ralph. In the wide world of London life he found his siren, and if the reader joins with hypocritical Barwyn in condemning him, the reader and the writer are, to say the least, antipathies.

In Rosa Montresor you might have beheld no ordinary woman. The world babbled sweet flattery about her girlish appearance. She did look very young, perhaps owing to her strangely-delicate complexion, yet her age was that of woman rather than girl, her nature woman's nature. Her early history had been one of adventure. The carefully nurtured child of an eminent barrister, she was left (by the trickery of relations) at her father's death a penniless dependant on the very people who had spoiled her. To eat their bread grated against her every sensibility; for, conscious of a great wrong, her young soul—she was but seventeen—revolted against her own flesh and blood. She offered them love for restitution; they laughed. Then she turned her back on them in disdain, as on a crew of robbers. Within two mails, she was actually afloat on the blue Mediterranean *en route* for India in the subordinate capacity of governess; whilst following, like a spaniel, her every footstep, with a beating heart warmed to rapture by a not unkind reception, was old Sir Vincent Montresor, sudder judge, millionnaire, and bronzed Indiaman. If she encouraged his addresses in order to pique her superior, she positively had the honesty to refuse him three times, from a conviction of her inaptitude to play the *rôle* of a dotard's darling. Afterwards, the iron of social servitude entering

into her young soul, proved intolerable. Unasked she wrote to her despairing lover, and while she made no secret of her heart being her own, accepted him in the best faith possible under the circumstances. The sequel can only be described as a solecism in love. The marriage ceremony was actually interrupted by the bullets of mutineers, and Lady Montresor was carried to a place of refuge a bride, and wounded. Her aged bridegroom escaped unscathed in body, but the cruel excitement paralysed his brain. Some six weeks after Colonel G.'s column escorted down the country, among others, Sir Vincent a confirmed lunatic, and Lady Montresor, whom the Indian medical men had given up for lost. She returned home with a life she knew to be shortened, a colossal fortune, and a husband utterly devoid of reason, but by no means of vital powers. For a long time she suffered, the easy prey of doctors. Finding, however, that each fresh prescription proved more deleterious than its predecessor, and becoming thence convinced that no medicine can reorganise the human frame, she rebelled at last against orders to Ventnor, counter-orders to Spa or Nice, and a perpetual taste in the mouth of noxious drugs. From the very hour of her declaration of independence she began to amend. Then she took a house in Westbourne Terrace, furnished it royally with more than oriental splendour, and surrounded herself by artists, displaying an especial predilection for musicians; for before the disastrous experience of the Mutiny, her voice had been divine, and she had endeavoured by honest work to cultivate the gift of nature.

Realise, if you will, the strange lot of this beautiful being. Young and marvellously fascinating, yet battling with a death often apparently at the very door. Married, yet neither wife nor widow. Rich beyond the last wishes of the most avaricious, nevertheless so cut off from sympathy with the world as to find no better outlet for her wealth than in feasting total strangers. Imagine how such a heart would yearn for that which alone can satisfy the cravings of a woman's soul. For long, too, in vain. In lieu of love she received but the false homage of an ill-veiled flattery, against which her brain revolted. Perhaps at first she had been really attracted by Mr. Barwyn. Regarding her as good game, he certainly devoted every energy to attain success. For a short time, too, she was deceived. For a short time only. The man, like so many of his class, had a thin veneer of manner, but was no gentleman; held pretensions to refinement, being the coarsest of sensualists; had a habit of saying treble his meaning, hence his prettiest speeches savoured of mockery. Even a clever woman will gorge much bait, yet the stupidest have their maximum. If she liked his love-making, she was sickened by his familiarity. He was all very well as a plaything, but, careless as Rosa Montresor was of the world's opinion, she could not afford to disregard her own. Mr. Barwyn's affection was not merely unholy, it was degrading. To her Sir Vincent was but as a corpse; on the contrary, this man's relations with his spouse were

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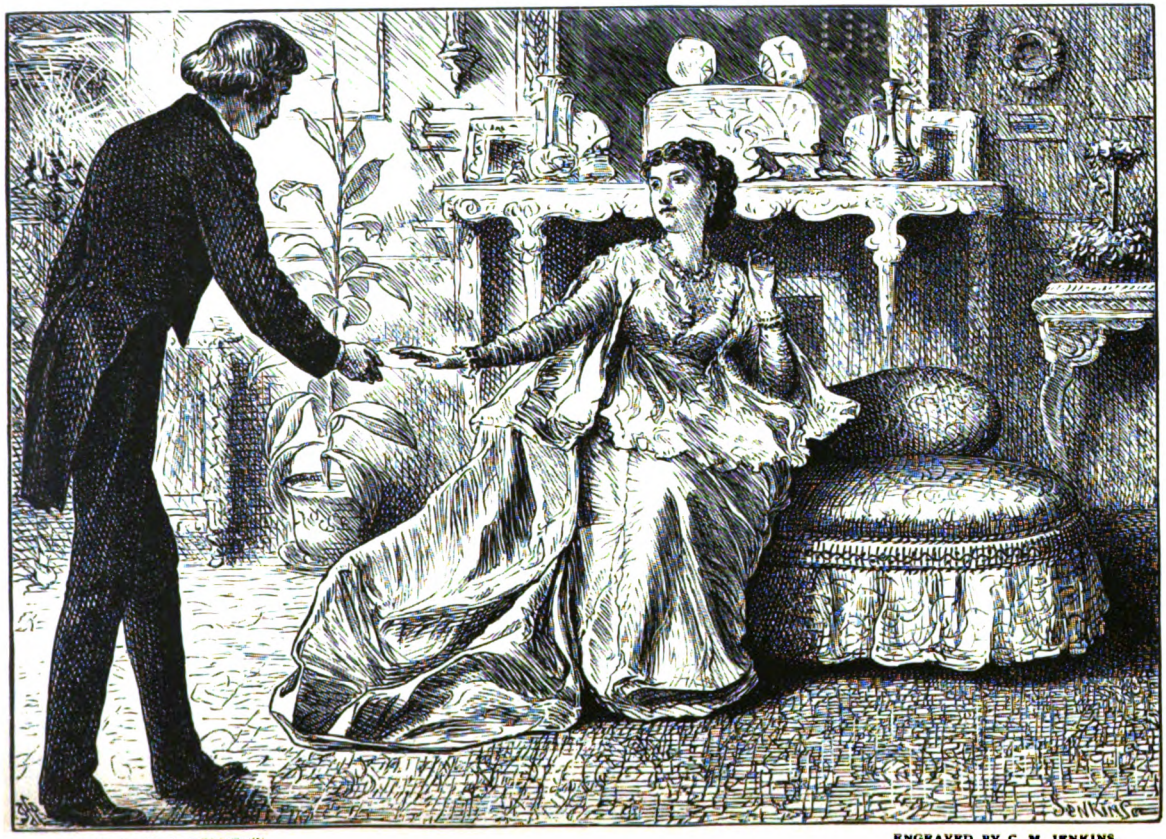

DRAWN BY W. J. HENNESSY. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKINS.

'TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.'

simply those of bad man and faithful woman; when, therefore, he offered to fling over Mrs. Barwyn and his tribe of lawful issue, Rosa Montresor told him to his face that he was a villain, and gave him his dismissal with the contempt he deserved.

Yet destiny could not be so cruel as to deny this woman—so full of pure sentiment—the ideal she prayed for, hoped for, dreamt of. For a brief space she was to enjoy the grand happiness her soul had coveted during the long waste of past years.

'*Que faire*, Poodle dear?' yawned she one Sunday morning. Poodle, a small-minded toady, who acted as companion, nurse, housekeeper, besides avowing in season and out of season an eternal friendship—mercenary—for dearest Rosa, suggested, religiously, church.

Poodle, when at home, was called Sarah Smith—seriously. In Westbourne Terrace she succumbed to a less ordinary appellation—playfully.

They went.

'That young tenor's voice is delicious!' exclaimed Lady Montresor after service. 'Poodle, ask him at once to our Wednesday's party.'

'But his name?' gasped Poodle.

'Find it out, and his address also. How dull you are, my dear; ask the beadle or the curate, of course.'

'Or I might ask Mr. Barwyn,' suggested Poodle.

'No, not Barwyn,' and Poodle perceived from the look on her superior's face that Mr. Barwyn was out of favour. The tenor in question was our friend Ralph. In response to Miss Sarah Smith's handwriting, he accepted with pleasure Lady Montresor's kind invitation, imagining that as usual he was to be guest of some ancient female of buckram manners, who desired to dodge him out of a song—in consideration of negus and abomination—for the delectation of her assembled clique. Such unworthy economies are practised, especially among the very rich.

Yawnily he entered a home the beauty of which at once arrested his eye. Rosa Montresor had cut conventionality. Fortune, beauty, name, all gave her an easy *entrée* to the *crême de la crême* of London society. Her earlier impressions, however, could not be effaced. She declined pugnaciously the fetters of Mrs. Grundy, and as she deliberately made her own set, so she determined that her surroundings should be in harmony with her own ideas of what was good. In the embellishment of her house throughout she had dared to use colour in a way which would have made many a critic shiver. There was a warmth of tone around her everywhere; her's was splendour to attract, not repel. On entering her rooms you were dazzled, but not chilled. The powerful odours of exotics in the conservatory blended pleasantly with the fumes of cigarettes, for Rosa Lady Montresor defied propriety by an indulgence usually denied to fair lips. Evidence was there on all sides of a gorgeous taste, of intense luxury, but the best wealth of all was to be found in

an ease banished from the domain of Mrs. Grundy. Formality was annihilated, yet nature had nothing to be ashamed of. She brought all her charms unmuffled and unswathed; her wit, grace, enjoyment, life, her delicacy also, all the truer for not being hid behind a mask.

'Really Mr. ——,' said Lady Montresor to an extremely diffident guest, 'do you wish me to *swear*? Or what other human thing can I do to make you feel at home?' Mr. —— had been too shy to hold himself to moselle.

To say, therefore, that Ralph was agreeably surprised, as after briefly realising the loveliness of her abode, he made friends with its more than lovely mistress, is to say little. She had invited him, in the happiest taste, half an hour before the rest, in order to 'make out his bearings' and put him quite at his ease.

On entering he discovered a very beautiful figure reclining gracefully —not lazily. She did not welcome him by rising, but rather by her eyes, which laughed to meet his, he thought afterwards, as if they had recovered some long-lost friend.

Then she gave him her hand as well as her eyes, and a low soft musical voice murmured: 'So charmed to see you, Mr. Ralph. We were enchanted by your solo on Sunday, and having a few artiste friends, we hoped ——' and she blushed a little in pretty confusion.

Ralph said he was flattered and delighted, and he looked his words.

'We are all smokers here—inveterate smokers,' she said with a smile. 'My excuse is that I was for a short time in the East and learnt the art, or vice, or luxury, or whatever it is,' and she offered him prettily one of her own cigarettes—made, too, although she suppressed the fact, by her own fair fingers.

Next she motioned him to a seat by her on the ottoman, and in a very few minutes had fascinated his tongue into volubility and confidence, and contrived to make him so supremely happy that he was quite vexed when the arrival of 'company' interrupted their *tête-a-tête*.

It was a very pleasant party. Creatures of either sex, whose mission it is to utter nastiness in the shape of pointed sarcasms, scandal, and malice, were totally eliminated from Rosa Montresor's set. People who came to her house came to enjoy themselves. She would admit neither lords to be toadied nor servitors to be snubbed. Her girl friends were all as pretty as pleasant, her men convivial and amusing. The usual programme was music, real; then supper, artistic; then she would act as banker at roulette to her own invariable loss, and the profit of many a poor artiste, like Ralph, to whom a stray sovereign or five-pound note meant a light heart for a whole week.

'Your time is very much occupied, I suppose?' half whispered she to Ralph, as she shook hands with him.

'It is,' he replied; 'but I must make time, if you will allow me, to visit you—sometimes.' Her sunshine had exhilarated the young man's soul.

'Make time, then, to-morrow,' said she, with a beaming smile.

He took the hint, although it compelled him to cut more than one pupil; and she received him in her boudoir alone, and they found a bond of sympathy in the frail tenure of life too palpable to each, and prattled to one another like brother and sister, and in short fell in love. Although, it must be added, neither yet quite dared eschew the trammels of propriety. Their eyes were the eyes of lovers; but their tongues as yet only the tongues of friends.

CHAPTER XXI.

DEBIT AND CREDIT.

It was evident that Theodore Lovett's affairs were nearing a crisis. Mr. Brown had not withdrawn from the negotiation in regard of Coldhole advowson, but his solicitor advised that there were difficulties in the way of presentation; hence there appeared no prospect of Mr. Brown's money being available just yet. In the meanwhile the liability to the Lingeville bank was imminent, and banks have a hard-and-fast rule of requiring payment at the date named in the bill. They are in fact compelled to act on general principles, and, if a customer violates his engagement, are bound by every law of good faith to treat such a man as a rogue, be they never so fully convinced of his integrity.

As a precautionary measure he took the liberty of calling on Mr. Petifer to enquire whether his principals would grant an extension of time until the sale of the advowson was complete.

To this not very unreasonable request Mr. Pettifer declined to listen with patience. He really couldn't say how the bank would act. His own opinion, formed, he might say, long since from bitter experience, was that the clergy as a body were most atrocious men of business, and utterly unreliable into the bargain. However, his directors had thought otherwise. Had *he* been consulted *he* should never have recommended a loan on the title-deeds of leasehold property, &c.

Mr. Lovett had no alternative but to bear this impudent tirade with patience, for the great soul would not suffer interruption. At length the subject-matter having exhausted Mr. Petifer's wind, an opportunity occurred for a rejoinder, that the point at issue was not the questionable conduct of the clergy, but how to solve an unforeseen difficulty. Mr. Lovett waxed wrath, for his opponent was utterly impassible to all argument, and a determined and wilful *ignoratio elenchi* is the very highest form of aggravation.

The upshot of this interview was that Mr. Petifer shelved the responsibility of action on the manager of the bank, to whom he insinuated application by letter. Accordingly Mr. Lovett wrote a

clear and concise statement of his position, offering the fullest apologies, and praying that an exceptional case might meet with exceptional consideration.

In reply to this the manager, a very courteous gentleman, wrote that he should be quite prepared to sanction renewal for one month longer, provided that the one hundred pounds overdrawn were refunded at once, otherwise he regretted extremely that his positive instructions were to refer him to the bank's solicitor, Mr. Petifer.

As for that limb of the law, it could prove in action most muscular. Petifer sliming a duke, and Petifer on to a creditor, might equally be regarded as a moral spectacle. He was doing his duty. Therefore, as soon as his superiors invested him with authority, he began to use it in the most terrific and vindictive style. He threatened proceedings, not merely civil, but criminal (on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences), and in the end so successfully alarmed the Lovetts as to drive them out of Lingeville. The law of imprisonment for debt was still in force, and poor souls who were unable to pay were liable to be fettered from work.

Adine wished her husband to demand this hundred pounds from Horace Blackley. How, she argued, could he ever expect to occupy a position in Lingeville, if it were to get wind that he had to bolt in order to escape arrest? Mr. Blackley, in common decency, could not refuse this request; and if her husband would not write to the man, she would.

Mr. Lovett shook his head. He was cowed by Petifer's violence. A man who has lived a free life, i.e. unencumbered by debt, if suddenly he should be placed in the position of defaulter, is utterly lost. His judgment becomes distorted by fear and disgust; for, it must be remembered, the better a man is the greater is his horror of disgrace. He declined to write to Horace Blackley, or to ask a favour, which he knew would be rejected with cool insolence, nor could he tolerate for a second that his wife should beg where he was ashamed. Not so opined Adine. She was so thoroughly convinced of her own influence with Horace Blackley as to believe that he would treat a request of hers as a command to be loyally obeyed. Accordingly she secretly despatched him a letter, which, if he were to answer substantially by return of post, would just save their removal from Lingeville.

Needless to say, this false step was productive of no good. Horace Blackley chuckled over her touching appeal to his 'old friendship,' put it quietly into his pocket, and vouchsafed no reply whatever.

The necessity of flitting being now beyond a doubt, Ralph was put in requisition to secure suitable apartments for them in London—the metropolis being a bundle of hay, where a poor needle is least likely to be found—and he accordingly selected a sufficiently out-of-the-way quarter, viz. Portobello Park, the new suburb lying north-west of Notting Hill, and on the wrong side of the metropolitan line of rail,

where houses being new are clean, and, the neighbourhood being not much in repute, lodgings are cheap. For this destination the Lovetts prepared to travel forthwith, and Adine with the nurse and baby were already seated in a fly, which was to carry them to the rail, when the lodging-house slut, touched perhaps by a somewhat larger tip than she had anticipated, and aware that no time was left for a row, produced from beneath a very adipose apron a letter, which she confessed to having 'forgot' to deliver yesterday.

How guiltily Adine's face reddened! Could it be from Horace Blackley?

In a trice her husband was by her side, and a glimpse of the handwriting relieved her apprehensions. The letter was not from Horace Blackley, but from Mr. Brown's lawyer, and its purport ugly enough. It appeared that Mr. Brown had received several anonymous communications, advising him to have nothing to do with Coldhole advowson on the ground of the sale being tainted with simony, and the title being unsatisfactory. The lawyer did not quarrel with the title, but he regretted to say that his client felt so nervous about the matter that he declined to risk his money. The letter was so worded as to preclude all hope of further negotiation. Evidently Mr. Brown had finally made up his mind.

'Heaven help us!' cried the poor man, as the fly dashed up to the station only just in time for the London express.

Adine was too much occupied in looking after the nurse, whose efforts to bring the baby's face into collision with the luggage were very nearly successful, to remark her husband; when, however, he took his place by her side in the railway carriage, and the train had emerged from darkness into the full light of day, there was that in his countenance which startled her.

'What is the matter, Doré dear?' she enquired tenderly, clasping his dull hand, which seemed to have lost its use.

'Nothing. At least, nothing much,' he gasped.

Nevertheless, before the train was a mile away from Lingeville, the heart of this great broad man had played him traitor, and he lay stretched in a dead faint.

On his recovery he fumbled in his pocket, and counted his assets. Notes were less than fifty pounds, there was a stray gold piece, and some silver.

Thus, sad and sorry, these two people with their sleeping little one, journeyed towards a city of refuge, cruelly conscious of the fatal crisis; having lost, too, the small comfort of an *ignis fatuus* which until now had lightened their path.

[*To be continued.*]

In Bed.

EARLY ONE SUMMER MORNING, TO A FLY.

Away, thou torment! leave alone—
'Twere best—a man now savage grown,
Half-maddened by thy whizzing wing,
Thy tickling foot, thy vicious sting,
Thy buz of triumph sounded near,
Across my face, and at my ear.
Away, thou puny tyrant! know,
He whom thou teasest, torturest so,
Can vengeance deal;—yea, he will crush,
As soon as ever thou shalt come
Between his finger and his thumb,
Thy bones and body all to mush.

O weary me! Oh when, oh when,
Will sleep revisit me again?
I long for sleep, for one short doze
Of quiet undisturbed repose.
Again thou'rt there! O cruel fly,
Have mercy! Hear a suppliant's cry.
If thou, becoming a kind creature,
Wilt mortify thy muscal nature,
And curb that lust to revel in
The pleasant juices of my skin;
If thou from hence at once wilt go,
Nor longer here thy trumpet blow,
But cease thy circlings round my head,
And quit the region of my bed,
And let me now my slumber take,
I'll give thee—respite till I wake.

R. G.

Sketches of Travel in Germany.

By Professor Blackie.

Call the cab, boy! do not dally!
I am booted, and would ride;
He who lingers lengthens sorrow,
He who lags may lose the tide.
I have vowed to nurse no weeping,
And to cast dear loves behind,
Forward on the wave of venture,
With full sail spread to the wind.
There you have it! Now we rattle
Through the whirls of social strife,
Through the proud palatial city,
Through a wilderness of life,
Through the rich untutored grandeur
Of the strangely shifting scene,
Through the free unpruned luxuriance
Of the lofty and the mean;
'Neath the pride of tower and turret,
Public hall and princely home,
Arch on arch of stately splendour,
Mounting spire and floating dome;
Past the Tower, the grim recorder
Of stern deeds in days of yore,
To the long dark lines of wharfage,
Where the merchant piles his store.
Here the Titan courier waits me
Panting with the prisoned steam,
O'er the vasty swell to bear me
Of the girdling ocean stream.
I have fled from splendid service,
With mine own free self to dwell;
Mighty growth of men and money,
Wondrous London, fare thee well!

These lines, if they are ever read by anybody, may inform the reader that, escaped from the fret and rattle of London life, and the cumbrous

splendour of what is called the gay world, I am off in the steamboat for a pleasant swing on continental railroads during the summer months. My first step was to Antwerp, which of course you could only surmise in a vague way from the lines; but when I awoke in the morning, after a sail of sixteen hours, and went on deck, the same measure haunting my ears, I found myself spinning these other lines, distinctly enough, I hope, indicating our approach to the wide-winding mouth of the Scheldt and its belongings.

How now, captain? shrimps and flounders!
What a soft and slimy shore,
As if yesterday new risen
From the primal watery store!
Like a bather wet and dripping,
Like a paradise of frogs,
Land of ducks and legged waders,
Flat-faced isles and briny bogs.

Which should have branched out into a sounding contrast with the bold outline of huge towering Bens and green-corniced crags which mark the west coast of my grand Caledonia. But the morning was cold, and I had had no breakfast; so the verses were nipped in the bud, and must remain as they are. If you ask why they are here at all, and why I do not express myself, like other decent tourists, unchequered and in prose, I will only answer—it is my humour. I mean to jot down a few reminiscences of a short trundle through some notable spots of the German Fatherland (which has long been almost as dear as my Scotch Fatherland to me) in verse or prose, as the whim may order. There is no way in the world of knowing what liberty means equal to this. Let a dray-horse, or a clipper of railway tickets, or a sitter on Parliamentary Committees, or a crammer of dull youths with Greek choruses, or any other mortal, who, day after day, and week after week, conscientiously performs his systematic part as an indispensable peg or pin in the vast machine of society, let such a creature surrender himself absolutely and without qualification for a season to the guidance of the great goddess WHIM, and he will know what liberty means in a fashion (quite innocuous, too) of which no Parisian Democrat drunk with the red wine of Communism has the most remote conception. Therefore, dear brother, in this hard-working world, when you make your tour on the Continent—great or small—do not vex yourself anxiously with preparations and plans, but leave as much as possible to accident and to chance acquaintance, and drift into any haven where the current may land you, without consulting Murray. In the name of common sense, make not a burden of your recreation, as some persons do of their piety, by always carrying weighty prayer-books in their pockets!

I did not stay any time at Antwerp, and so am not able to say whether the monument of Sir Walter Scott, in Princes Street, Edinburgh, as I have heard it alleged, was stolen from the top tiers of the cathedral steeple in that place or not. But I will give you a piece of practical advice, which may enable you, if you come here, not to fling away foolishly seven or eight francs, as I did in my ignorance. If you are going right through to Cologne, don't follow the natural instinct of a tourist, and take a through ticket. A through ticket to Cologne will cost you eight francs more than a ticket first to the Prussian frontier and then another from that point to Cologne. Why? Because the King of Belgium, with a most royal consideration for facilitating communication between the extreme ends of his kingdom, adopting the principle of our glorious penny post, has equalised the rates of travel by steam, so that the further you go the less always in proportion you pay; as if a traveller with us, going from London to Berwick-on-Tweed, should pay only a very little more than when he goes to York. But the King of Prussia, of course, is not bound to pay any regard to this benevolent Belgian device — neither does he; and so, if you shoot through from Antwerp to Cologne without taking note of the barrier, you lose the benefit.

At Cologne, where I always stay a day whenever I come to Germany, I was happy to find that the splendid cathedral, by the help of new steam machinery for the elevation of the masonry, is certain to be finished within ten years at the utmost—some say with confidence six. It was the 1st of May when I arrived about four o'clock (the train takes about seven hours from Antwerp), and after a slight refreshment I went into the cathedral, where I found a large and attentive audience assembled to inaugurate the Feast of the Virgin Mary, to whom this month is specially sacred. I listened for half an hour to a sermon in praise of Our Lady, like other sermons, commonplace enough in respect of matter, but superior to the general run of English discourses, in this that the speaker did not read slavishly from a paper, but looked his audience manfully in the face, and seemed fully alive in all parts of his body, even to the tip of the fingers. Though a good Presbyterian, I listened to the praise of the Virgin not only with equanimity, but with sympathy; for it has always seemed to me that of all the Romanist superstitions, the worship of the Virgin is at once the most natural and the most amiable, and in its practical results not at all pernicious; for Mary is, and can be only, the most highly potentiated model of a perfectly Christian woman—a female Christ, whose character, devoutly contemplated, has a necessary tendency to change the worshipper into some likeness of the object of his worship. After the sermon was finished, I returned to my inn, and fell asleep under a sacred lullaby from the cathedral bells. The morning hymn that awaked me from my comfortable slumber was from the same quarter, or from some of the neighbouring churches (for Cologne is a city of churches); and my

head being still full of the sermon of the previous evening, I began to muse as follows:

Ding dong, ding dong, so rich, so full, so deep,
The air is peopled with the floating hymn;
This churchly music cradled me to sleep,
And in my waking ears its echoes swim.
For what? for whom?—it is the virgin bloom
Of May, and all the city rings her praise,
The Hebrew maid, from whose benignant womb
He sprang who draws the world's adoring gaze.
O blame them not, thou Presbyterian sour,
Severe to write harsh sentence 'gainst thy brothers,
Whose worship placed her on a throne of power,
Miraculous, high above all human mothers:
They sinned—if here they sinned—who overflowed
With love, and paid with more than what they owed.

So much for the worship. If you think that I am too tender to Mariolatry, remember, dear Protestant brother, that I am sixty years of age, and that bigotry is pardonable only in young men. But if you cannot learn to look with a charitable eye on the worship, at least let that glorious temple sink into your soul, there to remain with the Pantheon, and the Colosseum, and the Albert Hall, Kensington, and every edifice great and beautiful and graceful that your mortal eyes have beheld. You will observe that this magnificent shrine, besides uniting magnitude with ornament to an extent and with a finish rarely realised, has one virtue, which to very few of the best English cathedrals belongs: *es ist alles aus einem Guss*, as the Germans say—it is all from one mould—and gives the impression from every point of a complete, well-rounded, and self-coherent organism. Therefore, when you have walked through it leisurely in the inside, and paid your respects, if you care for such thing, to the sacred skulls of the three Kings, forget not to take a walk across the river; and, when you are on the other side, directly on your left hand you will see an open garden, with an awning of green leafage from pollard trees, and a social array of chairs and tables arranged on a platform that overlooks the water; this in the forenoon, before the cup of coffee, and the Rhine wine, and the Bavarian beer, and the overtures of Mozart commence, you may have all to yourself; and thence contemplate the fine old *Colonia Agrippina*, and the magnificent medieval fane, with the mighty river rolling between, exactly as you might gaze on Somerset House and St. Paul's from Lambeth Palace, or some open place a little farther down the river. I sat there for half an hour, and fixed the picture indelibly in my soul.

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;'
So shalt thou be to me, thou wondrous pile,

Majestic reared o'er thy majestic river,
Like pyramid that sentinels the Nile.
Even as a mighty tree that slowly grew
Through the strength-giving ages, and outspread
His germinal type in branchy leafage new,
So grows thy grandeur to harmonious head,
Not patched in motley splendour, but breathed through,
Like God's live work, with one all-moulding soul.
Farewell! another glimpse, and then adieu,
Thou fairest shrine beneath the Arctic pole;
Peer proudly o'er thine own, thy German river,
And insolent Gaul shall claim thy beauty never!

Half an hour's rattle on the rail brought me from Cologne to Bonn, a bright and shining and manifestly prosperous University town, and standing in the same relation to the world-renowed Rhine scenery that Oban does to the West Highlands. If you are wise, you will fix your head-quarters here for at least a week. I always go to the Rheineck Gasthaus, close on the water, with a splendid look-out on the *Siebengebirge*, whence you may shoot up and down the fair Rhine stream to Mainz and back again as lightly and luxuriously as a young gentleman trips it down the middle and up again with his fair partner in a country dance. I had lived at Bonn twenty years ago a whole summer, when Welcker was expounding the mysteries of Greek mythology, Brandes the knotty points of Greek philosophy, and Ritschl the metrical structure of the plays of Plautus. Of course, I had been more than once on the Drachenfels; but, as one likes to shake an old friend by the hand always the better the older he grows, so I could not resist the temptation, being favoured with a bright sunny day, of taking a long ramble through that quaint green region of old volcanic cones and old baronial castles. The vines that cover the slopes at this season of the year have no attractions—like a regiment of soldiers standing in their bones without their beef, as Sydney Smith wished for himself on a very hot day; but the woods are gay with the virgin green of the year, the meadows sprinkled with cowslips, and the water comes bouncing down with a light tripping step along the mountain paths in a very delectable fashion. Here I found myself in the very loveliest environment of Germanism. I had in my pocket an admirable discourse on the war, delivered by the Rector of the University of Berlin, at the outbreak of hostilities;[1] this I read while sipping my Niersteiner in the Gasthaus of the Drachenfels; and musing on the beautiful spectacle around, above and below, the broad river, the castled crags, the cloistered islets, and the amphitheatrical sweep of volcanic peaks behind,

[1] *A Speech on the German War*: delivered on August 3, 1870, before the University of Berlin, by Emile du Bois-Reymond, Rector; done into English by the author. London: Bentley, 1870.

I span the following fourteen lines, which, if they have no other virtue, certainly smack distinctly enough of the whereabouts:

There rolls He now, majestic, broad, and free,
The German Rhine, with viny verdure bound,
Festooned with populous wealth, a joy to see,
With town and tower and rock-perched castle crowned!
And all around the little jocund rills
Come bickering down, and from the genial mould
Time's vintage from the old Vulcanian hills,
The bright flowers wave their purple and their gold.
This the Frank saw and envied, till his passion
Grew to a deed that made a din in story,
When he his hand put forth in conqueror's fashion,
And lived by rapine, which he baptized glory,
And bade the German Rhine flow blood and tears,
Till God's stern vengeance came with the slow-ripening years.

I descended the Drachenfels on the east side, and trudged up the glen—as we would call it in Scotland—alongside of a lively brook, a distance of about three miles, to the head of one of the wooded conical peaks, called the Löwenburg, which attracts the eye from the outlook platform of the Drachenfels. It is several hundred feet higher than the picturesque western summit so generally visited, and commands a greater sweep of view to the east as well as to the west of the Siebengebirge. At the top of the peak is an old castle, and on a little platform close under the top, in the true German fashion, a modern Gasthaus, where the usual refreshments, with the endemic fragrance of tobacco, is to be enjoyed. I then descended to the Rhine, to the station at the village of Honnef, about a mile and a half above the Drachenfels, whence an evening train took us down to Bonn.

Next morning, after visiting Professor Bernays, and hearing him discourse for an hour or two, with his comprehensive survey and vivid glance, on all things, Teutonic, academical, and human, I bent my steps with a sad purpose to visit the resting-place of the best of the many good Germans whom it has been my good fortune intimately to know—the late Baron Bunsen. I saw Bunsen first forty years ago, when he was ambassador in Rome; then about fifteen years ago, in Heidelberg, when he had retired from public life, and was busily engaged with Hebrew and his translation of the Bible; and a third time, a few months before his death, in his house at Bonn, when he was suffering severely from that structural disorder of the great vital organ by which he was prematurely carried away. On all these occasions I was powerfully impressed by that grand combination of intellectual strength, Christian faith, and juvenile enthusiasm which his character presented. He was a man alive at all points, from the pineal gland to the tip of the finger, as much at sixty-nine as at nineteen; and alive in the best possible way,

with a natural overflow of love, and truth, and devotion not at all common in the present age, when some are unfortunate enough to have fallen into a general cold indifference, and not a few others are foolish enough to affect it. His memorial stone will be found beside that of his philosophical friend Christian Brandes, in the south wall of the city churchyard, with a medallion containing a likeness not worthy of the original, and these very characteristic words from Isaiah, *Lasst uns wandeln im Lichte des Ewigen!* (LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT OF THE ETERNAL.) Light indeed is the only element that can fitly symbolise Bunsen. He was a true son of Apollo. What he was to Germany and to Europe the well-known biography written by his English wife displayed to all the world. My feeble tribute to his memory, written in the churchyard, follows here:

The gifts of God are many: but from me
Great thanks are due for one peculiar grace,
That when to life's stern road I turned my face
He led my blind, unpractised foot to thee,
Thou great-souled Bunsen, full of light and love.
Thee to have known was as when first the flower
Lifts up its drooping head to that fine Power
Which stirs strong life in all fair things that move;
And as the Sun his vivid virtue flings
With genial grace on teeming sea and land,
So thou, all human, all terrestrial things,
With pulsing heart embraced and helping hand,
Nor knew of sect or race the sundering wall,
Who lived in all the joys and griefs of all.

In the churchyard I saw, also, the headstone of the stout old singer of the Liberation War of 1813, Ernest Maurice Arndt; but the Bonn people have shown a worthy ambition in not contenting themselves with a common churchyard memorial to a man whose name signifies so much for Germany, and conferred such lustre on the fair city where he resided for so many years. They have planted him in bronze, on a granite pedestal, on the high platform overlooking the Rhine, outside the Coblenzer Thor. On the pedestal is carved the famous line from one of his songs:

Der Gott, der Eisen wachsen liess,
Der wollte keine Knechte;

which looks prophetic of Bismark's 'Blut und Eisen,' by which such great things have been recently achieved. The monument of such a man could not have been set up in a more suitable place. So long as the statue of Ernest Maurice Arndt stands on this ground the French

will be wise not to resume their foolish dreams about the Rhine boundary.[1]

> There stand thou now: it is the place for thee,
> Thou stout old chip of Blücher's brotherhood;
> There stand, and watch the regal-rolling flood
> Thy lusty song from Frankish thrall set free!
> Thou wert a man who heeded not to dress
> Thy strength in silken vest: no modish rule,
> No nice regards of fashion's dainty school,
> Pruned the rich growth of thy rough manfulness.
> Such men are Nature's trumpets: she declares
> Through them against all false and feeble things
> Stern-fronted war; and courtiers and kings
> Shrink when her strong untutored blast she blares:
> God send us many such, that we may stand
> In this smooth time erect with sword in hand!

And so farewell to Bonn. I shall not forget the Drachenfels—who can that ever saw it? but that is only a luxury of the pictorial faculty; Bunsen, and Bernays, and Maurice Arndt sink deeper, and are the most profitable of all memories. The thought of such men is the best preservative against all kinds of sinking.

My next destination was Cassel. I had two routes before me; one with a bend north by Cologne, and the other with a bend south by Coblenz. The former was a few miles shorter, the latter by many degrees more beautiful; so I could have no hesitation as to my choice. After crossing the Rhine at Coblenz, the road winds, amid shifting scenes of remarkably picturesque beauty, up the valley of the Lahn, past the famous watering-place Bad Ems, up to the University town of Giessen. This is all the old Nassau domain, but since the capital stroke of 1866 Prussian, and displaying at every station the well-known Prussian colours, black and white. At Giessen the road bends more northward, passes the University town of Marburg—where the Scottish proto-martyr Patrick Hamilton studied—beautifully situated, like not a few other towns in this district, on a rising ground—leaves the sources of the Lahn behind, and after crossing the Fulda comes to the capital of the ancient Chatti. This city, one of the most lightsome and pleasant in Europe, is situated partly on a broad and elevated platform that rises westward from the low ground through which the Fulda flows, partly on the slope that sinks down eastward to the low ground, and from many places commands a fine sweeping view of the great amphitheatre of hills—an offshoot from the Rhön Gebirg—that runs down into the

[1] The falsehood of the vulgar notion that rivers are the natural boundaries of nations was exposed by Arndt in his tract entitled, *Der Rhein, Deutschland's Fluss, nicht Deutschland's Grenze.*

Hanoverian plain south of Göttingen. Like Edinburgh, of course, it owes great part of its attraction to its fine situation; and, like Edinburgh also, it possesses a peculiar charm in the marked contrast between the quaint gabled architecture of the old part of the town on the slope and the modern streets of the plateau. But I did not occupy myself much with the town, as my object in coming to this place was rather to take a walk through the splendid paradise of Wilhelmshöhe, where the French imperial gambler, after the humiliating affair at Sedan, fell so softly on his feet. A long avenue with fine trees on each side leads, by a gradual ascent, a distance of about three miles, to the palace and wooded walks of Wilhelmshöhe. To a touch of the bell the castellan appeared; and, with the usual unaffected civility and genuine human kindness of the Germans, showed me through the principal rooms that had so lately been occupied by Napoleon. The apartments were large, elegant, and gay; quite in the gilded French style (but with perfect good taste) which was universal in Germany when she stooped to admire the nation whom she has now learned to despise. I looked on the table of the Emperor's business room, where he occupied himself with writing a book on the Prussian military system, which I afterwards saw in the shop windows Unter den Linden in Berlin. The castellan said that, though worn and haggard when he arrived, he became smooth and shining before his departure, looked happy, and was very pleasant and affable in his manner. He spoke excellent German, which he had learned when a young man in Switzerland. On the writing table, *in æternam rei memoriam*, he had left the burnt brand of the cigars the smoking of which was one of the consolations of his smooth imprisonment. I began, of course, to moralise on his character and fortunes, but could fish up nothing that might furnish food for sympathy. He seemed to me to have got exactly what he deserved from Fate, and something less. I never could feel the faintest thrill of admiration for that class of men, the mainspring of whose whole conduct is selfish ambition, and who are beneficial to the public only because the public interest sometimes happens to be identical with their own. That he was clever and adroit in many ways there can be no doubt. He could also turn a good sentence, like a true Frenchman, and draw up a paper, as Mr. Kinglake says, with the astuteness of a practised lawyer; but these are not qualities to fall down and worship, even if they stood pure from the barefaced perjury and the cold-hearted butchery by the unscrupulous use of which he mounted the imperial throne. He persuaded himself, no doubt, that what he did was necessary for the public good; but this is only the received style with which every usurper, from Pisistratus and Dionysius downwards, is forward to give the show of law to his lawlessness. He got the reins of power into his hands, so far as I can see, by debauching the French army; he kept it by pandering to the passions of the French people, and

fostering their foolish love of military glory; and he lost it by the necessity of bidding for popularity imposed by the nature of things on every ruler whose authority is not based upon right. That he had the sense to seek and the good fortune to gain the alliance of England is surely not to be set down to his credit as a great virtue. He required some foreign backing of that kind to make him respectable, having no reputation of his own to start with. That he kept France quiet for eighteen years was good for France and good for Europe, but could not change the moral character of his rule. A man who violently takes possession of another man's property and manages it well still remains a robber. There is no reason why a burglar should be a fool; on the contrary, to be a burglar requires courage and dexterity above the common. That his name was Napoleon, that he was naturally a gambler, and that he was not more a liar than nine-tenths of the people with whom he had to do, furnish the only palliation for his conduct, but certainly cannot make him an object of admiration. A certain amount of persistency and tact, combined with good fortune, enabled him to gather some golden (or gilded) opinions both at home and abroad for a season; but, when the day of trial came he yielded to the unreasonable pressure of a pseudo-patriotism, which a truly great man would have opposed, and by thus yielding he dragged himself and his country into irretrievable ruin. And now he and France, like Adam and Eve in Paradise, may sit on the ground and criminate one another; but they are both sinners, and, unless they confess their sins, neither fine speeches nor clever manifestoes will redeem them from the just reproach of an impartial posterity. As I went down the Allee, back to Cassel, my 'Napoleonian ideas' took the following shape:

I.

I came not here to weep, but in thy fall
To greet an old truth with a novel face;
The black-stoled Furies are a limping race,
But come at last with sure revenge to all.
'Tis an old story: he who will have power
Must wade through blood, and buy good will with lies;
And ne'er did perjured front offend the skies
More bold than thine, to serve the shifting hour.
Thine was the work which for such hands will grow,
To humour the wild beast thou couldst not sway;
And so it rose in wrath one fretful day
And flung thee in the mire, where justly so
Thou mightst have rotted, with applause from all,
Too softly prisoned in this princely hall.

II.

And here he sat at large and lordly ease,
And here in golden state did grandly dwell,
And here roamed freely 'neath those stately trees,
The imperial gambler, when his fortunes fell!
He fell too soft, who with blind rashness led
His fevered people floundering to their woe,
And from the kind hand of a generous foe
This prison found with silken carpet spread.
And yet perhaps 'twas well; a harsher doom
Had waked soft tears that oft will flow for knaves,
And wasted on a purple swindler's tomb
The rightful tribute of heroic graves;
'Twas meet thou rottest on a plumy bed,
With weight of heavy curses on thy head.

[*To be continued.*]

By Night.

Glimmer of moonlight upon the river,
Glistening shimmer of silvery sheen,
Float from thy fairyland towards me ever—
Message of love from the huntress-queen;
Clothing with light the tremulous water,
Trellised with ripples of baby waves,—
Laughter of heaven, like that of the daughter
Of earth, whose beauty my soul enslaves,—
Artemis' message, and Aphrodite's,
Wooing my heart that was won before,
A tremor of love thy delicate light is,
Thy wavelet welcome, my bosom the shore!

John Whitcher.

French Dramatic Art in London.

By Frederick Pollock and Walter Herries Pollock.

It has long been a commonplace of political talk amongst people who pride themselves on their solid common sense to accuse the French as a nation of being theatrical, and the mere mention of this is often found quite enough to explain the most complicated political circumstances. Leaving aside the question how far this extended application of the phrase in metaphor may be just or satisfactory, we may observe that whatever success it has when thus used must depend on the tacitly recognised fact of its being true in the liberal and more honourable sense. The French are, in the strictest meaning of the word, the pre-eminently theatrical people of Europe. They possess, and have long possessed, a body of dramatic artists, and a school of dramatic art, which, taken altogether, are unrivalled. The general superiority of the French stage has been more or less acknowledged in England, and companies of more or less merit, sometimes including individual actors of very distinguished merit, have frequently performed French plays in London. But until this year the London playgoer had no means of really appreciating the dramatic supremacy of France. The qualities which place her so immeasurably above England in this respect lie deeper than in the individual excellence of the actors. Indeed the powers of the several performers would not be so fully brought out as they are, but for that thorough and universal culture which is most perfectly carried out in the company of the Théâtre Français. While the Comédie Française remained fixed at Paris, it was only at Paris that the French dramatic genius could be studied in its completest development. The visit of this company to London has now enabled the English public to enjoy the same advantages for nearly three months without going beyond the Strand. For the first week or two it seemed doubtful whether English spectators would be made to appreciate the distinctive character of these performances; but though the house was some time in filling, the audiences were from the first good in quality, and latterly they left nothing to desire in quantity.

The Comédiens Français have in England, of course, no position

other than that of a number of persons embarked in a common speculation. But at home they are much more: they are a Company in a strictly legal as well as in a popular sense. They are not the servants of a manager, but a self-governing corporate body; they are under the immediate patronage of the State, coupled indeed with an amount of supervision which must at times be found irksome; they pass judgment, by a committee of their own number, on new pieces submitted for performance, and no intermediate agency comes between them and the author. Their traditions date back to Louis XIV. Napoleon made laws for them at Moscow. Perhaps there is no other institution in France which can boast of so durable and continuous an existence.

The performances of this company are marked by a care, completeness, and refinement, which nothing but an elaborate discipline scrupulously perpetuated from one generation to another could have secured. The total effect is so perfect that at first one is at a loss to separate the elements composing it. Each performer seems willing to sacrifice his own prominence, if need be, to the artistic harmony and success of the piece. Subordinate parts are acted and subordinate speeches delivered with no less care than principal ones. The actors conduct themselves throughout as if their abilities existed in order to do justice to the play, not the play in order to show off their abilities; and thus they earn genuine and deserved triumphs.

It is generally understood that no company besides that of the Théâtre Français can play Molière in perfection. So far this is right; but sometimes it is inferred that the converse is true, and if not exactly that the company can play nothing but Molière, at any rate that they cannot play less classical pieces so well; and this is by no means the case. Our own inclination would be to fix on De Musset as the author in whose works the artists of the Français are seen to the greatest advantage. His pieces are perhaps the most perfect of all modern dramatic compositions. For variety and felicity he is unsurpassed; his dialogue, always exquisite in expression, is equally admirable when it sparkles with wit and when it burns with passion; his manifold and sudden changes tax and develope to the utmost the resources of the actors who impersonate his creations. One of the most charming of De Musset's contributions to the Théâtre Français is 'Il ne faut jurer de rien.' M. Got's performance of the Abbé is a piece of supremely grotesque comedy; and it is all the more irresistible because it never degenerates into burlesque. In one act he has to make three confused exits; they are all different, and all ludicrous beyond description. His dialogue at cross-purposes with the baroness, who, by the time he answers her questions, has forgotten what the questions were about, and has no settled idea except that she cannot find her yellow pin-cushion, has a grave oddity that is quite unique. M. Delaunay, as Valentin, has good opportunities for his exquisite light comedy, and just one occasion—which for him is

enough, though for an ordinary actor it would be nothing—for showing that he can also represent real emotion. For this, however, he finds abundant scope in other performances. In particular, the delivery by M. Delaunay and Mdlle. Favart of another composition of Alfred de Musset, 'La Nuit d'Octobre,' is a masterpiece of passionate declamation. This is a lyrical dialogue, in which only two persons appear, the Poet and the Muse. It need hardly be said that no common power and art are required on the part of both performers to make such an ideal scene effective on the stage. If there were a failure at any point, even the beauty of De Musset's poetry would hardly save the whole from becoming ridiculous. But both M. Delaunay and Mdlle. Favart rise at once to the height of the author's conception, and interpret his verse with a beauty of elocution and poetic feeling to which our praise can do but scant justice. It is worth while to note how the arrangement of the stage shows a complete understanding of the poem in its inner meaning. The piece, though dramatic in form, is lyrical in motive; the Muse has no real separate personality. Accordingly, it is contrived that in the representation she is never visible to the Poet. His utterances of regret, of despair, of returning calm and joy, are given as what they really are, a monologue.

'Les Caprices de Marianne,' one of the most beautiful, we would almost say the most beautiful, of Alfred de Musset's plays, brings out the powers of the chief members of the company as well as any play they have performed in London. Called a comedy, this piece is in reality a tragedy, and a terrible one. The brilliant wit and sparkling freshness of the dialogue in the lighter parts are but a thin veil for the horror that lies beneath. From the first entrance of Célio, who is deeply and hopelessly in love with Marianne, the wife of Claudio, the old and jealous podestat, we seem to see the grim relentless fate that waits in the background, and step by step advances and overwhelms Célio, Octave and Marianne, without obstruction and without pity. Célio's first speech is the very incarnation of despairing love.

Malheur à celui qui, au milieu de la jeunesse, s'abandonne à un amour sans espoir! Malheur à celui qui se livre à une douce rêverie avant de savoir où sa chimère le mène et s'il peut être payé de retour! Mollement couché dans une barque, il s'éloigne peu à peu de la rive; il aperçoit au loin des plaines enchantées de vertes prairies et le mirage léger de son Eldorado. Les flots l'entraînent en silence, et quand la Réalité le réveille il est aussi loin du but où il aspire que du rivage qu'il a quitté. Il ne peut plus ni poursuivre sa route ni revenir sur ses pas.

M. Delaunay, pale, exhausted with passion, leaning statue-like against a chair, delivers this wonderfully beautiful lament with a perfect articulation, added to a naturally perfect voice, which makes every syllable tell in spite of the low tone in which it is given.

To Octave, his roué friend, he confides his love, and Octave presses his suit with Marianne, who is his cousin. Marianne, who, though her window is the object of nightly serenades, is reputed a very dragon of

virtue, ends by attempting to make an assignation with Octave. Octave substitutes Célio in his place. Célio falls by the swords of Claudio's hired assassins, and the curtain falls on a despairing cry from Marianne (Mdlle. Favart) which, a fit conclusion to the misery of the whole, rings through the house like a death knell, at the rejection of her love by Octave. M. Delaunay's Célio is throughout the actual embodiment of the tenderness and the despair of a passion without hope, without relief; the beauty of his voice, heard now in the storm and rush of a mad tirade, now in the wailing broken accents of utter dejection; the wonderful art with which every gesture, every look, every intonation, is made to appear the spontaneous outpouring of a crashing heart, produce such an effect that one is inclined to exclaim in seeing him 'None but this man has ever really loved.' Mdlle Favart's delineation of the complex character of Marianne; of her icy reserve at first, her outbreak at Claudio's tyranny, her gradual yielding to a passion for Octave, her utter break-down at the conclusion, is one of this great artiste's masterpieces. Claudio, the husband, is played by M. Got with a terrible grim humour, which makes one doubt at times whether to laugh or to shudder; although his scene with his devoted and pedantic servitor Tibia, admirably represented by M. Coquelin, in which, after nagging at each other for some time, they get hopelessly involved in the labyrinth of Claudio's long train, is certainly exquisitely ludicrous. M. Bressant's style is in some respects more finished than that of any of the troupe. He has not M. Delaunay's natural gift of voice, or M. Got's versatility; but he has a bearing, a noble presence, which we have seen equalled by no artist on the dramatic boards, and by two only on the lyric—Signor Mario and M. Faure. We have heard good critics accuse M. Bressant of having become slow and tame, but those who have seen him play Octave will scarcely endorse this opinion. Like Fabrice in 'L'Aventurière,' Octave is a roué, but a roué of a totally different character. His disgust at life has resulted, not in the reserved and haughty manner of Fabrice, but in an exuberance of apparently senseless recklessness and gaiety, which, in reality assumed at first to cover the scars of passion and regret, has ended by becoming a part of the man. He gives that wonderful address to the bottle in the second act, the perfection of a Bacchic hymn in prose, not with the careless joviality of your ordinary hard drinker, but with a swing of steady enjoyment, as of a man who has looked well at life, and having concluded that the only way to make it a bearable sight is to contemplate it through the medium of wine, sets himself deliberately to work to attain this result. And yet all through, as M. Bressant plays the part, you see the natural nobleness of the man, and to the impression of gloom left by the whole play is added the regret that Octave should have fallen so low. 'On ne badine pas avec l'Amour' affords even more scope for M. Delaunay and Mdlle. Favart than 'Les Caprices de Marianne,' and they make the very most of the play's capabilities. The last

scene, where Camille (Mdlle. Favart) goes out to see the cause of the shriek they hear, and comes back to lean against the door at the right hand with a mortal terror on her face, till she is roused by Perdicau's trembling 'Eh bien! Camille, qu'y a-t-il?' to rush across the stage as though hunted by furies, to lean half dead against the door in the centre, to half whisper, half shriek, 'Elle est morte? adieu, Perdicau!' while Perdicau cowers horror-stricken and speechless against the wall, produces so appalling an effect that a sigh of relief goes round the house when the curtain falls.

'Le Duc Job,' in itself an intensely dull play, is raised to a much higher place than on its own merits it deserves, by the marvellous acting of M. Got. His bearing is that of a nobleman, who, as you see from his first entrance, has served in the army. Misfortune and disappointment have led him to attempt a cynicism which his natural good humour is continually breaking through. His demeanour to Valette, the successful bourgeois financier, is perfectly kind and polite, yet perfectly disdainful. But the triumph of acting is attained in the scene in which he hears of his dearest friend's death. He stands at first as if unable to realise it; he is so absorbed in his unexpected grief that Valette's jarring remarks make no impression on him. Then come tender memories of the old days; the real nature of the man appears as he describes the sweetness of his friend's character; his voice falters, his eyes swim with tears; he attempts to fall back into a light manner, and to sing the fanfare he has been humming at intervals all through the piece, and for the moment he breaks down utterly. It is difficult to believe that the Duc Job whom we see thus torn with emotion is the same M. Got whom we have seen before as the ludicrous abbé.

Another brilliant performance, in which M. Got sustains almost the whole burden of the play, is the part of the speculator Mercadet; though perhaps this is not really so complete a test of dramatic power as 'Le Duc Job.' The problem is twofold: first to make the character credible, and then to make it interesting. Balzac's invention has carried the success of this man, who commands others by his unlimited belief in himself to the extremest bounds of possibility. Want of confidence and exaggeration would alike be fatal; but M. Got's complete self-possession, the rapid but not flurried versatility of his plans, make the spectator accept all Mercadet's feats with a faith that is absolute while the piece lasts. And he continues incidentally to give sufficient hints that out of the region of finance Mercadet is a real human being with kindly human feelings; so that we not only believe in Mercadet for the time, but sympathise with him. In the last scene, when his last and most daring plot is superseded by the return of the real Godeau from Calcutta 'avec une fortune—incalcuttable!' M. Got's expressions of bewilderment both in speech and in by-play are admirably executed, and bring to a happy conclusion one of the most lively and

amusing performances an English audience has ever had the fortune to see. In 'Le Gendre de M. Poirier' (by Émile Augier and Jules Sandeau) we have the commercial burgeois presented to us by M. Got with no less subtlety and humour than the financier in Mercadet. We should like to say more of this piece, but must refrain lest we should be drawn into writing a monograph. M. Émile Augier has on the whole surpassed this in 'L'Aventurière;' but the character of Antoinette gives Mdlle. Favart some splendid opportunities in particular scenes. M. Bressaut, too, is admirable, as he always is in a character where nobility of manner is essential. M. Coquelin's appearance as the injured cook is brief, but not to be forgotten. When, after discarding his *menu*, M. Poirier commits the final outrage on his feelings by talking of finding another servant in his place, he draws himself up to heroic stature, and his hair literally stands on end with indignation. His protest 'Monsieur, je suis cuisinier!' is more than comic; it has the Aristophanic magnificence.

Émile Augier's 'L'Aventurière,' already incidentally mentioned, has achieved a marked success in the London season of the Comédie Française. The success is in every way deserved; the play is excellent both in construction and in writing, and brings out the special powers of the actors with remarkable felicity. M. Bressaut, M. Coquelin, and Mdlle. Favart, all find occasion to show their art in its highest exercise. M. Bressaut is Fabrice, the son of the house, who returns after a long soldier's life of material excitement and moral disappointment, honoured by the world, and sick of all its ways. He finds installed in his father's home the adventuress Doña Clorinde, who gives the title to the play, with her brother Don Annibal. These are Mdlle. Favart and M. Coquelin. The action of the play turns on the devices by which Fabrice introduces himself as a stranger, and exposes the real character of the intruders. Doña Clorinde is a woman skilled in all the arts of fascination, with boundless ambition and boundless confidence in her own powers. Her last ambition has set her a more difficult task than any she has yet undertaken. She is tired of the precarious splendour of her past life, and longs to become respectable, to enjoy the supreme luxury of being thought more virtuous than her neighbours. This is the object of her intended marriage with Fabrice's father. Her plan is, however, from the first, not unmixed with a genuine aspiration for something higher than she has yet known—a desire to be the object of, and to return a true and lasting affection. The brother regards this as a very odd fancy, but raises no objection to a scheme which can only have the result of making him more comfortable. At the critical moment, when she is on the point of rejecting the brilliant temptation thrown in her way by Fabrice in furtherance of his plot, Doña Clorinde makes a sort of appeal for sympathy to the old man's daughter. But Célie is a rigidly virtuous young person, and repels the suppliant with merciless

propriety. This part was very skilfully played by Mdlle. Marie Royer, who assumed a hard constrained manner which contrasted admirably with Mdlle. Favart's passion. Doña Clorinde accepts this rebuff as a token that her attempt to make peace with the respectable world is futile; and repenting of her momentary change of purpose, she declares war anew on society in an outbreak of scorn and defiance, given by Mdlle. Favart with a power that roused the audience to genuine enthusiasm. The triumph of the adventuress is very short, but the tone of high disdain is kept up, even after her discomfiture. Defeated and disgraced, she taunts the conqueror with the means he has employed to gain his victory: and for a moment she succeeds in reversing the position of herself, and the father and son she has wronged. They actually stand abashed before her as she addresses them in the lines—

> Eh bien! vous m'écoutez tous deux la tête basse,
> Et c'est moi qui m'en vais le front haut, moi qu'on chasse,
> Moi pour qui l'on n'a pas de mots trop outrageants!
> Allons! relevez donc les yeux, honnêtes gens!

The bitterness of supreme contempt is thrown by Mdlle. Favart into this passage with wonderful force and reality: she excels in depicting all emotions, but we are inclined to fix on this as the dominion in which she is specially unrivalled. But presently Doña Clorinde is face to face with Fabrice alone. The peace of his own life has been ruined by some one of her kind, and he has come home in search of rest only to find this woman on the point of becoming the mistress of his father's house. Only this situation could justify either in fact or in act the language which Fabrice now holds to Doña Clorinde. She has been accustomed to lead men at her will; now at last she has met one of stronger will than her own. His presence overawes her; her daring and self-possession, so long sustained, gives way, and she sinks to the earth with an inarticulate cry of terror. Mdlle. Favart represents this sudden and complete revulsion, and the succeeding complex phases of feeling, with consummate power. Even in the midst of her fear, Doña Clorinde is overcome by respect and admiration for the first superior force she has encountered, and finds an unknown sense of repose in the subjection to a stronger personality; and she departs resigned and having attained something like rest of mind, though in a very different manner from that she had proposed.

M. Bressant's Fabrice is the perfection of reserved acting. He shows a man to whom many early adventures and disappointments have given a premature habit of self-repression and an impassible demeanour. His feelings are barely allowed to indicate themselves against the constant background of sombre gravity; yet there is enough to tell an attentive observer that the outward uniformity does not truly correspond to the restless mind within. The part is one which calls for self-sacrifice from the actor; his truth to nature entails the risk

of being supposed dull and monotonous. Be this risk what it may, M. Bressaut has his reward in the judgment of those who can appreciate artistic power manifested in restraint as well as in free action.

M. Coquelin, too, is excellent in Don Annibal. The animal good humour and stupidity of the creature, not unmixed with a portion of cunning, are so perfectly represented, that one loses all sense of repulsion; though Don Annibal would unquestionably be a very repulsive person to meet. The scene in which Fabrice makes him drunk in order to attain information about himself and Doña Clorinde, is an admirable piece of comedy. M. Coquelin goes through all the stages of drunkenness with an irresistibly droll gravity; and when the process is complete, his helpless effusion and the grim satisfaction of Fabrice form a very perfect dramatic group.

M. Chéry's performance of Mont-Prade (Fabrice's father) must be noticed for his brilliant elocution in the opening scene. No one can deliver a long speech in verse with more variety and effect.

We have thus attempted to set down, however imperfectly, a specimen of the impressions derived from some of the most perfect exhibitions of art ever produced by the combination of exquisite instinct and elaborate skill. If our admiration for dramatic excellence seems unreasonable, we reply that we recognise no class distinctions in Art. Her worshippers must bear in mind that command of Dionysius, the father of the theatre: δὶ ἀριθμῶν οὐδὲν αὔξεσθαι θέλει. It has been well nigh forgotten in England that acting is one of the fine arts at all; but the true dramatic artist should be judged by the same high standard, and win the same high praise as those who work in other kinds, though his work be less durable than theirs. Indeed, there is more need in his case that his praise should be recorded while memory is fresh, for there is nothing else to tell of him when he is gone. As for those who regard art as a mere pastime, there is no need to say that we do not write for them. The gifts of Art are not playthings to be toyed with or cast aside; her light should penetrate and illumine the daily round of our occupations. Our thanks are due to the artists who have now left us, not for having given London a new thing to talk of, not for certain hours of amusement and excitement, but for having contributed, as only true art can contribute, to enlarge and refine our life.

Autumn Song.

The great winds blew through the woods at noon,
  Late noon, when the sun was cold;
Stray shifting breaths from the thin white moon
  Flew over the beds of marigold,
And the one late rose forgotten of June.

Summer was dead—we both knew that,
  I and my song that loved the sun;
We wanted to hear the brown bird's chat,
  And listened; but only one by one
The red loose leaves fell down where we sat.

And Love was dead—we knew it well,
  Love who came with the buds in May;
It were a sorrowful thing to tell
  How he sickened, and fell away
Without one sigh, without one farewell.

There was an end of all sweet things, too—
  All rhymes, and laughter, and tender hours
Dreamed out together, the lips that grew,
  Sighing a little, and sad, to ours—
This also surely we knew.

We could not utter it, being alone,
  But the tears sprang up unaware,
For the glad green spring, forgotten and flown,
  The tender touch of his hands and hair,
And the new life, yet unknown.

Florence K. Berger.

Oxford Chit-Chat.

Those members of the University whom chance or duty detain in Oxford keep an anxious eye on that manifold ditch, the Cherwell; and also on another tributary of old Father Thames not usually entered in geographical treatises, but of no small importance to the western side of our city—the river Pactolus.

How Fred. Faber ever screwed his muse up to the pitch of writing encomiastic verse on a stream whose bottom contains ten feet of seething odour, the surface of which too is so vile, that it does but disgust, defile, and infect a whole population, is indeed a marvel. The 'Cherwell water-lily' is a plant of singular odour, whilst the nymph of that foul wave could only be drawn as Nemesis. Sir Benjamin Brodie, professor of chemistry, and son of her Majesty's faithful servant and *accoucheur*, has purchased a house on its banks, enjoying the most scientific advantage in respect of smells. Fancy how a mind ardent after truth must enjoy the thousand varieties of effluvia which, with charming sequence and rapidity, follow each other day after day in the autumn. Such an opportunity for 'improvement' does not often occur to a professor. More is it than the drift to the antiquary, or the megatherium to the geologist. If it be true that there is no rose without its thorn, unhappily, also, the cause of science not infrequently involves the existence of a nuisance. On the whole in this instance ignorance is bliss, and the freedom to walk over Magdalen Bridge, without a scented mouchoir to lull one's olfactory nerves, better than many 'ologies.

Mr. Frank Buckland, as befitting a member of 'the House,' has attacked the river Pactolus. He informs the public through the medium of print, that if it wasn't for the fish, this humble tributary would simply poison all Oxford. Now, admitted that Pactolus is nothing more than liquid manure, and that the denizens of Christ Church don't require that substance to make them grow; granted further that this auriferous streamlet does even in slushy winter out-Cologne Cologne; still there is a secret not yet revealed with regard to much accused Pactolus. The 'Dark Blue' shall have it. When a soft west wind blows, you may stand in Christ Church, or Merton

meadow; you may spatiate as far along the Iffley road as you can find a house; you may, in short, walk a couple of miles *with the wind*, and all the way you will blaspheme Pactolus. Friend of the sensitive nostril, you are vilipending a harmless sewer! You do not smell Pactolus, which is never redolent beyond a radius of one-eighth of a mile; you smell *the Oxford Gas Works*, and of all the nasty stenches ever contrived by an Oxford citizen, those gas-works are the worst. Nasty, very nasty, is every branch of the Cherwell; dead-doggy and befouled is Isis; venomous is Pactolus; crawling with insect life is the railway-cutting pond which supplies Oxford with water, but the gas works, in respect of stink, are—simply ——.

On July 22, St. Mary Magdalen's day, the college which is adorned by the name of that saint held its 'Gaudy.' To the uninitiated it may be not amiss to explain that this word 'Gaudy' is derived from Gaud day, i.e. day of rejoicing. The Gaudy somehow has suffered not merely etymological corruption; it has changed in another respect, for instead of being as of old gaud-day, it is now gaud-night, the rejoicing being done through the instrumentality of the college *chef*, an *artiste* of no mean capacity. The Emperor of Brazil was in Oxford on that day, but either he wasn't asked, or he declined the college feed. If the latter, his Majesty was a goose; for apart from a really excellent dinner, with vintage wines, the Magdalen Gaudy is the most complete modernisation of mediævalism conceivable. True it is that the bright clean hall is one mass of rare exotics not dreamt of in the days of Waynflete. True also that, bar the haunches of venison from the college park, which adorn the festive board, civilisation demands, and is treated to *diner à la Russe*. There we cannot be mediæval. The practice of the monk-fellows of earlier days was to eat sufficient flesh meat on this solemn occasion to last them to the ensuing feast of St. Michael, and therefore they liked to see before their eyes the huge barons of beef and entire animals, which invited repletion. We cannot retrogress quite so far back into history and deglutition as to exceed on beef in July, or to eat with our fingers. Nevertheless, the graceful portion of our ancestors' habits is better worth retaining than people who have not dined at a gaudy can well imagine. The members of the foundation are waited upon by the chorister boys, who, by the way, are much better up to their duties than scouts. After quite an adequate feed for a robust working-man, there is a solemn pause in the proceedings, and, presto, enter the junior fellow, very hungry indeed, with a roll of paper in his hand. Advancing graciously toward the high table, he bows to the President, and straightway delivers *ore rotundo* a Latin speech, laudatory of Waynflete, Wolsey, Pole; blackguarding Gibbon of course—he was a naughty man—civil to Addison, and trying to rake up any Magdalen celebrity since Addison, which is rather difficult. This over, everyone, including the hungry man, falls too with a fresh appetite, and, after many agreeables, grace is pro-

claimed by a chorister, who, oddly enough, has up to this point eaten nothing, and the choir render gloriously old Benjamin Rogers' music, the priest's part being taken by the prima donna of the trebles, who pockets largesse in consequence. This performance occupies some ten minutes, after which the 'grace-cup' is passed round, each drinker being supported by a man on each side, and one in front—lest perchance he should be stabbed in the act of drinking, a mediæval fact—and afterward up rises the President and utters some very apposite compliments to the chief guests present, viz. Samuel D. G. Eps. Wineton, and as such visitor of the college. Straightway the choir fire off 'Floreat Magdalina,' music by John Stainer, Mus. Doc.; and then uprises his lordship of Wineton, and butters everybody and everything sweetly and rhetorically. His lordship is alternately grave and gay, symbolising the truth that he is a bishop, and at the same time the guest of a very festive institution. Him follows in a speech of rare wit, delivered amazingly well, one who never after this pleasant dinner shall utter many more pleasant speeches—Henry Longueville Mansell, Dean of St. Paul's, once reader in logic to Magdalen. It is most sad to think that the voice that spoke then so cheerily is for ever silent. *Omnia vanitas!* Ay, even so harmless and so beautiful an ancient rite as Magdalen Gaudy.

Our beautiful city during the autumn months is much frequented by our American cousins. Now we are sincerely desirous of the esteem and friendship of our transatlantic relatives. The old ignorant prejudice against 'Yankees' is happily at an end. We have learnt that they are men of marvellous intelligence and capacity—vastly superior to the British average. Our woman-kind has to confess that the Yankee girls exceed our own in 'style,' and equal them in beauty. Their broad cosmopolitan notions are fresh and invigorating, and—to speak the truth—we are always nervous as to what they will think, say, and write of our very vaunted institutions. As far as Oxford is concerned they come, and they view the place, and they leave. Their only informant on any point of interest is some illiterate guide, who when facts are weak in his brain, draws freely on his not over-brilliant imagination. Many an M.A. would gladly devote a morning or afternoon to entertaining these strangers—often people of distinction in their own state—if it were not that the custom of society forbids it. At the same time, it may be a good suggestion that M.A.s willing to do this little for the honour of Oxford during the dull long might send their names to the American Embassy, and offer to be introduced to the strangers from 'The States' who visit Oxford, with a view to showing the place; and it would be well, if heads of colleges put some limit on the extortion of tips for viewing chapels, halls, libraries, and all the glories of this great University.

Hurrah! The 'Dark Blue' has done one service to Oxford. Our local board, shamed by the notice we gave of the obstruction caused by

the Warden of Wadham's posts, have actually had the pluck to pull them down. May the shade of Benjamin Parsons Symonds be none the less! Little remains now but for the road to be converted from a quagmire to the principle of Macadam. Positively there may be access to Keble and to the museum during the present century. Think of being able to drive up to the gate of the most costly of our academic buildings! How we do progress! Perhaps the local board, after this sudden exhibition of liveliness, may do something towards stamping out small-pox and warding off the cholera. If not, we shall assuredly have a very ugly 'fall' to this year 1871.

To L. M. P.

Ah! pure and lovely flower of maidenhood,
Low rests thy head
On Earth's cold breast, but not in holy rood
Is thy dark bed.

A few short hours life struggled with the foe,
Whose icy chain
Crept swift o'er heart and dainty limbs and brow,
And stilled thy pain.

Gold were thy tresses laid on softest snow,
Thine eyes' blue light
Like morning skies, thy speech the rippling flow
Of waters bright.

Thy first true love given to thy childhood's friend
Hath all too soon,
Bankrupt in joy, left him his way to wend
Through life's hot noon.

Fast by the busy haunts of restless men
Thou liest alone:
Lover and friend are out of sight and ken
Till time be done.

Thou shouldst have lain 'neath thyme and heather flowers,
Taking thy rest
Where sunbeams fall, and holy moonlight showers
On mountain crest.

Or where the mists curl soft round fern and oak,
And birches wave,
Not under heavy pall of murk and smoke
Should be thy grave.

But here, belovèd, we must leave thy dust
Beneath the sod,
Thy soul through love ineffable we trust
In Christ to God.

Elisabeth Wilson-Block.

In Town.

London in August—and more especially in such an August as we have just had, when all the heat and dust and drought which should have come to us in June and July seemed to be concentrated into one burning focus—London in August is almost insupportable. Through long miles of sun-glaring passenger-deserted streets, where the strips of shadow are few and far between, and where the only signs of freshness are oases of dust churned into mud round the pump whence the water-carts are filled, the unfortunate man who is compelled to remain in this Gehenna of the sewers wends his way. Past butchers' shops, which, always horrible to the eye, are now offensive to the nose; past fishmongers, where the great slate slabs, now void of their usual occupants, remind one unpleasantly of the Morgue; past vagabond dogs that sit at the corner of the streets, beating the pavement with their tails, and putting out their tongues as though they were in the presence of a physician, or wander about casting hungry glances at the calves and ankles of the passers-by in a manner strongly suggestive of hydrophobia. I wonder what place of public resort is favoured by the crossing-sweepers, for all those with whom I have a bowing acquaintance have gone out of town; so has the proprietor of that Punch's show, on the shelf of which the dog 'Toby,' many sizes too large for the proscenium, and in utter annihilation of all laws of perspective, sits and smokes a pipe at his master's bidding; so has the Hansom cabman with the curly-brimmed hat and the large whiskers, who is own brother to the celebrated tragedian, and who, I remember, told me he was in the habit of spending his annual holiday at Margate, where he lay upon a sofa and read novels. I wonder whose novels he reads, and whether I have ever had the honour of contributing to his amusement.

This would be a bad time to be taken ill, unless one were prepared to put up with the services of a chance practitioner, for all the great guns of medical science have gone off more than a week ago. You may walk from one end of Savile Row to the other and see nothing but closed shutters. The dining-room where the patients in the morning occupy the old-fashioned black horse-hair chairs,

glaring solemnly before them, and each wondering what is the matter with the other, is now closed and locked. Those delightful books, the 'Court Guide' for the year before last, the volume of 'Bentley's Miscellany' for 1849, the 'Life of Captain Hedley Vicars,' the 'Handbook to Whitby,' and the two odd monthly parts of the 'Leisure Hour,' which are usually scattered about for the patients' delectation, are now piled together in the centre of the table and covered with the ink-spotted green cloth, on which they usually rest. The doctor's sanctum is topsy-turvy, the chair of torture in which you sit while undergoing the professional scrutiny is turned upside down in a corner, the great inkstand is dry, and all the instruments are securely locked away, save one stethoscope accidentally left out, which affords intense delight to the children of Mr. Nankivil, who is keeping house during the absence of the family, the said children playing at being doctors, by looking at each other through it, and prescribing for each other's remedies large numbers of bread-pills. The doctor's servant, whom you know in raven black, with a soft voice and a confidential manner, would scarcely be recognised as the man who pulls a strong oar, who has taken lodgings for a fortnight up at Sunbury, who is never to be seen out of a suit of flannels and a straw hat; while the dentist's principal assistant is at Boulogne, and enters freely into all French pursuits with the exception of dominoes, which he declares remind him too strongly of his professional avocation. Wide spread indeed are the disciples of Galen! Little Dr. Quail, whose ear is generally fixed tightly at the end of a stethoscope listening to his patient's respiration, now has that organ cocked to its fullest extent, waiting for the warning cry of 'Mark, over!' while Sir Paracelsus Fleem, who is as clever with a breech-loader as with a lancet, is entertaining a select company of friends at his shooting-box in Scotland, and supplying with grouse the table of Dr. Martext, whom he has left in charge of his patients during his absence, and who on his friend's return will set off to enjoy his holiday amongst the German and Italian picture galleries.

Long since, the clients, the attorneys, and all, from the solemn judges to the shrill-voiced ushers, have said 'good-bye to the bar and its moaning,' as Mr. Kingsley has it. The Law Courts are hermetically sealed, and the oak at all the chambers from Paper Buildings to Thavies Inn is duly sported. Foreign shores claim more than their due proportion of the British Bar. At this moment Switzerland teems with youth whose names have been recently inscribed in that light and airy publication, the 'Law List,' and who are giving vent, by no means bashfully, to the sentiments which inspire them, clothed in what they imagine to be the French language, but which is really the idiom of Lincoln's Inn and the accent of Chancery Lane. No French needs to be spoken in the cosy little coterie at Spa, where Sir Thomas and Lady Minor, Mr. Justice Rhadamanthus, Mr. Tocsin, Q.C., Mr. Serjeant Blewbagge, and others have their daily walks and their nightly whist,

and during both walks and whist interchange perpetual professional opinions, and try to get the better of each other in legal argument. Ethelred Jinks, who is a wit as well as a circuit leader, and whose stock of full-flavoured stories is apparently endless, is staying with the Duke and Duchess of Tantallon at their castle in the Highlands, and contributing to the amusement of their guests; while Matchkin and Hobbs' Common Law, who sings comic songs and accompanies himself on the tea tray, has gone down from Friday till Tuesday to stop at Margate with Buffles and Wilkes's Chancery, temporarily there resident, and will be the life and soul of the picnic at Pegwell Bay.

And the clergy are off too! There is an astonishingly large number of country clergymen who believe they only want the chance of reading and preaching in London to be at once selected for positions of dignity and emolument. And they are very much astonished when, this chance has been afforded to them, that dignity and emolument do not at once ensue. This is perhaps to be accounted for by the fact that the chances of thus distinguishing themselves generally occur to them in August and September when the Lord Chancellor, the Prime Minister, and other patrons of large benefices, are usually away from London.

It is astonishing what a large number of pulpits, with the usual occupants of which one is more or less familiar, one finds tenanted by strangers in the early autumn. The regular occupants make holiday like the rest of mankind. They rarely go abroad, being, like their barrister brethren, unversed in foreign tongues, but, unlike their barrister brethren, being bashful in attempting them. They go to the quieter seashores—to the coast of Devon and South Wales. Whitby is a great place for them; you may see them there in shoals, and it is amusing to watch their attempts at disguise, and their astonishment at detection. As though a man in an alpaca overcoat, a soft wide-awake, and a pair of speckled silk gloves, could be anything but a British parson out for a holiday!

Of course the artists are all away. Kensington and St. John's Wood abodes of painters with wife and olive branches, are deserted. Gowernia, Berners-cum-Howland, and other bachelor artist quarters, are even as Tadmor. And literature, in the persons of the young lions of the 'Daily Telegraph,' has also gone afield. The gentleman who is so intimate with dukes, and whose writings savour partly of the fifth-rate sporting novelist, partly of the broken-down valet of a bill discounter of thirty years ago, is away at the gambling-houses on the Rhine, making the world acquainted with the names of the plungers, legs, and *hetairæ*, who there do congregate. Others are there going on cars through Connemara, bathing at Ramsgate, yachting at Ryde, fishing at Glendalough, or shooting on the sides of Ben-muich-Dhui, but imparting to all their descriptions the true cockney flavour so dear to the occupants of the omnibus knife-boards, to whose tastes they are addressed,

Gone, too, are the *Dii majores* of journalism, as may be easily seen by the perfunctory manner in which the newspapers are edited, and the slipshod style in which they are written. One publicist only is there who never has a holiday, and that is the Court Newsman. When he drops Windsor, he takes up Osborne; and in the dullest time of the year he has still to chronicle the doings of Balmoral, the visits to the Luin of Dee and the Luin of Quoich, the attendance at the parish church of Crathie, and the names of those who have honour of invitations to the Royal Highland home.

Actors, too, rush away, like the rest of us. Did we not read that the 'continued excessive heat of the weather' obliged Mr. Sothern to suspend his performances, and have we not seen in that excellent theatrical journal, the 'Era,' that our most noted amusers are refreshing themselves by the sad sea waves, and temporarily forgetting that there are such things as hares' feet, rouge, powdered wigs, and crowded audiences? As it is with the gentlemen in black cloth, so is it with their brethren in motley. During the interregnum, country stars shine in the London firmament, and Mr. Stentor from Bradford, or Mr. McSnaffle, the great Australian comic illustrator, reigns supreme in localities at other times devoted to people of a more wide-spread reputation.

See, here have I, during this long tirade, while professedly gossiping upon persons and matters in town, been dilating upon the movements of those who have been fortunate enough to escape from it. Of those who are left there is not indeed much to say. Such of the clubs as are not given up to painters and white-washers, are mere dungeons of dreariness, where the hall-porter thinks it scarcely worth while to inscribe your name in the attendance list, and where the waiters regard you with a scarcely concealed contempt. It is of no use flying away for the day, for there is nowhere to fly to, every place of accustomed resort appearing under abnormal circumstances. Greenwich is still left, it is true, but the whitebait are as large as soles, and the German waiters gather into a corner of the vast coffee-room, and are apparently playing at some national game instead of attending to their visitors. Richmond has not moved off, but tea-cups seem to have taken the place of Moselle cups, and the road in front of the 'Star and Garter' is lined with vans instead of drags. Besides, town, when you do return to it, seems even hotter, closer, and more odoriferous than when you left it; and the glimpse of cockney country only reminds you in melancholy fashion of the rustic glories which are being emjoyed by others further afield. A dinner at the Crystal Palace, and a stroll in the grounds when all the shilling visitors have departed, is the one resource left under the circumstances, and even that stands out badly in comparison with one's recollection of former banquets, at which certain pleasant people have assisted in the earlier part of the season.

Of course, anyone venturing into a theatre at such a time of year, and in such weather, should be prepared for anything he meets with, even though that anything be a gentleman who, leaving London some years ago, when he had the position of a fourth-rate actor, finds our stage in such a degraded state, that he is compelled to come back from the scene of his transatlantic triumphs merely to show us how the legitimate drama ought to be played. This gentleman is Mr. Walter Montgomery, who has succeeded in ventilating the Gaiety Theatre during the absence of its regular company. Mr. Montgomery has been playing a round of legitimate characters, in which his best appearance was as 'Louis XI.,' his worst as 'Hamlet.' If he had not puffed himself so grandiloquently, he would have been more popular; as it is, his performance was nothing equal to his promise. But we will forget Mr. Montgomery, and even excuse the vividly green tights which he wore, as Orlando, for his introduction to the London public of Miss Ada Cavendish as Rosalind, a performance which was singularly graceful and meritorious. This young lady seems to us never to have had proper public recognition of her undoubted talent. At the present day, when a handsome and classical but passionless and immobile face is sufficient to cause its owner to take rank as our leading exponent of dramatic art, it is something to find a lady who, with good looks, combines a sufficiency of brain to comprehend Shakespeare's creations, an appearance to embody them, and a pleasant voice to give utterance to the noble language with which they are endowed.

EDMUND YATES.

Mr. Miller's 'Songs of the Sierras.'

A true singer from the New World has lately come with a boon to us here in the Old—

> A beaker full of the warm South,
> Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
> With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
> And purple-stained mouth—

a poet so brave, so rich in the fine gold of thought and varying emotion, so faithful in his searchings after ideal beauty, so saturated with the splendours of the tropic woods and mountains among which he has drawn breath, that every man whose soul has any glow of love in it must needs lift voice and hand to welcome him. Joaquin Miller is the first real poet to whom Western America has given birth. Other men have attempted to sing, but there has been no fervour in them. This man has sung, because his heart was brimmed with passion and his brain burthened with dreams. And he is a genuine product of his country—no exotic, no counterfeit. Most poets of America have written of her as Europeans might, have looked at her with almost alien eyes, not in anywise closely identifying themselves with her young chaotic existence. Even Whitman stands aloof, philosophising about her, dreaming of her destiny, too strong to be informed with her passions. This poet has been at the mercy of impulses which enthral her, has been borne up and tossed to and fro upon her tide of life as a weed on the billows or a bird on the winds. He is not indeed the voice of the whole people—who could in his single self represent a motley and amorphous nation which has hardly yet a personality of its own?—but of some of their characteristic movements he is the first and only representative. For nearly three centuries the English race has been pushing westward over the vast American continent, absorbing or annihilating all who previously occupied its prodigal soil. Little more than twenty years ago its vanguard that then was burst through the Sierra Nevada to people the fairest region of the Pacific shores. To this all-golden territory came thronging men from every

quarter of the globe, of the worst and of the best, of every character and clime; and here to-day, at the hoar age of the world, civilisation and barbarism, strangely commingling, present a spectacle as unique as anything recorded in any history. Here the waves of the old order and the new have met and broken over one another in wild confusion. Here ancient tribes, whose cradle no tradition knows, are shrivelling in swift decay, and young races, strong and lusty and full of hope, making ready to build their habitations upon their graves. Here old faiths are dying, new religions are being formed and developed, the newest and eldest dreams of moral grandeur and loveliness are jumbled. Here, working shoulder to shoulder, are men and women of every blood, by influences, rare in their strength and in their combination, braced and stimulated to an unparalleled activity of hand and brain. Here the advanced culture of to-day and the crude simplicity of patriarchal and heroic times are woven together in one woof. In the midst of this chaos, from which a new order is arising with a marvellous rapidity of growth, there happens to have been born a man more gifted with sensibility and imagination than some hundreds of thousands of his fellows, who has been impelled by special circumstances to cultivate these gifts in a certain direction. And here is the result—this book of 'Songs of the Sierras.' The abnormal state of things has found a voice. The Far West with this book lays the foundation of all the poetical renown it is to achieve now and hereafter.

And never was the life of a country or period more faithfully depicted in any work of imagination. Such confusion of passion and of thought, such prodigal outpouring of intellectual wealth, so much power with so little culture, so much beauty with such rugged disorder, such apparent contradictoriness in morality and religion, such aspirations and regrets, such reverence for the old and revellings in the new, one would elsewhere seek in vain. But only those who are familiar, from personal experience or otherwise, with the actual aspects of the Pacific Border community can fully measure the wonderful truth and accuracy of the poetry as its interpretation or reflection. The life of the European gold-digger seeking other lands for gain, and returning to his old-world home with hoarded spoil; the life of the young ardent Western American, eager for adventure, discovery, and new strange conquests; the hopeless struggle of the Red man with the White; the diverse toils and labours and enterprises; the changing face of the country under the hand of the colonist; the loves, the hates, the lawless passions; the feasts and mournings; the gatherings of adventurers, outcasts, outlaws, from the four regions of the winds; the hopes and aspirations of the pioneers of the eastern peoples; the scenery of the mountains and prairies and sun-filled sea: all these things we behold here as in a burnished mirror held up to us by magic hands; and the very turmoil and incongruity of the images are the crowning characteristics of the reality.

In the poem headed 'With Walker in Nicaragua' he narrates many of his own experiences. He has fought against the Indians in that war of extermination which seems the dire necessity of our paramount race. He has sympathised keenly with those very people, and even a little lived among them. Some years ago he conducted a large party of adventurers from the South Pacific to the North Pacific mines, and founded a colony in the wilderness, hundreds of miles from any settlement; there he was attacked by the Indians, against whom he led the fighting men, and was defeated—defeated, but not, it appears, disgraced; for as soon as the State was established he was chosen judge of the district; he planted there and watered, and turned the attention of the colony to farming and stock-raising after the gold mines were exhausted. He has been co-operative in the intellectual movements as well as in the material, has been of the Western city as well as of the Western wilderness. And it will add still more to the book's interest in the eyes of many readers to know that not only the scenery and the life described are real, but that many—perhaps all—of the characters he has attempted to depict are men and women who have dwelt in the West, and contributed in greater measure or less to the moulding of its history. Some of these live, and are well known to-day along the Pacific border.

But historical interest, such as this, is, after all, a minor and altogether subordinate element in the works of a poet. His functions are grander than those of a mere pictorial chronicler. We demand of him not only truth, but the beauty which abides in truth; not only reality, but the ideal which slumbers under the crust of the real; not only what is or what has been, but visions of what may be; not only large purposes, but skill and care and beauty in the working of them into form; not only the poet's warm blood, but the right and splendid use of the priceless possessions of the poet.

There can be no question of the genuineness of the nature from which the poems have flowed. The first thing about them which attracts is, doubtless, their novelty of subject and imagery; for we have not hitherto had any writer who, living in the utmost West, and moulded by its influences, has offered us any like gift of song; and it is a fresh and delicious experience to be brought face to face with the life and beauty of lands where the slough of minds has not accumulated, and Nature tells more of God's life than of man's. But such mere novelty would in itself be powerless to produce the pleasure they yield. Poetry reveals all things through the poet's peculiar nature, which subdues them to hues of its own, as the green wave the white rocks under it, and it is because we feel the subjects he sings of through Mr. Miller's own soul, and this is the soul of a fervent poet, that they assume so great a vividness and beauty for us. We are conscious at the first breath that we are in the presence of a God-moulded poet-mind. The air of poetry greets us like a sea-smelling wind as we

cross the seaward mountains. The first demand of literary criticism is satisfied. The singer has a right to sing, because his nature has impelled him. But in mere manner the poems are notably defective. It does not require any minute examination to detect imperfections of workmanship so gross and so abundant that they would be deemed unpardonable in the writings of any man born in a different sphere of circumstances. They are pardonable here, and the worst are not so heinous as the affected subtleties and vacant wordiness of many ephemeral English versifiers who are suffered to babble among us unrebuked. Mr. Miller has not been suckled by criticism. His spontaneity has not been crushed by that sorry study of other men's opinions of what poetry *ought* to be which produces among poets of the hour so much unjoyous, deadening self-consciousness. He has not been taught by criticism rules by which an ordinary intelligence can elaborate the most brilliant counterfeits of song; and the conventional and fastidious critic will sometimes find it hard to reconcile with his critical canons the fact that he feels the influence of true poetry when those canons are most freely set at nought; he will perhaps perceive that artificiality is not art. But some good things, which among us Mr. Miller would perhaps have learned early, he has not yet learned. Such faults as the frequent recurrence of false and even ludicrous rhymes, are trivial. They are partly the result of insufficient practice, and partly of the carelessness of a free and impetuous intellect. But there are graver faults of workmanship, which Mr. Miller's love of beauty will impel him in the future to shun, and he has not yet attained that consummate mastery over the materials he works with which is essential to greatness in all arts.

We are perpetually stumbling over lines with an excess of quantity, which no man could scan by any rule of prosody, known or to be known. Such lines are sometimes powerful, and vary the monotony of the rhythms. But they themselves assume a monotony, and hurt the ear and the mouth. It is strange, too, to find a man who scorns conventional trammels, and is so free from the period's dreariest literary influences, becoming the thrall of mannerisms. Among these is that excess of alliteration—a barbarism long banished from our literature—cherished of late years by a school which might rejoice in the phrase-loving Polonius as its patron.

It is perhaps owing to an excessive love of such tricks of style, and, in general, too close (but eccentric) attention to small details, that Mr. Miller is sometimes betrayed into a still more serious error. His grasp of his subjects as wholes seldom appears so firm as he has power to make it, and horse and rider seem hardly yet to know one another well enough for free riding. The vigorous imagination is plastic; it maps out the plots of its stories; conceives its characters, and moulds them to a rounded form; sketches their lines of movement, and marks the places of their entrance and egress; appoints the moments at which they are

to cross one another; arranges the development and culmination of the events which are to influence them—projects its total design, before ever it demands of the hand to cast it in tangible substance. It is impossible to rise to build noble structures by devoting one's chief care to the chiselling of beautiful tympana or fantastic gargoyles—time enough to descend to matters of decoration when the main edifice is planned. We have little evidence of the greater workings of the imagination here. The best conceived stories are the 'Tale of the Tall Alcalde' and 'Arazonian,' and 'Ina' as a dramatic piece is not inartistically completed. But 'Californian' and 'The Last Taschastas' are fragments strung together with just sufficient skill to give their arrangement the semblance of unity, and 'With Walker in Nicaragua' is correct in form because it does not purport to be more than a series of fragmentary reminiscences. If 'Arazonian' and the 'Tale of the Tall Alcalde' are among Mr. Miller's latest productions, there is no apparent danger of his constructive imagination growing weaker or more uncertain. Nor does Mr. Miller seem one likely to suffer this impediment to greatness to stand long in his way.

Again, there is sometimes an absence of passion in the lines, the rhythm and all sweet cadences are lost, the poetry assumes the lameness of conversational prose. This is a fault which sometimes springs from a very honest realism, and a love of simplicity stronger in Mr. Miller than any passion for dandiacal extravagances; but more frequently from the same abject devotion to minute word-patterns, the same Chinese elaboration of tiny prettinesses. There are graceful gestures of the hand, there are graceful curvings of the arms, but seldom any dominant feeling gives beauty or majesty to the attitude of the whole body. Mr. Miller has been accused of imitating Byron. Nowhere in his book do we find verse of that volume and steadiness of movement which is the power in Byron's poetry that sways us. Here, however, Mr. Miller is not singular. No verse of this day has the freedom and pervading passion of the verse of the last generation of poets; passion, force, energy, volubility, are sacrificed to mere eccentricity of form and verbal conceits; everything is aimed at but the highest object—free and unaffected utterance of great passions and great imaginings. It is not so very long since Lessing strove to remove the misconception, common in his day, of the legitimate provinces of poetry and plastic art. He did release poetry then from a miserable bondage, and, for a season, lent new impetus to the writers who followed him. But to-day, from a new confusion of thought about the arts (springing, strangely enough, from an enlarged view of art generally), we fall into a new misunderstanding of the *ut pictura poesis* more deadly than the first; we would do in poetry what only the painter can do with brush and canvas. We would produce with word-rhythms effects only to be produced by the skilled musician with his multitudinous harmonies. While we recognise the close kinship of

the arts, let us still distinguish well their peculiar and inalienable functions. The limning of objects of sight in words is a subordinate business of poetry; the utterance of definite passion and passionate thought is its cardinal duty; and he who turns about in the midst of passionate writing to describe minutely every colour in a peacock's neck, or tiny articulation of a leaf's edge, is blind to the highest offices of his art. The greatest narrative poets of our country, Scott and Byron—the greatest dramatic poets, Shakespeare and Shelley—have always an unbroken tide of utterance. So, too, has the one epic poet of England, Milton. This fervency of utterance would be called by certain critics of this day 'rhetoric.' What they would call rhetoric, however, merits no such name. Let them look again to the distinguishing feature of the arts. It is simply the full river of real and sincere passion, curving and careering with a natural impetuosity—passion stimulated by the consciousness of the great theme which burthens the poet's imagination, and which he would worthily celebrate. Sometimes Mr. Miller's verse does attain this volume and fulness; but usually the passion comes in fitful puffs, the verse is broken and disjointed. It is because he dallies in his march to the mountain-heights to bathe his hands and moisten his lips at every little fountain in the way.

And there is in these poems one more feature observable which is on the verge of being a flaw, namely a degree too much sameness in the plots, incidents, and even characters. Truly as each one of them represents life in the Pacific States, the resemblance in the outlines of the stories, and the frequent reappearance of one dominant personage, are defects which, when such an abundance of material lay ready to hand, might never have been permitted to mar such excellent work.

But if Mr. Miller did not, in a crowd of instances, prove that he is a true artist, a sincere lover of beauty and perfection, it would not be worth while to draw his attention to these faults. They are slight when weighed against the higher qualities of the book. For we have here a treasure beyond all price—the presence of an altogether new personality, one peculiar in its constitution, and in its suggestiveness full of rare interest and attraction. From the phalanx of verse-writers, as long as the Atlantic wave, he steps out as one of the few *true* men whose making has been more God's doing than their own. His originality and independence are splendid. I have observed that he has been accused of imitating Byron. It is a weakness of critics to father every new poet on some well-known predecessor. All true poets are as like one another as the oaks of the forest; they are of one race, one family. Of course there are resemblances to Byron here, and the observant critic has probably been led to expect them from finding that the poet has chanted the praise of Byron in the lyric with which the book concludes. But resemblances to other poets may, in a young writer, coexist with the utmost independence and supreme originality. There has been no poet who could not be so fathered on some master.

Shakespeare might as justly be accused of imitating Marlowe—he, 'the crow with the stolen feathers,' had we not better write him down plagiarist? Dante, as different from Virgil as Erebus from earth, did not fear to own the mild Mantuan his master and inspirer. Milton might be—has been—charged with thieving from every great poet who had lived before his day. Scott imitated a style struck out by Coleridge. Coleridge had been inspired by the obscure poet Bowles. Byron and Moore imitated Scott. Shelley was not without obligation to Byron and Wordsworth—nay, in early years, even to Moore. Mr. Tennyson shows on his wings the pollen of Keats and Wordsworth. Mr. Swinburne—of whose great originality there can be no question—bears indelible traces of the influence of Mr. Browning in ideas and rhythms, no less than of certain French poets, and of Shelley; and some metres which are identified with his most characteristic moods of feeling were favourites with one whom he would probably little reverence—the author of the 'Olney Hymns.' To adopt a metre which another poet has found elsewhere, but stamped with his own seal, to embody with original writing some of his pet phrases, to take into a man's self some of the spirit of a ruling writer, are with a young poet inevitable failings, but are no token or sign of any inherent weakness or poverty. Whether under all a new mind works, it is not hard to detect, and strong men soon shake off the badges of their schools. If we find in Mr. Miller's poetry metres or phrases, or some faint semblance of the spirit, of Byron, or even of Mr. Swinburne, what is the extent of his obligation to either of these poets? The whole bearing and influence of his book are antagonistic to the main spirit and style of both. His originality he has fully established. He may live unruffled by any charges of pupilage or obligation.

The few and slight sketches of character which he has given us—such, for example, as that of Walker—indicate the existence of a subtle power of observing those special traits of mind and soul which combine to form the general idea of a man. Such power is an element in what we designate the dramatic faculty, but does not alone constitute it, and whether Mr. Miller possesses the dramatic faculty in any large measure it is not yet easy to conjecture. He himself, however, has suggested the question. 'Ina'—which one cannot help regarding as the poem of all others which shows the amplest promise, being, as it is, filled with bold philosophy, and thoughts and passions, which, though unrefined ore, heaved from the mine and thrown in a heap, are most rich, varied, genuine, and spontaneous—'Ina,' with the likeness of dramatic form, in nowise aims at being a drama, having neither action, plot, interest, nor much *development* of character. Yet the persons, if not complex, are at least distinct each from each: they early exhibit their distinguishing traits, and their utterances are thenceforward characteristic. Lamonte, Don Carlos, Ina, are separate and interesting individualities; and the putting of the poem beginning 'Alas the sight

I saw that night' into the mouth of a 'small, gray, gesticulating Frenchman,' is one of several prominent marks of a half-conscious dramatic instinct. There are evidences of the same power also in 'Arazonian' and the 'Tale of the Tall Alcalde.' But whether Mr. Miller's prevailing tastes will lead him to the particular cultivation of this faculty, or whether it is strong enough in him to make it advisable for him to do so, or whether it is worth any man's while in these evil days to cast his thought and feeling into dramatic mould if any other medium of utterance is at his command, it is not necessary here to try to determine. His apparent difficulty in grasping large and complex subjects would be an obstacle in his way, past question. But for nearly all the purposes of varied narrative and lyric poetry he has evidently quite as much of the faculty as he may need.

I find in these poems everywhere the strongest proofs, direct or indirect, of sentiments the largest and most catholic—political, moral, religious. I have read in a well-penned article on San Francisco, which appeared in the 'Overland Monthly' of January 1870, this stricture on the citizen of that town: 'His mental vision—very like his bodily organs—is habitually bounded by the Sierra Nevada mountains on the one hand and the Pacific horizon on the other. His pride is to be a citizen of "this great State, sir," and *not* of those outlying tracts which compose the rest of the world.' One prefers to believe that these words are too sweeping; but if there is truth in them, and if San Francisco is to be taken as the representative of the Far Western States and towns, Mr. Miller is a notable exception among his countrymen. That his national feeling is strong is sufficiently evidenced by the selection of his themes; and he has written at least one passage of surpassing beauty—the opening of the poem 'Californian'—wherein the pride and aspiration of the Western American find powerful expression. He is a true-hearted republican, a loyal American. But he turns from the United States to publish in Great Britain, and says of New York words than which few more bitter or more biting have ever been set down. Surely it is a token of breadth of cosmopolitan sympathy, this honest confidence in English opinion. Poets, not politicians, are the true representatives of the souls of nations. Here is one more of those who believe that, despite the clamour of dishonest demagogues and crafty place-hunters on either ocean-side, there is but one heart between America and England: one in blood, one in aspiration, one in the love of truth, and justice, and humanity, and liberty, one in the inheritances of the past and the hopes of the future, America has nothing great which is not England's, England nothing great which is not America's. His strong feeling for the conquered races, his loving dreams of old-world countries and old-world peoples, Hebrew, Greek, Roman, Italian, testify more fully the width of his cosmopolitanism. Nor is he so blinded by democratic prejudice as not to see something to revere and admire in noble birth

and great ideas of lofty life inherited with noble blood. His dreams of moral beauty are wild and formless. I cannot help thinking that the confusion of feeling relative to a moral ideal, so frequently apparent, and nowhere more than in the conception of Ina—a character meant to be the type of highest beauty and nobility—is the chief weakness they indicate in his intellectual vision. This confusion is, no doubt, traceable in large measure to the influences of the abnormal social life by which he has been surrounded, and in embodying it in his poems he is often justly representing this social life. Truth and honour are throughout cherished virtues, and *courage*—an article in the creed of all true Western men. What we see in too strong colours is the philosophy of selfishness which knows no self-sacrifice, without which there cannot be any noble human life; and an over-sensuality in the one passion which can redeem from sensuality—love. But we find no narrowness. Whatever there is of religious sentiment is fine in its universality—the utmost confidence in a God whose attributes he does not determine; reverence for faiths old and new—the Red man's, the Hebrew's, the Christian's: he would destroy none, embrace all. He cavils not, nor sneers, nor screams with hysterical rage against any belief of men. He loves God and loves man too well to blaspheme the one or mock the earnest dreams of the other.

There are two kinds of poetry to which are allotted two different kinds of favour, and unequal terms of endurance. The one is that which celebrates some particular state of society, some particular range of facts in human nature, some particular era of history. This gets swiftest access to the hearts of men, and excites their interest more directly. The other soars beyond and above all peculiar phases of facts or characters, takes the resultant of all forces, renders the ideal of men and things by abstractions made visible in concrete form. Its recognition is slow and partial, its endurance perpetual. To the former category belong the majority of poems written, and to it Mr. Miller's work hitherto done is referable. To the latter belong the greatest of all artistic work—certain of the Greek tragedies, the 'Divina Commedia,' 'Lear,' 'Hamlet,' 'Paradise Lost,' 'Faust,' Shelley's 'Prometheus.' Whether Mr. Miller will yet produce works fit to take their place in this loftier region will depend perhaps on his own taste. He has a wealth of nature which leads one to hope greatly. But whatever he may do in the future, these poems are destined to live long. So long as the early years of Anglo-Saxon civilisation in Western America continue to interest the world, men's fingers will wander through their pages. And on the higher ground of true poetical excellence they must endure. For they have about them a beauty unimpeachable, and one wholly their own; a perennial beauty—not such as will cease to seem beautiful after much handling and familiarity; a beauty as imperishable as the peaks of the mountains or the melodies of the sea.

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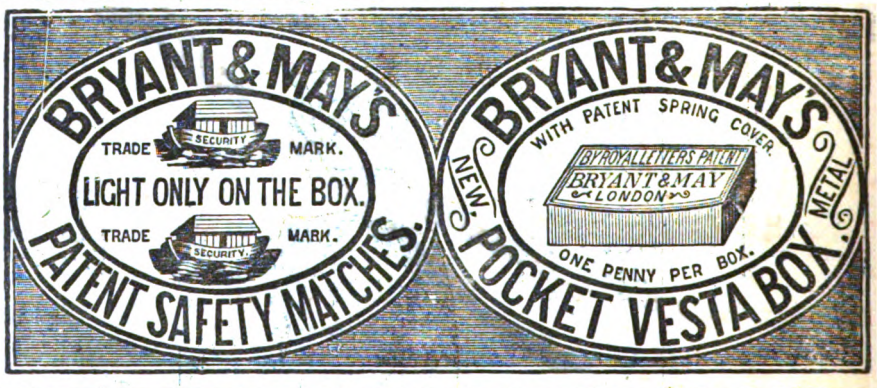

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

I. 'LOST:' a Romance. By John C. Freund, Author of 'By the Roadside.' Illustrated by D. T. White 129
CHAPTER XXIX.—A Funeral Pile.
" XXX.—Vengeance.
" XXXI.—Results.
" XXXII.—Love's Flag.

II. SPAIN SINCE THE SEPTEMBER REVOLUTION. By F. H. O'Donnell 152

III. 'APRÈS NOUS LE DÉLUGE.' By Hubert de Burgh. . . 166

IV. IN LOVE'S ETERNITY. By Arthur W. E. O'Shaughnessy . 167

V. BROWNING AS A PREACHER. By E. Dickinson West . . 171

VI. AN ENGLISH COMMUNIST. By J. Hain Friswell . . . 185

VII. SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN GERMANY. By Professor Blackie . 193

VIII. BENEVOLENCE AND PAUPERISM. By Amelia Lewis . . 205

IX. DOWN STREAM. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Illustrated by F. Madox Brown. 211

X. WOMEN IN FRANCE. By A. P. 213

XI. 'TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.' By Compton Reade. Illustrated by W. J. Hennessy 220
CHAPTER XXII.—Weaving the Web.
" XXIII.—'Tis a New Light that Breaks.
" XXIV.—Young Manhood asserts itself.

XII. DIDO TO ÆNEAS.. By the Rev. T. H. L. Leary, D.C.L. . 236

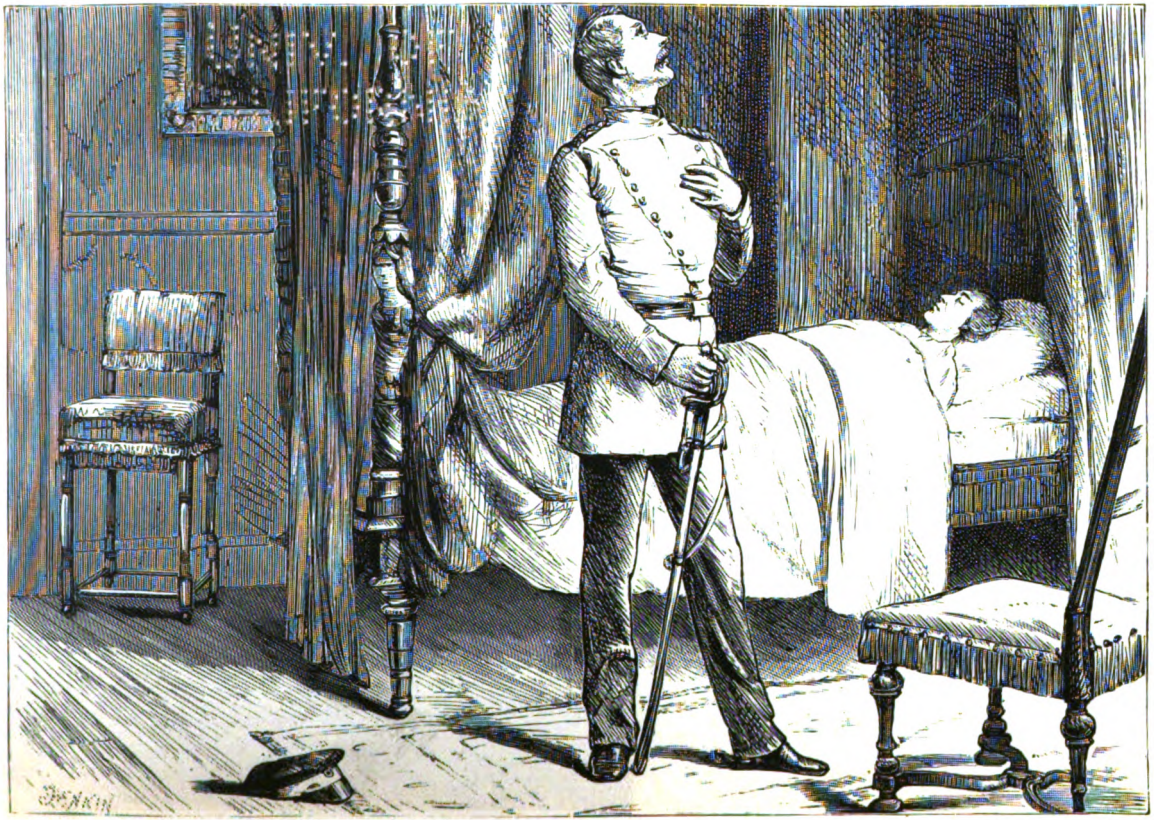
XIII. INTERNATIONAL. By Brig.-Gen. Duff, U.S.A. . . . 237

XIV. A STUDY OF WALT WHITMAN. By the Hon. Roden Noel . 242

XV. ON THE MOORS. By the Rev. Arthur Faber 255

XVI. THE CATTLE SPOIL OF DAIRT. By the Bishop of Limerick . 263

XVII. THROUGH KERRY. By Edmund Yates 268



DRAWN BY D. T. WHITE. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'LOST.'

THE

DARK BLUE.

OCTOBER 1871.

'LOST': A ROMANCE.

BY JOHN C. FREUND, AUTHOR OF 'BY THE ROADSIDE.'

CHAPTER XXIX.

A FUNERAL PILE.

THERE is a great funeral pile ever and ever burning in the world—a funeral pile that is never lessened, never extinguished, never exhausted: it is the vast moral pile of our desires, our passions, our inexhaustible sufferings, our wasted joys, our missed aims, our spent lives, and our utter despair. Heap up that pile, grim Death, let it not diminish! Now and then it smoulders — the flames become a little less—some peaceful period passes over the earth's surface—but again it bursts out in all its fury; new victims have been brought, and the red-tongued flames of the everlasting pile of human sacrifice paint in grotesque characters grand Dante's ominous warning:

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate.

Dante was mistaken: hope had long gone, had disappeared before, because hope is human joy, and joy is lost when we come to that pile;

we are already hopeless when our burden is thrown there and when all our better part is engulfed in that terrible charnel-house of mankind's noblest and weakest desires—of Lucifer's image, who reached for 'heaven' and sank to 'hell.'

And on that fearful pile had been heaped the poor French girl's suicidal end, Frau von Zollwitz's wasted life, and the shabby man's mad despair. There it burns ever and ever taking in its food, ever and ever showing the grinning fantasie of '*lost life*'—*life without fulfilment of purpose.* Oh, black and scorching monument of human weakness, must you ever have opposite to you that bright hill of sweet life, and joyous loves and dainty sympathy and flowery paths? There they stand, the lurid blackened mountain and the green hill; and *must* it ever be that while one part of mankind blooms the other *must* wither?

Professor Holmann and Mary got home and crept to bed, thankful that the Major had retired early. Their exhausted frames sank to rest for a few hours and then awoke again to life and mental suffering—to life and the consciousness that a dear lovely friend and a gentle mother had lived seventeen years in a strange land, in the odour of ill repute—ill repute undeserved—the victim of foul aspersion and of one 'Judas kiss' *that would be paid!*

Holmann tossed on his bed: what could it mean? His ideas could take no defined shape or form. How in the world had Mathilda Zollwitz come to England alone? how had she lived so isolated? how had it been possible for her to disappear so utterly that no one had found her? Before his imagination rose up that sinister night in Berlin, when her husband had been told that his wife had been kissed by her lover in the shade of the young spring foliage, when that husband had damned her unjudged and spurned her from him as guilty, and when she had disappeared, as was supposed with her lover, to return no more!

Before Holmann arose also the scene when Mathilda Zollwitz's husband was found with a bullet shot through his head—to expiate his disgrace—and when Major Zollwitz swore that big oath of vengeance upon his brother's body, which Holmann ever dreaded would be carried out, regardless of the children's welfare. Holmann heaved a deep sigh and looked up—Major Zollwitz stood before him ready to go out!

'For God's sake, what do you mean, Major? You are surely not going out this time of the morning? Why it can scarcely be five o'clock.'

'Where is Christian? Why was he not at home last night to wait upon me?' asked the Major sternly.

'Where? I suppose at his lodgings.'

'You suppose a thing, Professor, of a man, that is impossible; Christian never fails in duty. I will tell you what it is, there is some mystery going on around me. I am not to know something or other, because you are afraid of me; because all of you are temporising with the world and its likes and dislikes, and you fear I shall spoil

your pretty silken webs. So help me God, as there is straight justice up there in heaven, so will I mete out straight justice down here; our family has always lived straight unblemished lives, serving our God, king, and country, and disdaining the meaner worship of the world. I'll carry out this motto, and again I say I'll find out this mystery, and, so help me God, I'll crush it!'

'Major, Major,' called out Holmann in agony, 'have you no respect for an old friend's words, none for one who has proved his attachment to you?'

'None,' answered the Major, eyeing him askance; 'you are a philosopher and time-server—you are all alike. I do not trust you with your quibbles and questions. I'll take my sword and cut the knot.'

'Then you'll cut something else—the children's lives.'

'No, I won't; you don't know us stern military men. Leave me alone—I'll find the right one—I'm on the scent.'

Holmann jumped up. 'Major, I *must* know what you mean to do'—he seized the Major by both arms. 'Major, dear Major, I'll tell you what I know, if it breaks my heart; but you must be patient and wait.'

The Major was subdued; some great stories of human distress cannot be told aloud; they are told in whispers, for fear the words would wake the shadows they are to paint; so the Professor began his tale in whispers, for fear the walls would listen to that deep voice of distress.

'Major, Christian found a lone miserable woman in a London street, a woman who had once been your sister-in-law, a woman whom to know it was sweet, who enchanted all that came near her, who was the beauty and pride of Berlin society—such a woman as nature gives but few. That woman I saw yesterday in her death-struggle; I closed her eyes, and then I learned that that woman had remained virtuous, true to her lawful husband, and had lived, reviled and despised of men, for seventeen years, and died an angel of goodness.'

The recital made a different impression on the Major than the Professor had expected. He sprang up.

'And who's the criminal?'

'I do not know yet.'

'Then I do. Good morning, Professor. I have nothing to do with the dead—let the dead bury the dead. I'll try this on the living!' And he pointed to his sword, being already in full dress.

The Major left, and the Professor could do nothing better than dress as quickly as possible. When he, after some ten minutes, rushed into the Major's room, the Major was writing quietly.

'Don't frighten yourself, Holmann. It was a short story you told me, it shall have a short end.'

Holmann thought it best to let the Zollwitz spirit have its own way, but to watch it; he said nothing, and quietly withdrew to his room.

Breakfast was early, at eight o'clock; Mary appeared, looking like a ghost, her uncle was taciturn but not ungracious, Holmann wearied beyond measure.

The day had begun, but the day had not ended. How many of the world's wise saws are true? The saw says: 'Dies vulnerat, dies sanat.' Does it do so always? The day does not always cure at its close what it has done amiss at dawn; nor can one day often redress the evil another has wrought.

Breakfast was over. Major Zollwitz had not again asked for Christian, and had resumed his writing, Professor Holmann prepared for the heavy duties of the day, and Mary sat with hands folded, the constant tears in her eyes. It must be done, that work in the Chelsea street, thought Holmann, and Mary must be left to guard the Major. The Professor beckoned her from the room.

'Mary,' he said, 'I must go *there*. I leave you *here*. Whatever you do, watch the Major closely; he must not go out alone. I shall arrange all I have to do to-day, and trust we shall in a few more days be on our way home, sending *her* on before us with Christian.'

'Then you will not leave my poor mother in foreign earth?'

'No, no; her place is at home in Castle Freiberg, near her husband.'

Mary sat down by her uncle with some work, and Holmann went.

Half an hour later he stood in that miserable room, where Christian had watched all night, the little girl cowering at the foot of the bed. The little one's eyes were wild—the insidious curse of madness was working in her brain—she was fast losing her firm place on earth, and would sink down on that same blackened scorching pile. The father had been an unfortunate speculator, had died through drunkenness; the mother, weak of intellect, had also died in Bedlam asylum raving mad—the little one had been given by a fine callous aunt to Mathilda Zollwitz, who had begged her on leaving the place *cured*. Ah, there are stories hidden in those madhouses of London—stories whose moral images would even haunt Dante's 'Inferno.'

Shall I be tempted to tell some? Even in my experience there are half a dozen such wild actual stories floating in my recollection. No—let the dead bury the dead—that charnel heap will have them all! But do not believe that a romance writer can overdraw—he never *can*—none of us, of the most unrestrained imagination, however unartistically they *may* paint, can ever *overpaint* the real horrors of mistaken 'lost life.'

And Holmann stood there opposite the corpse, hidden under its thick white shroud; and Holmann looked at that form humbly. *His* philosophy was not a sham bit of learning from the books of those ancients whose lives had been so real and earnest; *his* philosophy took a higher flight, it went up into the actual: if it could, it would have risen up, up, up to do but one thing, to bring down from those spheres of thought but some drops of that Lethe of 'sweet, divine humanity, that might smooth the hard couch and soften the dry crust and warm

the naked limb; but above all might pour one drop of Divine healcraft upon that most excruciating pain, that intensest misery, a suffering soul.'

He stood with folded arms thinking of those seventeen years, measuring them in their depth, measuring the misery of each day, of each hour, realising with every pulse of his heart that consecutive building up of the funeral pile. 'I cannot bear to think of it,' he exclaimed at last.

The little one was roused. She stared up at him:

'Won't she sing any more?'

'No, my dear, you shall come with me.'

'Oh no,' she laughed cunningly, 'thank you. Who are you? I do not know you. I shall go with her, even if you put her in the black hole down there, where I have seen so many put. She used to take me to that place sometimes, and she used to sing there on the graves. I'll find her there again, for she promised never to forget me, and she said, "Mad people never forget." Oh, she was an angel!'

Christian sat by the bed more upright than ever, and now and then might be heard single snatches of his favourite hymn.

'Christian, have you the papers?'

'Beg to report here they are. Beg to report, Professor, will she be left here?'

'No, *you* will take her home to Freiberg. I have no time to read these papers now; within a few hours I must order the coffin, get the doctor's certificate, go to the Consulate for assistance to send you over, and quickly return to the Major. Christian, I fear him, but I *cannot* leave *her* alone here with these people.'

'No, no, beg to report, Professor, I *would* not leave her. The little girl will eat nothing. What am I to do with her?'

'Nothing can possibly be done, her eyes tell me she is doomed. To separate her from the corpse would drive her brain into madness, to leave her here will be to let her pine away. Let her pine, there will be one more—she will die young; I am sure there is no help.' He caressed the soft hair of the little one; she shook off his hand. 'Who are you? I do not know you,' she said. 'She will sing no more, but she will wait for me.'

Holmann took a last survey of that desolate room; he secreted the papers about him, and tried to find some other token of former years. There was none: the miniature Mathilda Zollwitz had retained in her death struggle, and it had to be left her, so tightly had she grasped it. The rest, the few clothes, were given to the woman, who was asked kindly to nurse and watch the child, and she should be well rewarded.

'Ah, poor dear,' said the woman, 'in winter and summer them two went out, always to be singing in some outlandish spot; them two 'll go up yonder together, I knows it. She was crazy, and the young un

is the same. Hark, sir; do you hear *that*? They have found him, her follower—here they come with the stretcher. The Lord save and preserve us, it's awful, such doings! I cannot abear looking at him, for I did sometimes holler sharp like at him. What's come to the world? it's all gone stark staring crazy?'

She covered her head with her apron and ran into the shop parlour, and Holmann stepped out; could *he* do anything more here? They would bury that husk—gone to heap up the funeral pile—he could do no more. He went to plunge into business and life and dealing with sharp intellects and quick wits. Why, once out in Sloane Street in his cab, it seemed all a dream, that Chelsea Street. Surely that heap of human misery was all a mistake. He put his hand to his head: 'Ah, and what will follow? I know we are not at the end—I feel it. Cabman, for Heaven's sake be quick, I'm in a hurry—I'll pay doubly, trebly. Be quick, quick!'

Cabby stared: 'All right, sir. Got a screw loose—always is, when gents goes to such harum-scarum places.'

CHAPTER XXX.

VENGEANCE.

It was an ugly, hot, sultry day, that day of Holmann's visit to Chelsea. The sun shone not, it glared. Certes, that beneficent, softening, modifying mixture of gases called our atmospheric air was in a negative condition, since it allowed the solar rays to shoot down in fierce wantonness upon the earth and its peopling myriads.

Mary Zollwitz had sat by her uncle's side for some hours. The glare without meeting the hopeless sombreness within had benumbed her; she became absent, drowsy; nature had been exhausted and wanted rest. Mary's head fell back on the corner of the couch, her rich curls also fell back, and Mary was thrown into one of those heavy slumbers that last for hours, leaving the sleeper unconscious of all that was going on around her.

The Major took up the letters he had written, looked softly at Mary, went up to her, gently kissed her on her cheek, and left the room. He went to his own room and rang the bell. The bell was answered by the Swiss waiter, who could speak German.

'Jean, can I trust you?'

'Yes, sir. I think I know how to be discreet.'

'I want you to go out with me—go and ask leave—here are two sovereigns for yourself. Give those letters to Professor Holmann to-morrow morning—not before mind, Jean, *not before*. Call a cab.'

Major Zollwitz, in full uniform, the slight wound in his arm scarcely

healed, put a soldier's spacious cloak round him and stepped into the cab with Jean; he insisted that the waiter should go with him.

'Tell the coachman to drive to the next gunsmith's,' said the Major.

Into St. James's Street they drove, the Major and Jean entered a gunsmith's, and the Major selected two first-class revolvers and all necessaries. He did not load them. He looked at his watch: it was four o'clock in the afternoon.

'You can go back now, Jean,' he said. 'I have written to my friend Professor Holmann where I shall be to-morrow; but mind the letters are not handed to him till the morning. Will you carry out my wishes?'

Jean looked at the two sovereigns, and said, 'I will.'

The waiter left, and the Major said 'Knightsbridge' as well as he could. Off went the cab, rattling down Piccadilly among hundreds of other vehicles, small and great.

The Major showed the cabman an address, 'Crofton House,' and in a few minutes his cab stopped before it. During that time the revolvers had been loaded.

'Count d'Alvensleben?' the Major asked.

'Yes, sir.' And the foreign-looking officer, whom the servant did not recognise, was at once ushered into the study.

D'Alvensleben was writing—he looked up and saw Major Zollwitz; his eyes remained fixed on the Major's countenance, and slowly, slowly a cold creeping sensation came over the Count. He knew that the punishment for an evil deed was coming, coming surely.

'I don't speak much to such as you. Come and dress—the cab is waiting. We cannot do it here in England, nor there in Germany. I'll take you to France.'

'What do you mean, Major von Zollwitz?'

'Nothing. I lose no words—you know—come.'

'I will not.'

'Then we'll do it in your wife's house.'

'I shall call the servants and the police.'

'Do, and you will welter in your blood.'

'But why do you attack *me* now?'

'Why, *she* died last night in a wretched London street—you know *why*; my brother died seventeen years ago by his own hand—you know *why*; *you* killed them both and you shall die by *my* hand.'

'How did *I* kill them?'

'By foul dirty work *I* know, so do *you*. No more words. Come, or I'll blow your brains out here.'

Visions of the uproar and talk of such an affair came across D'Alvensleben's mind—he would trust to good fortune for an escape, and would go.

Both men stepped into the cab; the cabman was told 'Piccadilly'—

when arrived there, 'London Bridge.' At London Bridge these two entered the train to Dover and arrived there in the evening.

The Major took D'Alvensleben's arm, having put the revolvers in his capacious pocket, and keeping his hand on them. Never for an instant had there been a chance of escape. D'Alvensleben counted on the boat. They went on deck—the evening was dark—the spray flew up in surging, hissing foam, and, aimless, tumbled back again. Not aimless sat that determined man on deck, the Count's arm in his as in a vice. So the Major held him, now and then throwing a side look over him. They sat—

> While *Vengeance* in the lurid air
> Lifts her red arm exposed and bare,
> On whom that ravening brood of fate,
> Who lap the blood of sorrow, wait.
> Who, *Fear*, this ghastly train can see
> And look not madly wild like thee?

On those two men sitting there in the dusk of the lowering night on the deck of the steamer waited that ravening brood of fate, and ghastly did D'Alvensleben's face turn ever and anon upon that avenger next him.

They neared Calais. D'Alvensleben became hot and nervous. With a creaking grunt the boat stopped—they disembarked.

'Come outside the town.'

'Wait till the morning.'

'Not a minute.'

On the beach they could have been seen; D'Alvensleben shook: his tongue clung to the roof of his mouth, his hand trembled, his bad craven heart sickened.

'Stand there—here is the revolver—take it—fire as I do—while I hold you. Fire, or I shoot you down first and then myself. I'll let you die like a gentleman, you cur, if you have the courage.'

The Major roughly pulled his arm—crack! off went the revolver. At the same moment the Major had pulled *his* trigger; both men lay bathed in blood. Both were shot in the head.

This is no overpainting—such a duel really did take place.

A telegram flashed across from Dover to Calais: 'Arrest two gentlemen—come by to-night's steamer from Dover—one in uniform, the other in plain clothes.'

The Calais police were on the alert; but the steamer had discharged its passengers. As the sergent-de-ville and his superior were standing at the landing-place they heard a report of pistols—they rushed to the place on the beach where it came from, groping along in the darkness—too late, they found the two ghastly men in the death struggle.

Back flashed the telegram: 'Too late—found both gentlemen dead on beach—shot with revolvers. Send instructions.'

Professor Holmann and one of the principal London detectives were in the telegraph-office when this arrived. Holmann read it, screamed convulsively, 'Good God! all is over—my poor, poor Major!' reeled and fell. Every care was used, and when he reopened his eyes, kindly English faces were bending over him. All the man's energy returned.

'Quick, quick! let us save what we can. Come with me quick.' He addressed the detective.

'Please, sir, give those Frenchmen instructions first.'

Again flashed telegram: 'Keep quiet—some one will be over in the morning.'

Holmann directed the chief to send a trusty officer at once to Dover and thence by early boat to Calais, to keep matters quiet till they could both follow. 'I *must* first attend to the living innocent victims of this misery,' said he.

Mary had slept. Holmann had returned towards evening from Chelsea and found her sleeping still. At once he asked for the Major. Jean told him the Major had taken him in a cab to St. James's Street, had there bought two revolvers, sent him home, and driven away.

'Where to?'

'I do not know, sir.'

Holmann rushed to Lord Wharnton's. His Lordship had been in the country for two days. With a worse foreboding he drove to Knightsbridge. Count d'Alvensleben had driven out with a foreign officer, and had not returned to dinner.

'In a cab?'

'Yes, sir.'

Where to find that cab? Returning to the hotel, the Professor said:

'Jean, tell me, where did you fetch that cab?'

'From the stand in Piccadilly.'

'Go there with me and enquire.'

They both went; by this time it was late. Cab had not returned to stand; would send him to the hotel if he did.

Holmann drove to Scotland Yard—saw the chief—took a detective home with him. Mary was alarmed. Where was her uncle? What did the Professor think of it all?

'Cannot think, my sweet darling; can but be patient and act. Remember your dear, dear brother, Mary; don't waste *his* life—there has been waste enough.'

Mary overcame her anxiety and nervousness, and sat still. The hotel people became excited and anxious; they knew the detective—had him there before. What could it be? The money was safe; they paid like princes; it must be something else. Hoped there would be no disgrace to the house; respectable, very respectable name, nothing had ever happened there.

'Don't be foolish, Mr. Miller,' said the detective; 'got you out of a worse mess than this, with that Italian Countess and the American swell. Come, these people are first-class; let them manage their trouble and you keep quiet.'

A cab drove up to the hotel.

'Gentleman want me?'

'Yes,' answered the detective. You drove the officer to Knightsbridge?'

'All right, sir.'

'And took two gentlemen to——'

'To London Bridge—all right, sir—gent paid like a brick; gave a sov.—would take no change. Threw down sovs. to railway clerk—'cause I saw it—I went arter him to give him change. Took great care of other gent—looked mighty bad, crestfallen like. Officer wouldn't let him stir from his side; railway clerk had to send messenger arter him with change; never saw such a thing. Think he had too much tin. Took through tickets to Calais: everyone stared at them.'

'All right, my man, leave us your name and number, and don't ply on any other stand till you see me.'

'Thought it best to come at once, 'cause gent left this in cab.'

The man handed a beautiful signet ring to the detective, with two crossed swords engraved on it—the most determined sign of old German vengeance.

The detective and Holmann drove to the chief Telegraph Office, in Telegraph Street.

To station-master, Dover: 'Have you seen two gentlemen, one in uniform, one in plain clothes, arrive by evening train?'

'Yes, left for Calais in boat.'

'Telegraph over to Calais, to arrest both.'

'Done.'

The result we know. Holmann had heard it was too late, had succumbed for the moment, and revived to save what he could.

They drove back to the hotel.

'Mary, my darling, your uncle has taken his revenge on D'Alvensleben, who is supposed to have caused all the misfortune in your family. Come, look up at me, my sweet treasure, look me straight in the face. Can a woman have courage to bear quietly, without fuss and repining?'

'I can, dear Professor.'

'Your uncle is no more; in a hand-to-hand duel those two lie dead at Calais. Will you help me? You know who lies dead there in Chelsea.'

Mary threw her arms round her friend. 'Dear, dear Professor, why does God punish us so?'

'Why, I cannot tell; perhaps *some* have to bear the burden of

human life doubly, that others may escape. Think of your brother. Let *him* go free.'

'I will.'

The detective entered. 'A messenger from Lady Julia Crofton. Count d'Alvensleben had not returned, had driven away with a foreign officer; she supposed it to be Major Zollwitz. Was the Count there at the hotel?'

Holmann gave answer that he would see Lady Crofton within half an hour.

Holmann and the detective drove to Crofton House. Lady Julia, a little flushed, received the Professor in her drawing-room, while the detective waited in the cab. She looked up.

'What is the matter, sir? you look despairing.'

'There is no despair when all is over.'

'What do you mean? Speak plainly, if you please; I hate enigmas, they are vulgar. Where is the Count, my husband?'

'Not in England.'

'Not in England? but he left this house but a few hours ago.'

'He lies dead on the beach at Calais, having been shot in a duel with Major Zollwitz.'

'Count d'Alvensleben?'

'Yes, Lady Crofton. Do you want to know why? I think not.'

'No, no, no. Can this be kept quiet?'

'I think it may be—I shall try hard.'

'I want to know nothing, hear nothing. It was despicable and mean to have deceived me so. I hate all noise, all rush, all newspaper flurry, I could not bear it. I married the Count, because he was the most discreet man I knew and handsome; he has behaved well, and now he cheats me at a blow. I shall go to-morrow to Italy—give up this house at once: I have faithful people around me, and my own fortune. I will touch nothing belonging to such a man. Here is my lawyer's address in Lincoln's Inn. Pray make any communication to him, or to the Count's family, but I forbid you, sir, to make any to *my* family: ours is an English nobleman's house, and we harbour no human vermin. Good evening, sir.'

Holmann said nothing; he bowed and withdrew—that woman would have *her* day, he felt.

CHAPTER XXXI.

RESULTS.

> Night's sepulchre, the universal home,
> Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue sunk supine
> Alike in naked helplessness reeline.

NIGHT, black night, met Holmann as he went from Crofton House, sunk back in utter helplessness in his cab. Go to Chelsea he must, for the morrow had new sorrows for him, and Christian must have instructions. That drive was a death's drive, that halt before the shop in Chelsea a moral death-struggle: for the first time in his life courage left the Professor. 'Would I had never come!' he mentally ejaculated. And then the little crazy girl and the mad suicide rose before his vision—if *they* could cling to that poor dead friend, could he not, who had loved her from youth upward; whose soul she had enchained like that of others; who had been her brother's college friend, her devoted though hopeless admirer, and who had, with her image in his heart, remained unwedded all his life? To have closed her eyes in death, to have heard that unconscious question at death's door, 'Won't you sing any more, ma'am?' reminding him of that delicious voice, the kindest gift of nature, was such a strange mixture of sad consolation, that with a trembling hand Holmann wiped away a tear. And then his sadness took a wider range, as all things will with large imaginative minds, who may often fail in the *little* when they grasp the *great*. Over ages swept that philosophical spirit, ever seeking for causes, for combinations, and just deductions. He saw wise Socrates the Greek drain the hemlock chalice in his bare prison, and its numbing effects creep up from his feet to his heart, while friends stood weeping by; he saw the divine sufferer Christ on the Roman cross, and His mother mourning at its foot; he saw early Christians thrown to the wild beasts in the Roman Amphitheatre, and the populace shouting; he saw Huss burnt at Constance, and wild soldiers stir up the fire; he saw Savonarola strangled in the monastic cell, and Pope Alexander smile at the news; he saw Christopher Columbus in the coffin, his chains by his side, and Spanish grandees gloat over the new-found gold; he saw sweet Camoens die in the Lisbon hospital, his old servant beg bread in the streets for his master, and Portugal look on unconcerned; he saw noble Cranmer hold his hand in the burning pile, and fanatical Mary be satisfied at his condemnation; he saw philosophical Condorcet drink the hidden poison in the village prison of Clamar—all, all had but one meaning for him, the sacrifice *humanity* demands. 'Those and others we know of, because their deaths wrought great ends; but the thousands and millions we know not of,

that fall away the victims of social combinations—one more lies here'—for Holmann just stopped before the odds and ends shop—'another in Calais. Where shall it end? Can joy only leave its mark upon mankind to bring sorrow in its train?'

The woman had to be called up. Christian had improvised a couch on the floor by his poor mistress's side, and the little girl was still cowering by the bed in sleepless watchfulness.

What news for Christian? His master dead, lying in France shot, having punished that subtle, cunning serpent that had seventeen years ago stealthily planned Mathilda Zollwitz's social ruin, in order to get her into his serpent-fangs—devoured as he was with the unlawful desire of possessing her!

'Christian, I leave in the course of the coming day for Calais. The coffin will be here to-morrow night; have it all done properly, and then wait till you hear from me. The woman must be paid well to allow you to remain a few days longer. I have enquired, we can do nothing for that poor shabby man's body, but decent burial; that shall be done. The police are trying to find out his lodging; we may be able to trace his former whereabouts and name, for he was a German. Would to God that so many of our countrymen did not think gold could be picked up in London streets! Christian, I almost regret having come, and yet we closed *her* eyes; but that other tragedy—it is dreadful! I must endeavour to save the name. And poor dear Mary, she bears up wonderfully, but I am much afraid that her young life will be undermined.'

Holmann made Christian uncover *her* face, looked upon it for the last time, stroked the poor little wan cheek that was watching by its dead friend, and departed.

Christian could not even sing his hymn; the great trust was still there, but it could find no words; mutely it appealed from the old soldier's heart to that power above for support!

Holmann came back to Dover Street in the middle of the night. Jean was sitting up for him and gave him the letters the Major had entrusted to him. He had earned his money.

'Why did you not give me those before?'

'I was ordered not to.'

'What, when you knew the trouble the Major's absence caused us. Most likely you were paid for it. Strange ideas of trust there are!'

'I did my duty, as I promised.'

Holmann looked at Jean as a curious specimen.

Mary was there, in tears; she put her arm around her friend in dumb despair; he sat down for a few minutes by her.

Yearning they sat
Sadly.
Weeping they met
Lovingly.

Mourning the lost
Tremblingly.
Loving them most
Hopingly.

'Mary, I must write to the Damers; remember, we were to have seen them to-morrow.'

'Ah, yes. What will you say?'

'The truth to such noble-minded people, that tragic circumstances have occurred which will force us to remain but a few days longer here, and then leave for our home, and that these tragic circumstances include the Major's death.'

Mary's tears flowed.

'Mary, darling, you are my inheritance from your mother. Mary, Mary, *I* loved her first—I loved her early in the brightest part of my life—she trusted me as a brother, and drove the first pang into my heart by telling me of the love a prince had for her, asking my help. I saw her before your father did, and I have been faithful to that love ever. Mary, let me see you bear up, and live *her image*.'

Mary smiled incredulously, but satisfied the Professor by promising to go to rest.

The weary man took up the Major's letters and read.

He took up the first:

'Professor Holmann,—You have been dear to our family for years, you have shared our misfortune honourably. For one thousand years has our family maintained an unbroken thread of rectitude, and has now been covered with the black spots of crime. Thank God, *she* can rest in her husband's grave; take her there—promise me that. You know how our business matters stand, you know in whose hands they are, you know that great wealth will come to those children if all goes right. My will and all necessary papers are at Torgau. I enclose here a letter which I found among a bundle of old letters that I have always carried with me as the last writings of my beloved brother. When I began to suspect that some mystery was kept from me, and when you assured me that that Lord had nothing to do with Mathilda von Zollwitz's disappearance, then all my old suspicions revived. I had once before nearly completed the chain against D'Alvensleben—a few links were always wanting. They are complete. Evidently for his own purposes he destroyed my brother's confidence in his wife, that had been somewhat shaken by so many admirers surrounding her. I write composedly because I am determined. In this world you see me no more. Do you know what family honour means? Man, friend, almost brother, do you know what an ennobling thing it is to bear such a name as ours? Then know that to me that name is worth more than life. Not to debase that name before vulgar curiosity at Berlin, I buried it, myself, and the children in obscurity. Ha! it shall shine again bright and spotless, for I'll rub off the rusty spots with the blood of our

destroyer. When you read this D'Alvensleben and I will be no more! God bless the children!'

'That is already fulfilled,' groaned the Professor.

He took up the enclosure.

'By God,' he exclaimed, 'this is D'Alvensleben's handwriting disguised. How could Herr von Zollwitz not have noticed it when he received it?'

'Dear Friend,—This is the third time I write and send you warning; your happiness has been undermined—your wife has listened to the overtures of guilty passion. Go and watch this evening in the covered walk to the right of the "Schlossgarten," during the *fête*—you will see something—and have to thank a friend for the kindly warning.'

'Ha!' exclaimed the Professor, 'and the Prince told me that he had been enticed, goaded on to that meeting. Lord Wharnton never appeared at that *fête*, and D'Alvensleben watched, watched that whole night near Zollwitz, driving him to despair by his innuendoes. Oh, I cannot pursue it further now, but I know at home I shall find the proofs of his entire guilt.'

In a third paper followed a number of instructions, referring to the property, to Hermann and Mary, and the steps that were to be taken to bury the Major in the vault at home.

Holmann's head sunk on his arm and rested on the table—so he remained: a couple of hours' troubled sleep nature demanded, and had it. Like a drunken drowsy man he stared at the glimmering morning light—surely the shadows came thicker than ever.

The detective came early with a telegram from Calais, that the police had taken the bodies and revolvers into their care and that all publicity had been avoided.

Uneasily Holmann walked up and down. How much was he to tell that detective? He dreaded to compromise D'Alvensleben's name, as there were English connections. The solicitor's name occurred to him.

'Do you know this gentleman?'

'First-rate firm. We have little to do with them, they are not in our line—Chancery lawyers—but Mr. Ross is a very clever man.'

Mary entered. 'How pale you are, Mary. Would you like to go to the Damers?'

'No, no; their bright healthful life would oppress me. Leave me here near you.'

A short consultation with the detective and a rendezvous for two o'clock. At eleven o'clock Professor Holmann stood in the outer office in Lincoln's Inn, and sent in his card with a remark in pencil 'Sent by Lady Julia Crofton—pressing.'

It was enough; Mr. Ross received him at once.

Mr. Ross measured his man: a new genus—had not yet come under his cognizance—would wait the result.

'I scarcely know how and where to begin, sir; but it seems to me few words are necessary with a man of your experience. I have come here to tell you that Count d'Alvensleben, Lady Julia Crofton's husband, lies dead at Calais.'

'Good God! I saw him yesterday; gave instructions for a new will.'

'Which he won't make now. There was an old family feud in Germany; a Prussian officer came to this country, met the Count, called him to account, and they went to Calais to settle it; that was done, for both are dead. I am the representative of that officer's family.'

Mr. Ross looked very hard at the Professor, and then said slowly, very slowly:

'I—understand—don't say any more, sir—I see it pains you. I understand. I told Lady Julia to enquire.'

'You mistake, outward circumstances were most favourable—standing and means unexceptionable.'

'Then it was the inner man; that is just what I mean, my dear sir. Let us see, here among my letters is one from Lady Julia. Pardon me.' Mr. Ross opened the letter and read:

'Dear Sir,—I beg to inform you that Count d'Alvensleben is dead. Please to make all necessary arrangements with a gentleman who will call on you. He must not be buried in English earth, nor must it be known to my family how he died. The man was not worth my hand—he deceived me. You said he would. I go to Italy, and shall have left when you receive my letter. Discharge the servants instantly; leave Jones in the house to pack up a few valuables I have mentioned in the list I enclose. Quietly and privately dispose of house and furniture. When new people are in it, I shall not be talked about. I shall draw on Drummond's bank as usual. I am going to Como in the first place. Do not trouble me with instructions; the Count's papers go to his family. Give none my address—I *will* not write to them. Do your best and place money to my account, and never by any chance mention that man again to me. In future I am, as I always have been,

'Yours truly and obediently,

'JULIA CROFTON.

'P.S.—Say he went suddenly abroad, was taken ill and died, and I left in consequence. No, say nothing; he is not worth it; let him pass away like chaff.'

'I read you the letter, as I can in this case have no secrets from you. What do you wish me to do, my dear sir? I see you are almost worn out.'

'I am. I shall go to-night to Calais with a detective, from there to

Paris, see our ambassador, make arrangements to keep the matter strictly *sub rosa*, and then return to London.'

'May I be allowed a remark? You scarcely appear to me used to such work. I have still to hear how the affair came off in Calais. Come now, take me with you. I might manage to be a day away; then I can hear the whole on the way. According to Lady Julia's instructions, Count d'Alvensleben's body is to be interred where his friends desire.'

'His family ought to be apprised of it.'

'Will you undertake that, sir?'

'Yes. How about his property?'

'It is curious he lately sold out his stock and invested it in Berlin; there you will have to find it. His share of the house property may go under Lady Julia's name and so avoid law difficulties that would bring up his name. But, my dear sir, I beg of you to go home and take some rest before we start.'

Holmann had to follow this advice—his head reeled with excitement.

Again three passengers went over to Calais: Mr. Ross, Holmann, and the detective; again the spray surged up and fell back again; but not again were the heavens lowering upon humanity. Holmann looked up into that starlit sky, his favourite constellation, vulgarly called 'Charles's wain,' stood right before him, and in the mutely-speaking language of those unknown bodies he found that softening and strengthening expression of sympathy which lifted him from earth's despairing round of ill to something pure and bright, though unknown. Could he have seen it he would have found poor Mary looking up in Dover Street to that same, that noblest of all constellations, the very sign of invigorating hope.

Calais was reached. Holmann had informed Mr. Ross of all that was needful. Mr. Ross was a very clever man—but Mr. Ross was more; Mr. Ross had a leaning to great minds and big hearts, and Mr. Ross had taken a wonderful liking to that pale German professor, with spectacles over his lustrous eyes, who spoke English so correctly and precisely. Mr. Ross said little, but Holmann felt that in those quiet unobtrusive business men of London a fund of intellect lay hidden, which needed but the brightening influence of a more general education and the cultivation of larger social sympathies to show the world that England was *not* going back in intellectual strength.

Those three stood before the sad spectacle at last in the dead-house at Calais. Pity for inherited rashness was Holmann's principal feeling on looking at the Major's remains. Sterne's short epitaph, 'Alas, poor Yorick!' and that other, whilom to be seen in the churchyard of Waltham Abbey over the remains of the last Saxon King of England, 'Eheu, infelix Harold!' were most appropriate here.

Courteous as the French authorities are in affairs of romance, so were they to Holmann and Mr. Ross. The then Prussian Ambassador

procured, on Holmann's urgent appeal, a strict ministerial police order, that all should be done to allow the remains to be quietly removed to Germany, as the necessary depositions to verify the bodies had been made, and there being no accuser, the public procureur would take no notice of the matter. Holmann had through a Prussian attaché at Paris communicated the Count's death to his family, and they had telegraphed back that some one was on the road to take the body in charge and remove it quietly to a family vault on one of the estates.

'The Times' had the following, under the heading of deaths:

'Suddenly, abroad, Augustus William, Count d'Alvensleben.'

It was the shortest notice possible.

The detective remained in Calais till the Major's body should be sent for.

Professor Holmann and Mr. Ross returned home, and arrived in Dover Street; Mary received them, and when the English lawyer saw that resigned spiritual face, and received those simple words of thanks, 'We thank you, sir,' something like great humanity was stirred in his breast; he could not trust his eyes for a minute or two, and he squeezed that little white hand tenderly, for there in Kensall Green lay the owner of just such another little hand—once very dear to him.

Says Klopstock's Ode:

> Jünglinge schlummern hin, und Greise bleiben
> Wach. Es schleichet der Tod nun hier, nun dort hin,
> Hebt die Sichel, eilt, dass er schneide, wartet
> Oft nicht der Aehre.[1]

CHAPTER XXXII.

LOVE'S FLAG.

MILTON begins 'Il Penseroso'

> Hence, vain deluding joys;

and 'L'Allegro'

> Hence, loathed melancholy.

Of the first he says:

> But hail, thou goddess sage and holy!

Of the last he proclaims:

> But come, thou goddess fair and free!

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[1] Youths fall asleep, and old men remain
Awake. And Death doth creep, now here, now there,
Lifts the sickle, hastens, that he may cut, waits
Often not for the ripened ear.

And both encircle us for ever, and both whirl in sad and in gladsome flights for ever round mortal life; borne down in heaviness, uplifted in joy—

> Oh! thoughtless mortals, ever blind to fate,
> Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.

How far will your imagination reach? Will you come with us, swing yourself off from this planet's revolving axis, and hang in space? You nor I can do it bodily, but we may spiritually; our imagination *may* reach beyond worldly needs, and worldly desires, above joy and melancholy. Come, imagine yourself above our planet; look down upon it: there it revolves, this oblong, rounded body; this mass of concentrated gaseous matter—nothing more; this regulated, striving power of unknown forces; this habitation of organised beings, whose wills and actions are held down to that habitation's sphere, and whose thoughts may rise into immensity, into the idea of eternity, into that which we are doing now—into space!

You see it, clothed in bright, fresh green, interspersed by fluid matter, strengthened by layers of stony substance—you see it, the ever-changing home of birth and death, of joy and melancholy, of sunshine and storm, of hatred and love! And what is it that holds it there in its place; holds it firm in position, ever revolving, ever moving, ever active, ever creating, ever changing—never still, never dead, never slothful—doing its appointed work, going its appointed sphere—what is it that keeps it there, shone on by the sun, lit up by the moon, softened by the stars, in unison with them all, not able to exist without them, but forming one more link to that eternal, ever-co-existing corollary of creations—what is it? One power—'attraction!' Well may you and I study that word, and turn it over and over, and look at it all ways. It pervades the universe, it holds the various heavenly bodies in place, it fixes their inhabitants to their abodes, it brings purpose into chaos, it unites creation, it maintains it, for it peoples the world—'it is Love's Flag.'

A young heart led by an old head has tried—only tried, as was said before—to write a romance. What is romance writing? Is it merely the rapid succession of social scenes to be led across the reader's mind, but half conscious of their meaning; or is it the touchstone for thought and imagination? He has thought and imagined honestly: in thinking, has he excited thought? in imagining, has he excited imagination? If he has not, then he has daubed, not painted. The author is young, he values criticism, he believes in it; he has listened to the kindly criticism of many and taken it to heart; he is ready to wait patiently to be understood by others who have not yet seen his drift; he remembers that Sterne 'would kiss the hand of the generous critic' and that Pope said 'critics from heaven must derive their light;' he cherishes the upright commendation, and regards the candid blame; and he thinks that surely the honest man and gentleman

will not soil his pen from possible personal motives, to detract from what he has already praised—not because he has to fear, but because it might mislead him in the estimation of his strength and the *reader* in that of his intention! The writer must write, the critic judge according to their lights—and neither must mislead. Romance must touch everywhere where thought can go, for on thought is built the conception of life; and romance is to paint *life*—paint it daintily, rather exciting than overgorging the reader's fancy—life everywhere, ancient and modern, spiritual and realistic. Oh, let us avoid the cant that would refuse to romance a wider field, forsooth because that field belongs only to him who has dipped a little deeper beyond the surface on some single subject; let romance be large-hearted and high-souled, and speed us on our way!

From Halle streamed the students—the vacation had begun; some drove off in parties singing a favourite chorus; others, humbler, took their knapsack on their back, their staff in their hand, waved a cheery adieu to some fair face behind white muslin curtains, and went on a wandering tour to the Hartz mountains, or Saxon Switzerland, or the Rhinelands, or some southern place; others more methodical, started by train with orderly luggage to opulent homes; some few stayed behind, dreaming of homes they had not, or anxiously plodding for some time longer over their books. Zollwitz sat in his room, moody and dispirited; he had reached for that 'flag of love,' and it was exercising its power upon him; it was waving him on, on, where the beloved object dwelled. There was surely something the matter with Halle, it seemed so prosaic; the club of the Enthusiasts was broken up, friends all had left; he had seen the rector and professors, and been kindly readmitted to his classes; and he knew that he ought to study hard for a couple of months, to expedite his degree. The classics seemed tough, mathematics flat, history out of date, philosophy stale and trite—it would not do; there *would* come up that soft green sward in the London park, the light foliaged trees, the gay riders, and he one of them, glancing down into those brown eyes with a touch of the gazelle and the deer in them; the moon *would* rise right before him over the shadowy leaves in the Square garden, and a soft silvery voice close to him say: 'Do you laugh because we are fond of you, Mr. Zollwitz?' It would not do—he sprang up; stout Luther, dreading the tempter in the castle of Wartburg, threw his inkstand at him on the opposite wall; and bold, restless Zollwitz dashed Tacitus, Locke and Descartes on the floor all in a row.

'I have been in Halle five days; I must to Torgau; Holmann has not been here; what will they say? And then I must go back—I was so abrupt, so stupid—I said so little. And if some one else approached her? The mere idea is madness; but what *can* I do—what have I to offer? Nothing; can a *man* come only with his

father's goods in his hands? no, I never will. I *dare* not ask her love, her hand, till I can stand before her on my own ground, supported by my own deserts. I do not want her goods; I want her, and she must take me for what I am worth. What do *I* care for tradition! Let us make tradition daily, hourly. Shall I go to Torgau first?' (the flag was frantically waving all the time). 'No, I will not; I must go back again, I must see her once more; I must explain and I must be assured that she will wait, or I cannot work and shall surely go mad!'

Thought and action performed the process of lightning in Zollwitz's frame; in the evening he sat in the railway carriage to go by the quickest route to Ostend. A couple of days later he drove as fast as the Hansom would carry him to Eaton Square, and saw William at the corner of the Square; out he jumped, and nearly upset the young man's mind, standing before him so abruptly.

'Is Mr. Damer's family still in town, William?'

'Beg pardon, sir, where do you come from? Oh! I am so glad. Beg pardon, sir, Mr. Damer is; Mrs. Damer, Miss Ethel, and Master Harry left yesterday morning for Suffolk, because Mr. Damer was afraid that Miss Ethel would wish to nurse her brother, who is very ill with the brain-fever, and would catch it herself. So he sent all the family away and stayed behind himself, till Mr. Harrowby should be out of danger. Beg pardon, sir, do take me with you.'

'Thank you, William. Good-bye.' In jumped Zollwitz back into the Hansom: 'To the Great Eastern Railway, quick,' he called to the man.

'Please, sir, please your——' but the words were lost; poor William wanted to communicate the arrival of Zollwitz's friends; the cab was gone.

Newstead Hall had been born to renewed freshness; gracefully it lay in the green frame of its richly timbered surroundings. Here they were all, the friends of 'this blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this England.' Here flourished the oak and the chestnut, the beech and the sycamore, the lime and the elm, the graceful willow, the proud poplar, and the hanging larch; here the stunted northern pine looked up to the dark cedar of Lebanon, and one was vying with the other to form the background to that pleasant home of the Damers.

Out came Ethel, with book in hand, wandering over the green sward up to the copses, on to the wooden bridge, looking down into the lucid rivulet as it skipped over its sharp pebbly bed; the afternoon shadows flitted over the grass, and the dreamy youthful leaves cozened with the sunrays for more warmth and light and life. Ethel had positively grown; her walk had become more stately; her *maintien* more self-assured—that slight touch of the 'flag' had ennobled her whole being, and evidently given ambition to her mind. Ever dainty in her dress, she seemed to have become more dainty still; as if to please some other eyes, though they were far away. Toward the river-side Ethel

wandered, where the road led round to the hall; she heard wheels pass at a distance, and looked dreamily beyond the trees to the spot from where the sound came. It died away; perhaps it was some one for the hall, perhaps some news from her brother. A deer stood by her, looking up trustingly and snatching the green twig from her hand; suddenly a quick, impatient step broke through the underwood from the road-side; Ethel started, looked up—Hermann Zollwitz was before her.

Where were all the resolutions gone to, that he would speak out? Where? The flag's behests were realised—it rested lazily on its accomplished work, it had brought the two together. Ethel was at that moment the braver of the two.

'Mr. Zollwitz!' she said faintly.

'Miss Ethel!' he answered more faintly still. And then he took in the whole charm of that sweet image before him; he could have snatched at the prize, he could have carried it off aloft, like knight of old; he could have challenged the world to gainsay that prize's worth. Fear took hold of him, the fear of losing it; and *fear* not *love* loosened tongue; love was satisfied, the two were together, it was enough; where love reigns truly, faith responds; and no flowery phraseology will gain a heart that has not been given spontaneously.

'Miss Ethel, the other day I ventured, oppressed by the sense of my unworthiness, to tell you in a few broken words in my mother tongue that I loved you; I asked but to be remembered, I asked you but to wait. I had nothing to offer—I have no more to-day. I have come back from Halle, from my University, where I mean to finish my studies, because a dread took hold upon me that I might lose you. Miss Ethel—here I am; here I bring my life and soul. I do not know what goods I can bring—do goods marry goods? Was it so always? If I bring my life, may I—oh, may I ask yours? I want nothing, nothing but yourself; I want you to think with me, to work with me, to be my own, my equal! Miss Ethel, here I proclaim it—my equal in all! Not to be caressed and fondled and treated daintily, but to reign supreme in my heart, to be my companion, to be my helper, to be my staff! To be one! My life will be an arduous one, it aims high—will you share it? Work will have to be done! *We* cannot rest on luxurious idleness; as that sun does its appointed work so must we; will you, will you help me? I cannot beg for love, it is not in me—I offer mine and I ask yours—oh, look at me!'

Ethel, almost frightened by that impassioned address—Ethel did look at him, looked into his glorious blue eyes; he grasped her hands, he held them to him, he pressed them almost painfully in his own, he covered them with the warm kisses from his hot lips; and he was gone—gone through the rustling underwood, the deer chasing him all the way.

Ethel's first thought was, does he know *they* are in London? meaning the Professor, Major, and Mary; it was too late, Zollwitz was out of earshot.

'Ethel, Ethel, you naughty girl to run away by yourself. Pray, Miss, who was that speaking to you, and rushing off like that?' said Harry, coming up breathlessly.

'Some one, Harry, who wanted to speak to me.'

'Some one, Miss; look at your red face. Who was some one, Ethel? You are playing me false; it won't do, because,' and Harry whispered in her ear, 'because I am but a boy, and I'll kill you! Ethel, for Heaven's sake, tell me, was it Zollwitz?'

'Harry'—love gave strength, though the boy frightened her—'Harry, and if it had been, can you not follow his instructions better than by giving way to immoderate passion and suspicion? If you cannot, then you were unworthy to have been with such a superior spirit as Zollwitz's. Come, let us see your mamma, she is wiser than either of us!'

Harry was cowed: 'That is all very well, but it's a horrid shame.'

Ethel's book had fallen to the ground; she picked it up, and chance would have it that her eyes fell on the lines:

Yes, love indeed is light from heaven;
A spark from that immortal fire,
With angels shared, by Allah given,
To lift from earth our low desire:
Devotion wafts our mind above,
But heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A ray of Him who form'd the whole,
A glory circling round the soul!

[*To be continued.*]

SPAIN SINCE THE SEPTEMBER REVOLUTION.

ON September 17, 1868, the Admiral Topete, commander of the squadron of the royal navy stationed off Cadiz, declared himself in insurrection, and his defection was followed by the revolt of the entire city, with its extensive arsenals, the most valuable in Spain. On the 21st of the same month the important port of Santander, at the other extremity of the kingdom, had followed the example of Cadiz; and though, three days after, the royal troops, under General Calonge, succeeded in recovering the town, events, meantime, had progressed and were progressing which more than neutralised this local victory. The flame of revolution which within a few days had leaped from Andalusia to Old Castile was advancing with the rapidity of a prairie fire throughout the country, and where it passed the ensigns of the old authority existed no longer. The whole fleet joined in the *pronunciamiento* of its favourite admiral. The resistance of the army, already undermined by the agencies of years, dissolved before the influence of leaders so popular as Serrano, Duke de la Torre, and Prim, Marquis de Castillejos, after the dead O'Donnell the hero of the Moorish war. It was in vain that Gonzalez Bravo, the premier of a government doomed to destruction, hastened to despatch from the capital whatever soldiers could be mustered in defence of the dynasty under Pavia y Lacy, Marquis of Novaliches, a staunch *Borbonist*, whose family name recalls the memory of days when the banished chivalry of Ireland led the forlorn hopes of a continent. It was again a forlorn hope, and fated to failure, which was entrusted to this Spanish descendant of the Irish Lacys. The decisive battle of the Bridge of Alcolea, fought on September 28, saw the total defeat of the royal forces and the fall of their stout old chief, severely wounded, while heading his troops for a final rush over those fatal arches, enfiladed by hidden riflemen, against which his artillery had fruitlessly played since the morning. Within a week Isabella the Second had fled across the frontier, and the Duke de la Torre was in Madrid. On October 7 Prim entered the capital in state. At the palace of the government he took occasion to declare, as he embraced Serrano

before the assembled people, that it was by the co-operation of those trusty allies, Serrano and Topete, that the revolution had triumphed. On the following day the list of the provisional government showed the names of Serrano as President, and Prim and Topete respectively as Ministers of War and Marine. To-day there is no longer one of that formidable triumvirate at the head of affairs. Prim, the idol of those Spanish Prætorians whose swords have made and unmade governments for half a century, has fallen a victim to undiscovered assassins. Serrano and Topete have both been driven reluctantly, and not without bitter reproaches, from the helm of the State. Of the irresistible combination which overturned in a fortnight the throne of the Catholic Sovereigns, there no longer remains a visible vestige. We have thought the moment opportune for considering the nature and the work of the last Spanish revolution.

As a concrete result, it was the coalition of the *Unionists*, *Progressists*, and *Democrats*, or as we should call them, Conservative Liberals, Advanced Liberals, and Radicals, that made that revolution. The difference of views between the Unionists represented by Serrano, and the Progressists whose chief was Prim, had long delayed its accomplishment. It was the Democrats, however, who had been the most distinctly necessary, while, as their opinions were the most extreme, the difficulty of compromise was the greatest. More attached to principles than greedy of place, the Democratic leaders had rejected every overture which did not imply the recognition of their favourite theory, and had persistently made the replacement of the hereditary monarchy by the popular will, *la soberania nacional*, the fundamental condition of their active alliance. It was nothing to them that the monarch should remain the puppet of a soldier-ministry, conservative or liberal. They insisted on being allowed to overturn thrones as constitutionally as administrations. To conciliate their indomitable temper, Prim erased the name of Queen Isabella from the standards of his party. Events proved that the erasure was interpreted by the majority of the Democrats as a pledge of the abolition of royalty itself. The Unionists and Progressists were to be found among the middle classes, and in the naval and military services. The strength of the Democrats, without excluding many adherents among the same classes of society as the other parties, lay above all in the masses of the town population, *los obreros*, the avowed and natural sympathisers with French ideas according to the sense of the *ouvriers* of France.

If, however, at the actual epoch of the September revolution, it might be as invidious to try to decide which of the revolutionary elements did the most of the movement, as to try to decide which blade of a scissors does the most of the cutting, the case is very different at an earlier stage of the fermentation. The most efficacious way for rendering revolutions possible is, beyond all comparison, rendering constitutionalism impossible. It can be the boast of the Progressist

party that, beyond all rivals, outstripping all emulation, they made constitutionalism impossible. We do not seek to impugn their motives. They may have been influenced by the loftiest motives. We only state their method. Election after election took place in Spain. The Progressists resolutely declined to take part in the elections. They disdained the example of the French Liberals who, commencing with a minority of five members, were steadily working to convert that minority into a majority. Ignoring the constitution, they left themselves no resource but revolution, unless they were prepared to accept the doom of political extinction, and this was the very doom which the Progressists had least thought to accept. Their policy was decided by the military predilections of their leader, Don Juan Prim, a rifle-and-grapeshot politician, who believed himself a Spanish Cromwell, and who, for the rest, had exhibited throughout an adventurous career the singular fatality of successively turning against every hand which had loaded him with favours. Espartero had made him a colonel. In 1843 he pronounced against Esparto, and the vigour with which he pacified the city of Reuss, his own birthplace, on behalf of Narvaez, deserved for him at the hands of Narvaez the title of Conde de Reuss. Abandoning Narvaez, he courted the favour of O'Donnell, through whom he obtained command in that Moorish campaign which was worth to him the Marquisate of Castillejos, and to O'Donnell the Dukedom of Tetuan. With exemplary impartiality, he next became the foe of O'Donnell, concluding by feeling it his duty to draw against his queen the sword of honour on whose hilt he had magnificently sworn an allegiance above fear and above suspicion. His was, in truth, a peculiarly unprejudiced mind. His direction of the Progressists was the final pledge that the advanced Liberals of the country were definitely committed to the policy of reforming the State by the drastic measures of conspiracy culminating in military seduction and military insurrection. The same circumstance definitely committed every Spanish government, naturally reactionary or not, to the stern necessities of inflexible repression. It was another exemplification of the tame, trite truth, *Inter arma, silent leges.* On June 21, 1865, O'Donnell became the head of the administration. No one has ever confounded the illustrious marshal with illiberality. This did not, however, prevent the Progressists from seeking to overthrow the government in the January of 1866 by the military conspiracy of Aranjuez, and again, on the terrible 22nd of June in the same year, by the military conspiracy of Madrid. On that dreadful morning which saw a regiment of the garrison imbrue their hands in the blood of their own officers, and a park of thirty pieces of artillery in the power of the insurgents, it was believed for some hours that the cause of the monarchy was lost. By the evening, the influence and genius of the head of the cabinet, assisted by the patriotism of a number of distinguished generals, had succeeded in averting the danger. But there

was one thing which could not be averted—a policy of precaution. Could liberty of the press be advocated, it was asked, while soldiers were incited to turn the public arms against the public authority? Could the right of meeting be approved, while the assemblage of multitudes might mean the gathering of insurgents? It is the old, old story of revolt and reaction. On the morrow of that bloody day O'Donnell had to assure the Cortes that the law would be vindicated against lawless combinations. With a voice interrupted by emotion, the old warrior-statesman uttered these words: 'The government believes it necessary to suspend the constitutional guarantees, and asks the authorisation of the representatives of the country. It is the universal feeling that after what has happened it is impossible to leave society without protection. I wish for liberty; I wish for it to-day as I wished for it yesterday, as I have ever wished since I defended it with my sword on the fields of battle. But to have liberty we must have society.' A tide of alarmed conservatism set in. It proved too strong for the Duke of Tetuan. A thousand imperilled interests insisted that had the government been less liberal, treason would have been less daring. Within eighteen days from the explosion of the Progressist insurrection, Marshal Narvaez had been borne to office by the reactionary wave. Sadly and forbodingly O'Donnell and his friends had to bow to the inevitable triumph of a policy in which the preservation of order silenced every other consideration. This was how the Progressists were making revolution possible by making a liberal administration impossible. In the August of 1867 another unsuccessful rising took place in Arragon and Catalonia. O'Donnell died on the 5th of November of the same year. On the 23rd of the succeeding April his great rival, Narvaez, followed to the grave. For two years his iron hand in the civil world, his influence among the soldiery as a marshal of Spain, had suppressed every turbulent manifestation. No reactionist by conviction, he had believed himself entitled to say only a few days before his death: 'Order has now struck such roots in Spain, and its enemies have received such blows, that we shall soon be able to drop the policy we have had to follow.' But he died, and a civilian premier, Gonzalez Bravo, found himself in presence of an irreconcilable opposition, sworn to pursue unconstitutional action, and an army accustomed above all things to obey the beck of some military favourite. Not daring to relax a single precaution, not daring to admit one guarantee of freedom which might also be a guarantee of revolt, the ministry found themselves impelled from one unpopular step to another, and felt, without being able to help themselves, that they were doing the work of the Progressistas. The hour at length came, and quickly, when Prim and the able men who surrounded him were able to say to all discontented parties, to all moderate opponents who deplored while they knew not how to remedy the public condition, to Montpensier whose ambitions nursed the hereditary treason of Orleans to the ties of

blood, to Serrano who had ridden by O'Donnell's side against the insurgents of Madrid, 'See, we have made the situation untenable; the radicals are entirely ours; the army is divided in our favour; the leaders of the fleet are in our confidence; if need were, we would prevent the introduction of reforms for years; even without you the soldiers may win the victory for us; only by a junction with us can an end be put to the present disasters.' Perhaps an end was not put to the disasters. But an end was put to the old order of things. To those who not only approve the results of the September revolution, but believe that results can justify the most reprehensible means, who have no thought of the crookedness of the ways so long as the goal has been attained, there can be nothing but good in the devious policy of the Progressists. To those, however, who look with horror on desperate conspiracy, on civil bloodshed, on the seduction of soldiers from their allegiance, on the perpetuating to another generation of the old régime of military *pronunciamientos*, the thought will occur that reform might have been preferable to revolution.

As the events of September 1868, were the triumph of Progressist strategy, so the history of Spanish affairs since that date has been the history of the successive triumphs of Progressist ideas over the ideas of Unionists and Democrats alike. In 1868 the Progressists led the attack on the old dynastic system. Since, they have been engaged in impressing their principles on the new situation. In this undertaking they have successively released themselves from the restraints of the one and of the other of their revolutionary colleagues. They have victoriously advanced from confederation to supremacy, from alliance to isolation. It is their pride and their peril.

The Progressists had won the Democrats by repudiating the dynasty. But Prim, at any rate, had no mind to be a republican. His followers might extol him as a Washington, but he had resolved to be, if not a king — which perhaps he regretted—at least a king maker. The monarchical resolution occasioned the first breach in the union. The extreme radicals threw themselves into opposition. They were soon to take up arms. Perhaps any leaning to republicanism would have cost as large a secession in another quarter. It was an unavoidable difficulty. The revolutionary combination had been excellent for destruction, for demolition. But to build up, there was the rub.

The Bourbons were done with. That was agreed on. But when the ancient line had been found wanting, what was to be expected or sought from a novel creation, or a novel importation?—thus argued the Republicans. The whole magic of royalty lay in its venerable associations. When there was nothing venerable there would be no veneration. Even on the part of the persons who believed in the traditional, it was doubtful if belief could subsist for an object that had nothing to do with tradition. It could not be for persons who followed reason alone, that a bran new royalism was to be invented.

These knew that a king was an ordinary man, and very possibly a disreputable one, that tailors made the royal mantle, that crown and sceptre were simply composed of precious metals and precious stones—perhaps—such things had been known—of electro-plate and paste. Was it for them that such gewgaws were to be got up? Was this to be the end of *la soberania nacional?* Pierrad, and Garrido, and José Maria de Orense, and Pi y Margal, and Castelar, vowed they would see if this were to be so. A distinctly republican policy was declared. The peculiar circumstances of Spain modified this policy in a federal direction. Spain had ever been *las Españas* rather than *la España*, to Spaniards at least. Incorporated at different epochs, separated by geographical, climatic, and race distinctions, the various provinces of Spain have always presented an individuality almost as distinct as marks Meath from Yorkshire. The ties of a common religion and a common history for hundreds of years have never succeeded in amalgamating Granada with the Asturias, or Andalusia with Catalonia. Perhaps a common-sense repugnance to over centralisation added its weight in the scale. The scheme of the Federal republic opposed itself to the scheme of the United Monarchy. Committees were formed. Processions were organised. But the work of the political propaganda was interrupted by a collision with the authorities, precipitated, according to varying accounts, by the ardour of the populace or the militaryism of the triumvirs. To a demand for disarmament the Republicans retorted that the Progressists had refused to disarm for the ministers of Isabella. When the cannon of Caballero de Rodas had swept the barricades of Cadiz and Malaga, it became better understood that rebellion was as great a crime as ever. The close of the first three months of the successful revolution saw the old debate between liberty and order again at decision by the old arbitrament of blood.

On February 11, 1869, the Cortes, charged with the construction of a new constitution, was opened with all due solemnity. On May 21 the famous article 33, by which it was decreed that the form of government should be monarchical, was carried, after hot debates, by a majority of 214 to 71. Unfortunately for the Revolution, all Spanish monarchists are not monarchists of the new *régime*. On June 17 Marshal Serrano was sworn in as Regent. On September 28 the resolution of a council of ministers to propose a boy, called Duke of Genoa, then at an English school, as a fit and proper candidate for the throne, was the public declaration that the Great Spanish King-hunt had reached a certain stage.

The edifying spectacle thus impressively inaugurated is the dominant fact of Spanish politics down to the present year. The Duke de Montpensier, Don Carlos, the Prince of the Asturias, a Hohenzollern prince, the Duke D'Aosta, have been definitely disposed of one way or another, or occupy as indefinite a position as ever. We beg pardon

for the vagueness of this language. We know we ought to be precise. We wish to be precise. Most unfortunately the facts will not let us. Ministers have shuffled the cards, have sent begging expeditions all over Europe, have fallen out on the question, have fallen in, and have fallen out again. There have been votes of the Cortes and votes of the country. Castelar has thundered. The ex-Queen has protested. There have been Carlist risings, and there will probably be more. There have been Republican risings, and there will probably be more. Ciudad Real, and Pampeluna, the mountains of Catalonia and the mountains of New Castille, Reuss and Valles, Saragoza and Valencia, are names in a phantasmagoria of conspiracies and tumults, guerilla warfare and street fighting, which has scarcely sweetened the temper of all parties concerned. The government has thanked its faithful and incorruptible army which has known how to save society from unconstitutional machinations, precisely as some half-dozen governments or administrations have previously thanked the same faithful and incorruptible institution for precisely the same reason. Perhaps we are wrong in describing the King-hunt as the dominant fact of recent Spanish politics. There is another question of very nearly as tremendous importance—*la integridad nacional.* We do not mean the common honesty of the country. The national integrity, in the sense in which the distinguised persons at Madrid use the term, has, they are happy to state, nothing whatever to do with honesty of any description.

It was on the 10th of October 1868, exactly three weeks and two days after Don Topete and friends had proclaimed *la soberania nacional* in the bay of Cadiz, that thousands of miles away another company of men, assembled where the hills of Manzanilla rise to the westward by Santiago de Cuba, ventured in their turn to apply the same enfranchising principle actually on their own behalf. What made this boldness the more extraordinary was, that never was community more justified, by odious and unbearable tyranny of every kind, in attempting to right itself. Half a century of martial law, the deprivation of every political and nearly every social liberty, all the shifts of a mean and cowardly terrorism, had been the abiding lot of the beautiful, the miserable Queen of the Antilles. For generations the Cubans could not elect a representative, could not assemble for any political purpose, could not even petition. On the other hand, they were regularly supplied with captains-general. The institution of captains-general, as it flourished in Cuba, was not unknown to the ancients. Verres, if all Cicero says of him is true, was a model captain-general. Of course there was one class of the inhabitants of Sicily who did not object to their Pro-consul—the satellites. The big robbers have need of little robbers. It is a necessity. So in Cuba the sixty or seventy thousand natives of Spain ordinarily sojourning at any one time in the island—always excepting such Spaniards as forgot themselves so far as to sympathise with the Cubans, and always including the twenty-five

thousand soldiers who were retained as 'good lookers on'—had no particular reason to find fault with the situation. In fact all the offices of every sort were dedicated to them. No Creole—white colonists born in the Spanish Antilles are called Creoles—was allowed to compete with a Spanish-born Spaniard. This was the blessing of having a mother-country. Were there none but the three or four hundred thousand Creoles, this state of things would have been bad enough. But there was worse. Beneath the white Creoles, beneath the freed mulattoes and negroes—a hundred thousand or so of these latter—beneath the plundered, the oppressed, the suffering—there came the trampled-under-foot, the bruised-with-whips, the tortured, the brutified; in a word, the three-quarters of a million of God's human creatures of whom the Devil's human creatures have made slaves.

It would not have been hard to persuade the Creole planters to emancipate their slaves, if not at once, gradually and as quickly as possible. A strong feeling in favour of emancipation has long been rife among the Creole population. It was Spanish officialism that would not hear of freedom for the negroes. To Spanish officialism, Cuba meant above all things revenue. And Spanish officialism feared that emancipation might temporarily, at any rate, interfere with revenue. Abolitionists, accordingly, had a bad time of it in Cuba. They were incendiaries; they were assassins. In fine, they were innovators, and innovators should be shot, or imprisoned at the very least. Besides, Spanish honour required that liberal compensation should be granted to owners of slaves. Now Spanish officials being continually engaged in fleecing the treasury, the treasury was never in a condition to grant compensation. There was one thing, however, which Spanish honour might have been suspected to do. It might have been expected to keep the solemn treaties which forbade the importation of fresh numbers of unfortunate Africans. In 1817, in 1838, in 1841, in 1842—oftener for all we know—Spain had engaged herself, in various degrees of stringency, to put a stop to the accursed slave trade. It might have been better for the poor captives had there been no engagements of the kind; for Spain lied, and the means necessitated to hide her lie only withdrew the traffic somewhat more from the light and the restraining observation of men.

It may be imagined that this mass of misery and discontent did not seethe over for the first time in 1868. The history of Cuba is the history of unsuccessful revolution. Unsuccessful revolution! what a terrible phrase! To go no farther back than 1844, there was a great conspiracy. And were not the conspirators, the rebelly traitors, punished! The matter not being, as often in the mother-country, a question of one Court favourite supplanting another, or the proclamation of some paper charter, or the *desamortizacion* of some more church lands, but a desperate striving for dear life and liberty, there could be no extenuation of such monstrous guilt. In 1848 there was a con-

spiracy. In 1850 another. In 1851 a new one. Lopez was garrotted for this one, after having participated in the two preceding. In 1852 and 1854, two more. In 1859 another. There was no cessation. There could be no cessation. And now, on October 10, 1868, a body of Cubans had again declared that death was better than such a life; and the interesting revolutionists of September, and the interesting conservatives whom the revolutionists had displaced, and everybody in Spain except a little knot of foolish philanthropists and humanitarians, cried out upon such exceeding insolence and groundless disaffection, and treason, and rebellion, and all the other words known to those learned in the law. They did more than cry out upon them. Whatever forces they could spare from cutting one another's throats were dispatched to cut the throats of the Cubans.

We distrust ourselves—and you, reader, may not have time—or we might tell tales of glorious courage and bright derring-do in that island warfare, round about Bayamo, at Villa del Cobre, and Alta Garcia, and Moran, and Baire, and Las Tunas, which would 'summon up the blood' of races more effeminate than yours or ours. There have been Morgartens since Thermopylæ, and neither the coat nor the complexion makes the hero. And could we but see the slender cohorts of a Cespedes or a Marquis of Santa Lucia—all ranks and all conditions are united under the Cuban banner—or a Donato Marmol or a Quesada, ill-armed, ill-fed, couching in the thicket, watching on the hill; could we track them to their fierce and sudden onset, springing like mountain panthers up against the disciplined masses, defying the rifle-shots with bare breasts, wresting aside the bayonets with quick half circle of the curved wooden daggers—their *horquetillas*—with which inventive necessity has equipped them, hewing through the shaken and reeling ranks with their long forest-knives—their rude *machetes*; and could we but call up in thought what wealth of superhuman, nay downright human bravery and deathless endurance, has during the past three years, against overwhelming numbers and organisation, supported and still supports—but what is this we are writing? Is it not a question of *la integridad nacional* against insurgents, against revolutionists? Then *viva la integridad nacional!* And *viva* the captains-general, and *viva* the faithful and incorruptible army, *los salvadores de la sociedad*, and *viva* the volunteers of Cuba, terror of *los rebeldes*, and *viva* the most loyal mean whites, the illustrious overseers and slave-drivers, the patriotic riff-raff, the bullies of the Havana hells! *Viva* the crushing of the revolt! And what then? Let the poet answer.

> Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner torn but flying,
> Streams like the thunderstorm against the wind;
> Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
> The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;
> Thy tree hath lost its blossoms and the rind,
> Chopped by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
> But the sap lasts.

Ay, the sap lasts. There was a voice that breathed in fearful whispers in the homes of starving tradesmen and the huts of an oppressed and plundered peasantry. It rose above the din of revelry in courtly mansions. It spoke in lordlier tones, and assumed a more commanding majesty in the halls of the National Assembly. It rolled in reverberating thunders over a hundred fields of battle. To the music of the Marseillaise, with the war-cry of the Republic, the untaught valour of the enfranchised masses broke the pipe-clayed ranks of despotic Europe. Cuba is weak. The blood of her hero children drenches their native shore. But—but really we are again forgetting *la integridad nacional*.

A few weeks ago a member of the Spanish Cortes, Señor Labra, after an eloquent exposition of the unhappy condition of Cuba, had the impropriety to ask in his place in the House of Deputies whether there was any intention of introducing into that island the various handsome reforms which were the object of the September revolution. It is to be noted with satisfaction that the Minister for the Colonies, amid the general applause of the Chamber, replied to this impertinence, that so long as a single rebel against the national integrity remained in Cuba, there certainly would be no reforms. He, *el Señor Ministro de Ultramar*, on the part of the government of the revolution, could not understand how any deputy could be found to advocate the cause of persons who avowedly pursued such unconstitutional methods.

In happy conformity with this admirable firmness every mail from Cuba brings the gratifying intelligence that butchery without quarter continues to be the practice of the Spanish authorities in the island. Among the prisoners who have been lately shot in cold blood may be mentioned the gallant Juan Osonio, commander of the Cuban marine, the touching dignity of whose last moments recalls the memory of one who died—

Für Land Tyrol—

in Mantua long ago—the 'rebel' Andreas Hofer. A Habana telegram of August 12, just published in the official gazette, runs thus: 'Carlos Quesada, cousin of the so-called general, and Miguel Figueredo, brother of the so-called subsecretary of war, have been made prisoners and shot (*hechos prisioneros y fusilados*) in Cuba. Afterwards Gustavo Figueredo, son of the last, and who generally accompanied Cespedes, was captured and executed.' On August 9, it is announced that as a sequel to a skirmish between a Spanish detachment and the peasantry, the troops destroyed all their crops and cottages (*todas sus siembras y bohios*). It were strange did not the kinsmen of those murdered cousins and brothers, the tenants of those ruined homesteads, feel themselves drawn by new ties of loyalty and love towards a government which authorises such acts of conciliation and humanity.

The history of affairs and parties since the assassination of Prim and

the installation of Amadeo is not hard to tell. The last Cortes had been dissolved on the last day of 1870, and as the constitution ordains that a new Cortes must assemble within three months at furthest from the demise of its predecessor, the government were clearly allowed to do without a Cortes until the first of March. The new Cortes was, accordingly, summoned for the very last day permitted by the constitution. There was an immensity to do, and the government wanted as much time as possible to do it. The country had to be prepared, or who knew but the popular vote might invalidate the royal election in the last Cortes. People were already saying that Prim's majority just took up Amadeo pretty much as they had taken up the Harrow schoolboy a twelvemonth previously. The elections to the Provincial Assemblies charged with local legislation, which took place in February last, showed that Carlists and Republicans had united to oppose the new king, whom the one party despised because he was new, and the other party hated because he was king. Monpensierists and Isabellinos or Alfonsists contributed their portion of animosity. The popular sentiment against the Savoyard foreigner was not without its influence. In spite of the utmost exertions of the government in a country where utmost exertions on the part of a government are peculiarly significant; in spite of the multitude of enlightened waiters on Providence which the demoralisation of politics has produced; there were 528 irreconciliable returns as compared with 913 ministerialists; 913 would be a respectable majority were there nothing but a cabinet question involved, but 528 was an ominous minority to have ranged against a dynasty on the morrow of its creation. When the Cortes met, the irreconcileables still formed more than a third of the congress of deputies. The proceedings of the chambers afford the best proofs of the deadlock which has resulted from so powerful and so merciless an opposition. The discussion of the royal message, and its reply, extended from the opening of the session almost to its close. The forms of debate, the standing orders of the House, have had to be altered, in the vain hope of arresting the strategic eloquence of menace, or protest, or denunciation, which interrupted every stage of progress. The ministerial crisis may be said to complete the business of the session.

Since the events of September down to a few weeks ago Spain was ruled by a coalition of ministers representing the coalition of parties. Minor changes had frequently taken place. While Serrano was regent of the kingdom, he could not be a minister. The candidature of the Duke of Genoa had resulted in the resignation of Topete. The assassination of Prim caused a profound perturbation, but restored Topete to the cabinet. Always substantially the same unbroken front was presented by the administration. On July 26 the advent of a ministry from which the whole Unionist party found themselves excluded, announced that that unbroken front was now to be a tradition of the past. The Progressists under Zorilla, the able and ambitious ex-

Minister of Public Works, have ousted Serrano and Topete. This success has excited the hopes of the radical section of the House, but the chill of distrust has fallen heavily on that party of conservative liberals that was an indispensable ally of the revolution. 'I thought to form a ministry of conciliation,' said Serrano, as he related his fruitless efforts to maintain the coalition: 'for I understood that the important thing was to create a cabinet and not a fresh opposition.' 'I strove to form a ministry of conciliation,' cried Sagasta, Minister of the Interior since the revolution, 'because, Progressist though I be, I believe that an exclusive policy will never conduct the ship of the State into safety.' The width of the gulf which separates the late allies is naïvely enough admitted by Señor Martos, who, though not in the new ministry, gives it his warm support. 'The coalition was impossible,' he said 'because the coalescing elements would not unite.' This is explicit, at any rate. The new ministry is distinctly a ministry of advanced liberals. The difficulty is that Spain is not advancedly liberal, or at least is not advancedly liberal after the same pattern. Serrano and the powerful party he represents are not advanced liberals. Serrano shot and sabred the friends of Senor Zorilla when the advanced liberals rose in 1866. He joined them in 1868, when they consented to a policy of compromise with his conservative liberalism. Will he continue the alliance after they have rejected the compromise? The busy rumours that circulated in Madrid, and which linked the names of both Topete and Serrano with projects tending towards a Bourbon restoration, sufficiently attest the public suspicion as to the possible consequences of baulked ambition and personal resentment. It is improbable, indeed, that either Serrano or Topete will take such a step for themselves. It is certain, however, that it is not so easy to answer for numerous members of the conservative-liberal party. The whole force of the coalition was hardly able to make head against an opposition which includes almost everything except the military and the bureaucracy. Will a single fraction have more success? It is no wonder that Castelar hopes for the best. It is no wonder that the royalist parties hope for the best, as well the partizans of the exiled dynasty whose emblem is the ancient Bourbon lily and the Carlists who have chosen the daisyflower, the *Margarita*, in honour of their prince's gifted wife. Meantime Don Amadeo d'Aosta, whose queen can hardly find a noble lady to attend her court, whose presence at the theatre or opera is the signal for the instant and contemptuous withdrawal of Spain's intractable nobility, now finds himself, amid a republican populace and a conservative peasantry, trusting to the support of politicians who reject one another, and of soldiers who have never known what it was to keep their allegiance, and who have just lost their latest favourites. Prim, and Serrano, and Topete, might answer for army and fleet; but for what will Cordoba and Beranger answer, the new Ministers of War and Marine?

But is it true that the events of the past three years can show nothing but this dreary conflict of political or individual ambitions? We are surprised at the tone of this question. Have we not had *la soberania nacional* and half a dozen insurrections, *la integridad nacional* and the Cuban revolution? The government is much disturbed also about Puerto Rico, and there is a certain *Cofradia de San José* in the Phillipines that is gravely suspected. Then there has been a great piece of educational legislation. Before the revolution, gratuitous education, religious and secular, had been established for the entire people. The government of the revolution have made education no longer religious—a modification which has produced this great advantage, that, the majority of Spaniards being devotedly Catholic, the people refuse to countenance the schools. Similar measures of conciliation have also been adopted to remove several other causes of misunderstanding between the State and the Church. Thus freedom of association has been provided for by ordinances dissolving all religious communities for a quarter of a century back. Senor Zorrilla has just promised in addition that, inasmuch as the Catholic churchyards are frequent sources of irritation between the ecclesiastical and civil authorities—the State regarding them as secular cemeteries, and the Church holding a different opinion—for the future the State theory is to prevail, when if harmony is not the result it must be because churchmen will never be satisfied. It is evident that these measures, besides being essentially liberal, must singularly attract and attach a body so politically important as the Catholic Church in Spain. Every capable observer must also recognise with satisfaction that Spanish budgets display as healthy an impotence to make ends approach—meeting is out of the question—as ever.

But it is not with light heart or light words that it is fitting that we should conclude. There is something irrepressibly saddening in the aspect of a great nation delivered over to the unchecked operation of almost every evil which can befall a people—conspiracy with its counterpart, militaryism—contemptible cabals with their counterpart, maladministration—unrest, discredit, and disaffection at home—senile cruelty and injustice in colonial affairs. Did the future hold out hopes of amelioration we might be content to wait for the future. But amid the strife of ignoble passions what hopes has the future for the distracted Peninsula? Rebel hecatombs are being offered, it is boasted, on the ensanguined altar of Spanish patriotism. Spanish patriotism! If we are unable to recognise the sacred sentiment in the *pronunciamientos* of prætorians and the recriminations of rival renegades, still less do we acknowledge it on the inhuman lips of the village-burners and prisoner-slayers of unhappy Cuba.

Appendix.

We translate from an able series of articles which appeared in the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' a few weeks ago, a passage descriptive of the situation in Madrid on the accession of the Duke d'Aosta. The startling revelations it contains, and which entirely answer to our own information, may receive more attention than if they had only our personal guarantee.

'The public and social life of Madrid,' writes the author in question, 'was exclusively occupied during the past winter and spring with the great event which was accomplished at the close of the year by the arrival of the new king Amadeo I. His adherents, for the most part belonging to the needy official class of the capital, expended every effort, in compliance with the intimations of the king-maker Prim, and his colleague Ruiz Zorilla, in creating an "atmosphere" for the distinguished immigrant. The populace revenged themselves by satirical songs and wicked wit for the imputation of being suddenly burning with love for the son of the land of maccaroni, and the nobility omitted nothing in order to make his stay on the banks of the Manzanares as uncomfortable as possible. . . . The crowding of the shop windows with photographs of Amadeo and his wife *vice* the now unsaleable ones of Leopold of Hohenzollern and his wife, the animated portraitures of the honourable reception prepared for the ambassadors of the Cortes in the Pitti Palace, the narratives of the virtues of the youthful prince, failed to take hold of the people. . . . The Royalists considered it necessary to adopt stronger measures in order to compel the Madrileños to become enamoured of the Elected of the Nation. They called the *Partida de la Porra*, or Bludgeon-gang, into existence—a society, like the French *Gourdins réunis*, of shameful memory. It had the duty of visiting the promenades, the theatres, the newspaper-offices, in order to cudgel, strike dead, or shoot down those who by word, writing, or gesture, signified their distaste or indifference for the scion of the House of Savoy. For weeks Madrid was under a bludgeon-and-revolver reign of terror. Only when heavily armed did men venture on the Prado or at the theatre. Matters continued so desperate that at last a resolute man, *Paul y Angula*, took pity on his fellow-citizens, and organised a body of Anti-bludgeon-leaguers, who at nightfall patrolled the streets and challenged the Bludgeon-men to fight. On the occasion of a conflict which took place in broad daylight in the Calle de Alcala, and in which Ducascal, the leader of the *Porra* or Bludgeon-party, was severely wounded with several pistol-shots by Paul y Angula, it seemed as if this street warfare had found an end, especially as the

"authorisation" of the *Porra* had afforded matter to the opponents of Prim and his king for the most passionate attacks in the Cortes. But there followed a frightful afterpiece. One evening the police in the Calle del Turco perceived suspicious movements and a number of masked forms armed with blunderbuses, who seemed to lie in wait for some one. The police thought that it was an affair of the *Porra*, who were lying in wait for some Carlists or Republicans, and accordingly circumspectly withdrew. The victim of the murderers was no other than Prim.'

Comment would be superfluous.

F. H. O'Donnell.

Après nous le Déluge.

The angels wept at the poor man's pleading,
But what should Louis the Much-loved care?
Such cries might seek in heaven for heeding,
But never be heard in the Parc-au-Cerfs.
The 'ancien régime' could say, and truly,
'For us, at least, the world is good,
And when our course is run out duly,
Why then, if it please, may come the flood.'
And though the deluge each hour waxed stronger,
They kept it off, did that old noblesse,
Till they went their ways where they cared no longer
For dice or women, for drink or dress.
And what if their coffins for shot were melted,
And their corpses trod in the Carmagnole?
Their dry bones crumbled and never felt it,
Their spirits slept through the muskets' roll.

Hubert de Burgh.

In Love's Eternity,

By Arthur W. E. O'Shaughnessy.

My body was part of the sun and the dew,
Not a trace of my death to me clave;
There was scarce a man left on the earth whom I knew,
And another was laid in my grave;—

I was changed and in heaven; the great sea of blue
Had long washed my soul pure in its wave.

My sorrow was turned to a beautiful dress;
Very fair for my weeping was I,
And my heart was renewed, but it bore, none the less,
The great wound that had brought me to die—
The deep wound that *She* gave who wrought all my distress
Ah, my heart loved her still in the sky!

I wandered alone where the stars' tracks were bright;
I was beauteous and holy and sad;
I was thinking of her who of old had the might
To have blest me and made my death glad;
I remembered how faithless she was, and how light,
Yea, and how little pity she had.

The love that I bore her was now more sublime,
It could never be shared now or known;
And her wound in my heart was a pledge in love's clime,
For her sake I was ever alone,
Till the spirit of God in the fulness of time
Should make perfect all love in his own.

My soul had forgiven each separate tear
She had bitterly wrung from my eyes;
But I thought of her lightness—ah, sore was my fear
She would fall somewhere never to rise,
And that no one would love her to bring her soul near
To the heaven where love never dies.

She had drawn me with feigning, and held me a day;
  She had taken the passionate price
That my heart gave for love—with no doubt or delay—
  For I thought that her smile would suffice;
She had played with, and wasted, and then cast away
  The true heart that could never love twice.

And false must she be; she had followed the cheat
  That ends loveless and hopeless below;
I remembered her words' cruel worldly deceit
  When she bade me forget her and go.
She could ne'er have believed after death we might meet,
  Or she would not have let me die so!

I thought and was sad; the blue fathomless seas
  Bore the white clouds in luminous throng,
And the souls that had love were in each one of these;
  They passed by with a great upward song:
They were going to wander beneath the fair trees
  In high Eden—their joy would be long.

. . . . . .

An age it is since: the great passionate bloom
  Of eternity burns more intense;
The whole heaven draws near to its beautiful doom
  With a deeper, a holier sense;
It feels ready to fall on His bosom in whom
  Is each love and each love's recompense.

How sweet to look back to that desolate space
  When the heaven scarce my heaven seemed!
She came suddenly, swiftly, a great healing grace
  Filled her features and forth from her streamed!
With a cry our lips met, and a long close embrace
  Made the past like a thing I had dreamed.

'Ah, love,' she began, 'when I found you were dead
  I was changed and the world was changed too;
On a sudden I felt that the sunshine had fled,
  And the flowers and summer gone too;
Life but mocked me; I found there was nothing instead
  But to turn back and weep all in you.

When you were not there to fall down at my feet,
  And pour out the whole passionate store
Of the heart that was made to make my heart complete,
  In true words that my memory bore,
Then I found that those words were the only words sweet,
  And I knew I should hear them no more.

'I found that my life was grown empty again;
Day and year now I had but to learn
How my heaven had come to me—sought me in vain,
And was gone from me ne'er to return:
Too earthly and winterly now seemed the plain
Of dull life where the heart ceased to burn!

'And soon with a gathering halo was seen,
O'er a dim waste that fell into night,
Your coming, your going—as though it had been
The fair track of an angel of light;
And my dream showed you changed in a spirit's full sheen
Fleeing from me in far lonely flight.

'My Angel! 'twas then with a soul's perfect stake
You came wooing me, day after day,
With soft eyes that shed tears for my sake and the sake
Of intense thoughts your lips would not say;
'Twas a love, then, like this my heart cared not to take!
'Twas a heart like this I cast away!

'Ah yes!—but your love was a fair magic toy
That you gave to a child who scarce deigned
To receive it—forsook it for some passing joy,
Never guessing the charm it contained:
But you gave it and left it, and none could destroy
The fair talisman where it remained.

'And, surely, no child—but a woman at last
Found your gift where the child let it lie,
Understood the whole secret it held, sweet and vast,
The fair treasure a world could not buy;
And believed not the meaning could ever have past,
Any more than the giver could die.

'And then did that woman's whole life, with a start,
Own its lover, its saviour, its lord;
He had come, he had wooed her,—and lo, her dull heart
Had not hailed him with one stricken chord
Of whole passion—had suffered him e'en to depart
Without hope of a lover's reward!

'But, surely, there failed not at length his least look,
His least pleading, his most secret tear
Quite to win her and save her; her heart truly took
A fond record of all: very dear,
Very gracious he seemed; and for him she forsook
The drear ruin her soul had come near.

'For him she made perfect her life, till she laved
Her soul pure in the infinite blue:
O thou Lover, who once, for a love deathless craved
A brief heaven of years frail and few,
Take the child whom you loved and the woman you saved
In the Angel who now blesses you!'

. . . . . .

She ceased. To my soul's deepest sources the sense
Of her words with a full healing crept,
And my heart was delivered with rapture intense
From the wound and the void it had kept;
Then I saw that her heart was a heaven—immense
As my love! And together we wept.

BROWNING AS A PREACHER.

FIRST PAPER.

'L'ART POUR L'ART' is a motto that supplies us with a very satisfactory definition of the aim and purport of the poetry of those early times when men, not having lost their fresh childlike rejoicing in the present, sang—if they had the power to sing—aimlessly 'wie der Vogel singt,' just only because

> Das Lied das aus der Kehle dringt
> Ist Lohn der reichlich lohnet.

But every year is now carrying us farther away from a state of things in which it is possible that there should be produced poetry of the kind to which this definition is applicable. The great flood of subjectivity which has made its way into all modern thought has brought with it problems pressing for answer in such a crowd as to leave no room for thinking or feeling to be exercised unconsciously and without purpose. Of the poets now writing amongst us we cannot say that their work is 'pour l'Art.' In the generation immediately preceding theirs there was, indeed, one poet—Scott—who contrived to keep himself apart, as on an island, untouched by the waves of restless subjective thought that had come over the intellectual life of his age, and who retained the power of purposeless poetical utterance. But has there been produced, since his, any poetry seeking no further office than to become a beautiful or noble piece of art? Does not all, or by far the greater part of that which is of recent origin, seem to be sent forth for the purpose of gaining satisfaction of one kind or another for the craving self-consciousness of the writers, and of their contemporaries who are to share in the results of their quest? Poetry, like every other power which man has at command, has now been forced to take its part in supplying the two great wants, Pleasure and Truth—which, little felt in simple primitive times, become passionately urgent in a state of high civilisation and culture. We have not now—and probably the world will never have again—poets who are poets and nothing more. What we have now is truth-seekers and pleasure-seekers gifted with the power of

artistic perception and imagination, of rhythmical or melodious expression, and using these gifts to seek what without them they would have sought by other means.

The school of thought which is content to regard pleasure as the satisfaction for which all desires are craving, uses its poetry to go forth and bring in full richness of pleasures; careless, if only there can be found in them beauty and delight, from whence they come and of what sort they are. Not the value of a man's work as art, but the power it has to awaken in writer or readers a stranger susceptibility to pleasure of sense or imagination, is here the measure of his success. There is a great deal of poetry which seems on its surface to be altogether the free playing of spontaneous instincts, but which we find, if we look a little deeper into it, to have at bottom the principle of utilitarianism, not of art.

Nor can the men whose desires are towards the satisfaction of truth be poets more unconscious of a purpose. To find that satisfaction for themselves and for others is the aim towards which all their faculties are bent, and in proportion as their search is successful these men become teachers and preachers. The poet on whose characteristics the following pages will contain a few thoughts—Mr. Robert Browning—is one whose gifts as a poet, strong and true as they are, are perhaps oftener than any contemporary artist's, merged in his character as preacher of what he has gained as a truth-seeker. I cannot but think that the full value of his work can only be estimated by recognising him first in his office of preacher rather than of poet.

Any reader who has had patience enough to force his way through the bristling hedge of complicated sentences that forms so much of the outer fence of Browning's writings, and has gone in and got hold of intelligible meaning, must surely perceive that he has to do with something which cannot be judged of by æsthetic tests. We feel that what is to be found there is the work of a man who is bound by all the impulses of his nature to preach what he believes and to persuade other men. He seems to have chosen the office of poet voluntarily, for the sake of this preaching; partly because the rythmical form of words will carry his doctrine where it might not otherwise reach and partly because amongst the truths he would set forth there are some which are of the kind that to men's present faculties must be always only as sights half seen, as sounds half heard, and which become dimmer and fainter if the attempt is made to define them into the accurate form and articulate speech of ordinary prose. Browning's place is amongst the teachers whose words come forth allowed by their own conscious will; not amongst the artists controlled by involuntarily instincts.

His poetry is not a great artist utterance that has fulfilled its end—or at least the only end with which the artist is concerned—when once it has got outside the mind in which it originated into audible sound

or visible form, whether that sound be heard or that form be seen or not; but it is a message intended to travel (the sender hardly cares *how*, provided that the end be reached) from the heart and brain of one man to the hearts and brains of those who will hear him. The necessity that is laid upon him, through his instincts, is the 'When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren;' and the setting himself to his work as a poet seems to be his choice of the way in which he will obey that impulse. Not for his own sake does poetry seem to be a necessity to him. As far as his own needs are concerned, such a man could afford to be silent. It is neither for the relief nor for the pleasure of self-utterance that he speaks. Nothing that he has written betokens the weakness and incapacity of reticence that have opened the mouths of so many poets in a great strong bitter crying, which they tuned into beautiful music whose sweetness might ease them of their pain. Nor has he that irrepressible joy in beauty for its own sake which forced Wordsworth to tell of the loveliness of the visible world.

And we cannot attribute his becoming a poet to the pressure of dramatic instincts. Though in power of imagining dramatic characters it is he and he only who at all fills the office of modern Shakespeare, yet there is something in his manner of exercising that power which tells us that in him it is subordinate to some other motive. This difference there is between Browning and other poets who could create 'men and women,' that whereas with others the production of life-like characters seems to be the aim and end, with him it is only the means to a further end—namely, the arguing out and setting forth of general truths. He cannot, as others have done, rest satisfied with contemplating the children of his imagination, and find the fulfilment of his aim in the fact of his having given them existence. It seems always as if his purpose in creating them was to make them serve as questioners and objectors and answerers in the great debate of conflicting thoughts of which nearly all his poetry forms part. His object in transferring (as he can do with such marvellous success) his own consciousness, as it were, into the consciousness of some imagined character, seems to be only to gain a new stand-point, from which to see another and a different aspect of the questions concerning which he could not wholly satisfy himself from his own point of view. He can create characters with as strongly marked individualities as had ever any that came out of the brain of dramatist or novelist, but he cannot be content to leave them, as Shakespere did the characters he created, to look, all of them, off in various directions according to whatever chanced to suit best with the temper and disposition he had imagined for them. Still less can he leave to any of his men and women the *vraisemblable* attribute of having no steady outlook at anything in particular. They are all placed by him with their eyes turned in very much in the same direction, gazing towards the same class

of questions. And, somehow, Browning himself seems to be in company with them all the time, hearing their different reports of the various aspects which those questions present to each of them; and judging and choosing between all these different reports, in order to give credence to the true one. The study of no individual character would seem to him of much value, unless that character contained something which should help to throw light upon matters common to all humanity, upon the questions either as to what it *is*, or as to what are its relations to the things outside humanity. Desire to know the truth, and to make other men know it, seems to be the essential quality of his nature, and his poetry only its separable accident—a garment which it wears because if finds such best suited to it in the nineteenth century, but which it might very likely have gone without, if placed among the surroundings of some other age. If we can fancy him transferred back some five hundred years ago, he would be found surely not among the followers of the 'gaye science,' as a trouvère or troubadour, exercising his art to give pleasure at the court or the knightly castle, but rather in the solitude of a monastic cell, gazing with fixed eyes into the things of the unseen world, until they became the real, and the shows of earth the unreal, things; or, later on, would surely have been a worker, not in the cause of the great art revival of the sixteenth century but of its Reformation movement. One can fancy how grandly he would then have preached his gospel of the sanctity of things secular, in rough plain Luther-like prose, with the same singleness of purpose with which he now, as a poet, sets himself to preach a gospel—needed more than all others by his contemporaries—of the reality and presence of things immaterial and extra-human.

Browning's poetry has one characteristic which gives its teaching peculiar influence over contemporary minds. I mean the way in which, all the while being perfectly free from egoism, it brings its readers in some inexplicable way into a contact with the real self of the author, closer and more direct than that which we have with any other poets through their writings. Once you succeed in construing the complicated thinking and feeling of this or that passage of his, you feel, not that you are seeing something that a man has made, but that you are in the immediate presence of the man himself. I know of no other writings (except J. H. Newman's) having this peculiarity to such a degree (it is in this that the secret of the fascination of those wonderful sermons of Newman's consists). These two men, so different, have yet this in common, that there is something in their written words which communicates to the men who read them the thrill of contact with the pulsations of another human life. And the knowledge that there is the real living mind of another man speaking to your mind, gives a restful sense of reality that is the starting-point of all belief and of all motive to action. Surely anyone who has received this from Browning must feel as if there would be a miserable ingrati-

tude in the sort of criticism which should carp at his poetry for its lack of polish in style or prettiness in ideas.

Browning is greater than his art, and the best work which his poetry does is to bring you into his own presence: and once there you no longer care what brought you there, and feel as if it mattered very little whether the means of communication had been poetry or other form of words. Tennyson's art is greater than Tennyson; and it is with *it*, and not with the man himself, that you have to do.

Of course, though Tennyson can have no direct influence as a teacher over anyone who feels thus about him and his work, yet his indirect influence over the minds of men is not to be lightly accounted of. His poetry is what it *is*, and may be accepted by us as we accept a beautiful painting or piece of music, as an end in itself. Acting through our æsthetic perceptions, it affects the tone and colour of our moods. And most of us know by experience that the character of our thinking is in a great measure dependent upon moods and feelings open to impressions of this sort. It is of course no slight gift that Mr. Tennyson has given to his contemporaries when he has shown them ideas so pure and calm and noble, by the contemplation of which their own lives may unconsciously become purer and higher.

Acknowledging this influence that he *has*, and giving him due honour for it, all I would say is that there is another kind of influence which he cannot exercise, and that his poetry, though making nineteenth century problems so constantly its theme, is not to be reckoned amongst the books that give any real availing help against the modern 'spectres of the mind.' To the needs of vital doubt it is no more than if it told us tales of fairy-land. And this because of its failing to give us that entire satisfaction as to its being truth *subjective*, which alone could be our guarantee for its being able to help in guiding us to truth *objective*. In the times when neither our hearts nor brains can get hold of the sense of reality in anything around us, we find that instead of aiding us 'aus diesem Meer des Irrthums aufzutauchen,' all that Tennyson's poetry seems to have done for us is to have made a beautiful word-phantom, having a semblance of wise human counsel, to add another to the number of the appearances that with aspects beautiful or horrible are floating over and under and around us, and perpetually eluding our grasp. Far more is to be gained at such times from poetry even such as Clough's, which, though it carries you to no farther resting-place, at least lets you take hold of one substantial thing—the veritable mind of a human being, doubting with its own doubts and having its certaintainties its own, each of those certainties, however few and imperfect, having a distinct place as independent testimony to truth.

Browning brings from out of his own individuality something which he did not receive from his age, and which he offers to it as a gift, and which is of a spirit so foreign to the atmosphere into which it comes that he requires men to accept him as a teacher before attaining to

sympathy with him. This that he has to give is some of the intense earnestness of Puritanism, and the strenuousness of effort which gave heroic grandeur to the old asceticism. He offers this to a state of society, which along with all its practical vigour and perseverance in the affairs of men's outer lives, has so much of aimlessness and abandonment of self-direction in all that concerns the life of inner thought and feeling.

Other men of present and recent times have had a like gift to bestow, but their manner of giving it was such as to make its acceptance for the most part impossible. J. H. Newman and the company of men who, with him, were the Puritans and ascetics of the nineteenth century, have gained no permanent influence as teachers of their age. Teachers of their age, indeed, they did not attempt to be, but only of whoever should be willing to betake himself out of it back into mediæval modes of thought; and with the thoughts and difficulties of the men who refused to do this, they either could not or would not sympathise nor have anything to do. Hence, the vigour and thoroughness of their own individual lives was able only very partially to affect the thinking and feeling of the world around them. But Browning undertakes the work which they would not attempt. The chief glory of his labour is that he has taken so much of what was good in the old Puritan spirit, and has brought it into harmony with the wider knowledge and larger life of later times. He devises for the fixedness of moral purpose and power of asceticism, which are the inherent characteristics of his own nature, another and a worthier use than the uses which in old times men had been wont to make them serve. He sees in moral fixedness a means that may be used not to check intellectual advance, but to help it forward by steadying its aim; and he finds that asceticism is capable of becoming, from having been the old monkish discipline of repression, the nobler ἄσκησις of the mental athlete, which is to prepare him for strenuous exertions whereby all parts of his human nature may develop themselves to the full.

The idea of a struggle and a wrestling in which the *wills* of men are to be engaged—the central idea of early and mediæval Christian thought—is recognised fully and distinctly by Browning in all that he has written. He holds that men's business in this world is labour and strife and conquest, and not merely free unconscious growth and harmonious development. He differs thoroughly from the modern thinking, which sees no moral evil distinct from and antagonistic to good; and again and again, directly or indirectly, his poems let us see how wide is his separation, both in belief and feeling, from the many poets of these present days, who have returned to the idea round which the old Greek poetry had all revolved, of the powerlessness of man's will and the drifting of his life before an unalterable destiny. In a recent criticism on Tennyson's and Browning's characteristics,[1]

[1] Professor Dowden's lecture on 'Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning,' *The Dublin Afternoon Lectures on Literature and Art* (1867-68). London: Bell & Daldy.

Browning is distinguished as being pre-eminently the poet of impulse. This he doubtless is, but it seems to me that his *chief* point of difference from the majority of modern poets, is his being emphatically the poet of the will.

That this is the characteristic feature of his poetry strikes one most forcibly if one chances to take up a volume of it immediately after reading his contemporary Matthew Arnold's sufficiently to have let one's mood take the impress of his. The transition from the one man's conception of life to that of the other seems like the waking from one of those nightmare dreams in which we have the sense of being for ever passive (all the while struggling in vain not to be) under some Compelling that is horrible and yet mockingly sweet; to find ourselves restored from this to the wide-awake state of things, in which we regain the consciousness of freedom of action.

There is much in which he makes common cause with J. H. Newman and the men who were imbued with his spirit. They and Browning alike realise the individuality of each human life, and the struggle which is for each man a separate work to be entered into by his self-determined will, and feel the intense mysteriousness of human personality. And they may be classed together as protesters against nineteenth-centuryism—the habit of thought which makes so little account of these things. The question on which they part company is the question as to whether the impulses which men find within them are to be opposed by their wills as enemies, or to be accepted by them as allies in the struggle that has to be engaged in. While, on the one hand, by Newman and those like-minded with him, the only guide internal to man which is acknowledged as having the authority of a voice from the invisible world, is the conscience—the sense of a law binding to the doing of one sort of actions and the refraining from another sort (the law by making its presence thus felt being in itself evidence for its giver); by Browning, on the other hand, *other* mental phenomena to be found in human nature are accepted, as having first their intellectual significance as evidences 'whence a world of spirit as of sense' is made plain to us, and afterwards their moral uses in raising us from the world of sense into the world of spirit.

Our human impulses towards knowledge, towards beauty, towards love—all these impulses, the feeling of which is common in various degrees to all men, and the expression of which by some few among them is Art—are reverenced by him as the signs and tokens of a world not included in that which meets our senses, as the

> Intuitions, grasps of guess,
> That pull the more into the less,
> Making the finite comprehend
> Infinity.

—not of course that Browning does not also recognise the evidential force of conscience as an internal witness, but still, I think, it is *chiefly*

in the human impulses which in the world of sense are never satisfied, that he considers the subjective evidence for the spirit world to lie.

And from this difference in the grounds of his and Newman's beliefs there results a difference in their whole conception of man's life and its aims. The part of human nature which alone Newman will acknowledge as a divine guide is a part which in itself furnishes no principle of growth or progress (the conscience being only a power capable of restraining and directing), and the ideal life in this world is therefore, according to him, only a state of *waiting*, a walking warily in obedience, until some other state shall be reached in which man shall be in a condition to begin growth. According to him the business of the earthly life is only to get safely out of it as out of an enemy's country.

And as a natural result of his theory of the earthly life, we find that Newman, even with all his vivid perception of each human soul's individual existence, becomes unable to sympathise with *diversities* of individuality: no scope for human diversities being allowed by the theory which sets all men to the same sort of work—the mere work of escaping (each with his unused individualities) to some future condition in which life, in the sense of an active and growing state, may begin.

But Browning, on the other hand, having taken all the higher human impulses and aspirations to be evidences whereby we discern an order of things extending beyond the world of which sense is cognizant, becomes able to conceive of the life that now is, as a condition, not of mere waiting and watching—not as a struggle only on the *defensive* against evil, in which safety is the only kind of success sought for—but as a state in which growth and progress are to be things of the present—in which the struggle is to be for acquisition and not alone for defence. His recognition of impulse as a guide to be accounted divine, makes him recognise human nature as being furnished with means of self-evolving growth and action, and not merely of obedience to laws given from without.

Browning's theory of human impulse removes him from a sort of asceticism which he would doubtless have been capable of exercising (if his judgment had decided in favour of it) as unflinchingly and as fiercely as mediæval monk or modern ascetic, such as Newman or Faber. He, like them, could have preached and practised the restraining of human feelings and hopes, and the reducing of life to a toilsomely-maintained condition of high-wrought quiescence. He is too entirely filled with the sense of the resolute human will to have ever let himself be driven along, Swinburne-like, by mighty art impulses. He would have been able to separate his thinking wholly from their influences, had it not been that he had deliberately accepted them as guides which ought to be followed. The moral half of him is stronger than the æsthetic; and the stronger could have crushed out the weaker if it had not chosen to yield it willing honour. A mind such as his is solitary and ascetic in its natural temperament; yet by his creed Browning

gains catholicity of thought and of interests. Wide sympathy with dissimilar types of human character would be a thing not to be looked for in a thinker who realises so intensely the mysteries of his own individual existence, if it had not been that he had taken those very things in which their dissimilarity lies—their multiform impulses—as the many witnesses for the same truths, each witness requiring to be understood by a reverent and appreciative sympathy. To a man whose whole soul could be absorbed by the vividly realised vision of an Easter Day, desires such as Abt Vogler's towards ideal beauty of sound; as those of Paracelsus towards knowledge; of Aprile towards love; and the restless battle-ardour of Luria, would seem trivial, and not worthy of detaining the eyes to search into them and analyse their peculiarities, were it not for his belief that in all such desires an infinite meaning could be discerned; and that they were the varying pledges, given to various human beings, of the individual immortality of each. From this his belief there follows a wide development of human sympathy which has a peculiar value, because of its not being the expression of naturally gregarious tendencies, but of an originally self-concentrated nature, transferring, as it were, its own consciousness, with all its intensity, into the diverse human individualities that come under its notice.

Very wide indeed is this sympathy. All human feelings and aspirations become precious in Browning's eyes, not for what they are, but for what they point to. He becomes capable of seeing a grandeur (potential though not actual) in human aims whose aspect would be, to careless unsympathising eyes, ridiculous rather than sublime. For instance, the instinctive craving after perfection and accuracy, which had for its only visible result the expending of the energies of a lifetime on the task of determining the exact force and functions of Greek particles, is treated by Browning, in that very noble poem of his, 'The Grammarian's Funeral,' with no contemptuous pity, but is honoured as being a pledge of the limitless future, which, lying before all human workers, renders it unnecessary that a man should slur over the minutiæ of his work hastily, in the endeavour to compress into a lifetime all that he aims at accomplishing.

The sort of asceticism which Browning's theory of impulse makes impossible to him, is that which fears to let the senses enjoy the whole fulness of earthly beauty, and seeks to narrow and enfeeble the affections, and to stifle men's noble ambitions. Yet his poetry keeps for its characteristic spirit that other asceticism which implies the using of the world's material beauty and human passion, not as ends in themselves, but as means whereby man's spirit may reach to the heights above them, there to find new steps by which to ascend. He counsels no abstinence from beauty for the senses, but it is to be to men not as a banquet, but as a draught which will give them strength for labour, the fuller the draught the greater the strength.

He, more than any other poet, has ever present with him these two ideas: that the world—the material and the human—contains what is 'very good;' and also that 'the fashion of this world passeth away.' His noble christianised Platonism takes 'all partial beauty as a pledge of beauty in its plenitude.' *His* mood the pledge never wholly suffices. The earth is to him 'God's ante-chamber'—God's, not a devil's—yet still only an ante-chamber.

Asceticism of this kind is the great glory of his doctrine as a *preacher*. It may be that, considering him solely as a poet, he loses somewhat by it. One sort of beauty there is of which it deprives his work, however great may be the compensating gains. This is the artistic beauty of pathos, of which Browning's poetry is wholly, or almost wholly, devoid. There are two kinds of pathos lying on opposite sides of the position which Browning occupies as a thinker. One of these is the pathos of mediæval art, and the other the pathos of pagan art. And with neither of these has he anything to do. The old ascetic conception of the earthly life gives a strange yearning tenderness, infinitely pathetic, to the manner in which the early and mediæval hymn writers and the modern mediævallists, Newman and Faber, look onward as if from out of a desert or an enemy's country to the far-off unseen world—their 'Urbs Beata Jerusalem,' their 'Paradise,' their 'Calm land beyond the sea.' But Browning has no need nor room for pathos of this sort: the tender 'Heimweh' of this has no place amongst his feelings. He does not image to himself the life after death as a *home*, in the sense of a state that shall be rested in and never exchanged for a higher. He conceives of it as differing from the life that now is, not in permanency, but in elevation and in increase of capacities. And the earth has its own especial glory, which he will not overlook, of being first of an infinite series of ascending stages, showing even now, in the beauty and love that is abroad in it, the tokens of the visitings of God's free spirit.

The feeling which we commonly call *pathos* seems, when one analyses it, to arise out of a perception of grand incongruities—filling a place in one class of our ideas corresponding to that in another in which the sense of the ludicrous is placed by Locke. And this pathos was attained by mediæval asceticism through its habit of dwarfing into insignificance the earthly life and its belongings, and setting the meanness and wretchedness which it attributed to it in contrast to the far-off vision of glory and greatness. But by Browning no such incongruity is recognised between what is and what shall be.

Another sort of pathos—the Pagan—is equally impossible to him. This is the sort which results from a full realising of the joy and the beauty of the earth, and the nobleness of men's lives on it; and from seeing a grand inexplicablenes in the incongruity between the brightness of these and the darkness which lies at either end of them —the infinite contradiction between actual greatness and the apparent

nothingness of its whence and whither—the mystery of strong and beautiful impulses finding no adequate outcome now, nor promise of ever finding it hereafter—human passion kindling into light and glow, only to burn itself out into ashes—the struggle kept up by the will of successive generations against Fate, ever beginning and ever ending in defeat, to recommence as vainly as before—the never-answered 'Why?' uttered unceasingly in myriad tones from out all human life.

The poetry of the Greeks gained from the contemplation of these things a pathos, which, however gladly a Christian poet may forego such gain for his art, was in its sadness inexpressibly beautiful. The Iliad had a deep under-current of it even in the midst of all its healthy childlike objectivity; and it was ever present amongst the great tragedians' introspective analysings of humanity.

High art of later times has for the most part retained this pagan beauty. Though there is no reason to think that there was any paganism in Shakespeare's creed, yet we cannot help feeling that, whether the cause is to be sought in his individual genius or in Renaissance influences, the spirit of his art is in many respects pagan. In his great tragedies he traces the workings of noble or lovely human character on to the point—and no further—where they disappear into the darkness of death; and ends with a look *back*, never on towards anything beyond. His sternly truthful realism will not, of course, allow him to attempt a shallow poetical justice, and mete out to each of his men and women the portion of earthly good which might seem their due: and his artistic instincts—positive rather than speculative—prefer the majesty and infinite sadness of unexplainedness to any attempt to look on towards a future solution of hard riddles in human fates. 'King Lear,' for instance, is pathetic because of its paganism; and would be spoiled, or at all events changed into something quite different, by the introduction of any Christian hope. One of the chief artistic effects of the story is the incongruity between the wealth of devotion poured out by Cordelia's impulses of love and the dreary nothingness in which those beautiful impulses end. If there was anything in it to leave with us the impression that this was *not* the end of all, and that this expenditure of love was not in vain, but had its results yet to come, the story could not call forth in us an emotion of such keen and tender pity. And in this tragedy, as in Shakespeare's others, one of its greatest effects, as art, is produced by the idea which had acted so mightily on the minds of old Greek poets—the powerlessness of man's moral agency against his destiny. Hamlet, for instance, ends in accomplishing nothing of what he has set before him as his aim. Something, over and above his own irresoluteness is hindering him. He becomes, through no fault of his, the murderer of a harmless old man, and breaks the innocent young heart of Ophelia, becoming to her another link in the chain of involuntary evil, and being the cause of her unconscious sin of self-destruction. (It *is* as sin that Shakespeare

regards Ophelia's suicide; and this parodox of his, of guilt without moral volition is thoroughly Greek—akin, e.g. to the tragic aspect of the crime of Œdipus.)

So too, in Othello's character, there is no lack of noble impulses; yet they are productive of no results. His fate, taking advantage of the one vulnerable part of his nature, impels him to the destruction of all his happiness by the murder of Desdemona. And the artist breaks off, taking the murdered and the murderer out of our sight, and leaving with us only the impression of the irreparableness of the deed, and of the mysteriousness and inevitableness of the innocent suffering and almost involuntary guilt that came upon two human creatures. The effect of the tragedies depends upon the total absence in them of anything which might suggest the possibility of a future answer to the great 'Wherefore?' which their endings evoke from our hearts. Their pathos arises out of their tacit exclusion of hope.[1]

The contrast between the spirit (apart of course from any thought as to the relative poetical rank) of Shakespeare's tragedies, and of Mr. Browning's greatest tragic work, 'The Ring and the Book,' is very striking. The impression which the latter leaves upon the reader's mind is that of a great solemn looking forward, which absorbs into itself all emotions of pity that might have been awakened by Pompilia's innocent suffering and Caponsacchi's love; and which mitigates the hatred which we must feel for Guido, by the thought that even for him a far-off possible good may be waiting. The spirit of Shakespeare's tragic art (however much the form may differ from the classical) has much of the sort of completeness which was characteristic of Greek art. There is no suggestiveness in it of a state of things out of the reach of his art, and therefore he allows you to feel to the full (as far as you are able) any emotion which the character and circumstances of his dramatic creations should properly give rise to. When once he has shaped and fashioned his men and women, he leaves them with you—fixed as a sculptor might leave his work—in attitudes which appeal perpetually to one or other of your human feelings, with no indication of such attitudes not being the only possible ones in which they might appear. But Browning never completes, or would have his readers complete, the emotions called forth by his dramatic art. He checks them, while as yet only half realised, by his perpetual suggestiveness that what his art represents is only a portion of a great

[1] There is an analogy between the poetry of ancient and modern paganism, and some of the greatest poems in the modern art—music. The spirit which seems to pervade Beethoven's is essentially pagan. He is the great musical poet of unanswered seeking. There is joyousness enough in his music to contrast with its tones of mighty Faust-like despair; but I have never heard a passage of it that suggested emotions of hope or deep restful happiness. Outside the world in which Beethoven and his art move, there is for him only a 'dim gray lampless world.' Outside the world of Mendelssohn, however, who is no pagan, there is an infinite encircling love, to which he sings his 'Lobgesang.' He seeks—and *finds*.

unknown whole, without knowing, which neither he nor you can determine, what the feelings with which you regard the portion ought to be. Considering, as he does, every human life as only a glimpse of a beginning, its minglings of greatness and imperfection have not for him the same aspect of pathetic mysterious paradox which they have for those poets who, either from their creed or from their ἦθος, regard it as a rounded whole.

The absence of any pagan spirit in Browning's writings deprives them also of a sort of beauty that belongs to so much of the modern poetry of external nature. Paganism is the source whence many poets have drawn their adoration of that loveliness of the earth—serene and terrible, outlasting and unmoved by human struggles. When these men behold the infinity of her beauty, they merge in their adoration of it all dissatisfactions with human life; attaining to one kind of intellectual repose, by giving up hope to find satisfaction for thought or moral feeling, and by taking instead, for solace, the unmeasured pleasure of æsthetic perception.

Shelley's creed, taking the visible world for its all in all, has for its product the intense vividness with which he perceives the richness and glory of the sights of that world. He looks *at*, rests *in*, the beauty that he sees; and it becomes more to him than it can be even to Wordsworth, who, with all his devotion to external nature, looked *through* rather than *at* her. And Shelley's poetry derives its strange intangible pathos from its having all this æsthetic brightness to set in contrast over against the darkness that surrounds those 'obstinate questionings' from *within*, which again and again, in spite of his own desire, distract his mind from its joyous vision of what is without. And there is a sort of passionate grasping, clutching rather, at the light of the sun, and all the sights and sounds and fragrances of the earth, which belongs especially to pagan poetry, ancient or modern, and which tells of a prizing of these things not for their own mere beauty's sake, but chiefly because in the perception of them *life* is implied, and the separation from them means extinction and dark nothingness. This idea, so all-pervading in the old Greek feeling for external nature, finds in our own days its chief exponent in Swinburne. I know of nothing in contemporary poetry that is so supremely pathetic as the perpetual alternations in those wonderful choruses in his 'Atalanta in Calydon,' between a wild revelling in the freshness and exuberant gladness of the earth, in the rush of her joyance, when—

> 'in green underwood and cover,
> Blossom by blossom the spring begins'—

and a wailing lamentation over the life of man who has for his portion on the earth

> 'light in his ways,
> And love and a space for delight,
> And beauty and length of days,
> And night and sleep in the night.'

Yet whose doom is only to abide there during a brief space, knowing neither content nor hope.

'His speech is a burning fire,
With his lips he travaileth,
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes fore-knowledge of death.
He weaves, and is clothed with derision,
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision,
Between a sleep and a sleep.'

The poem of 'Atalanta' is of course a direct utterance of *modern* paganism, and not merely expressive of historical sympathy with *ancient*; and is a specimen, most perfect of its kind, of that æsthetic beauty of which Browning's poetry is rendered incapable by the creed in which his strong, earnest mind, never able to rest without getting down into the realities that underlie the visible surface of things, finds the substantial reality that it seeks.

Yet it may indeed be that the feeling gained by Browning's onward gaze of expectation is higher, even if considered purely as an *artist's* feeling, than that of the wistful pathos that comes to other poets through their sense of a seeking baffled alike behind and before. And it may be that our inability instantly to recognise it as higher, is because of our having, although contemporaries with Browning, lagged behind him in thought and aspiration; and not having as yet attained to the conception towards which his poetry reaches in its beautiful imperfect grandeur, of a Christianity and Art—nowhere destructive of each other—two parts of one great Revelation.

E. Dickinson West.

An English Communist.

By J. Hain Friswell, Author of 'The Gentle Life.'

There are only two powers now to be feared in Society—they are the Church and the Secret Societies or Mary Anne.—Disraeli's *Lothair*.

The recent terrible events in Paris, which in their inception and execution both are unparalleled, and as Mr. Gladstone asserts only to be fully designated by the eloquence of silence, have been described by some as the 'last kick of the Commune.' Whether they be indeed the last or the first, they recall a conversation and experience which may here be fitly recorded.

The year is 1870; the hot summer blazing into autumn; the streets untidy and dusty, very far from fresh, somewhat jaded in fact, and not over-well swept; in the early morning, very hot too, although the street-sweepers and water-carts have been their due rounds. The carts, with a heavy lumbering noise, a splash and a gush, which awoke the sleepers who were wise enough to have their windows open, emptied themselves so vigorously that two men at a pump by the market-place, who looked like two tall half-melted navvies who had been unwillingly reduced to parish work, declared that the water was like a half-quartern of gin in 'a two-out glass, no sooner in than it was out agin,' and every now and then struck work to mop their faces. Little boys sat carelessly on the kerb-stones to let the splashing water run over them, and the water itself was dashed upon the warm stones in the stupid, wasteful English fashion, and washed away as much of the concrete as it could, and then evaporated in an efficient and very quick way.

The only cool people in the street were the sellers of watercresses, who with an old chair, an old tea-tray, and an inverted basket, held a kind of bazaar for green meat, and were careful to use one bunch as an asperge to sprinkle the rest, and so kept a few paving stones damp around them. But the 'creases' themselves had run 'spindly' and were dry and yellowish, and not even the tempting cry of 'here's your fine fresh brown 'uns' caused the slipshod urchins to buy. The connoisseurs in 'creases' prefer the dark shining leaves of the young

watercress in spring; hence the term of 'brown 'uns.' But it was far too late in the season for them.

The place was Greville Street, Hatton Garden; the house once a very handsome one when old city merchants dwelt in the 'garden' close to it, and some remnants of the nobility still lingered about the quarter named from Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. The street had long been left to wild tribes of workmen, and a colony of Italian glass-workers, mathematical instrument makers, silverers, gilders, looking-glass makers, tube blowers, image vendors, modellers, makers of decorations for cornices and ceilings, and other artists, had settled in the quarter and made it what it was fitly called—little Italy. Here and there a French basket-maker had taken a huge house and filled it from the top to the bottom with baskets, which were delivered in gigantic bundles neatly sewn up in canvas, and which reached from the pavement to the top of the first-floor window.

The insides of these bundles were wondrous specimens of 'packing.' For instance, a wicker cradle as big as that which contained the infant Hercules—for English babies run large—held within it many various sizes down to the tiniest doll's cradle; and baskets followed the same rule until they were small enough to be stuffed compactly with wicker rattles, which with a piece of bent tin in them emitted strange noises like the ghost of a sheep bell. These huge parcels took certain gentlemen in blouses—MM. Achille, Gustave, Arsène, and others—a whole day to unpack, and during this pleasant operation, A. G. and A., who were wildly republican, but devoted to the ladies as deeply as the gayest courtier in the time of Louis XIV., showed their white teeth, smoothed their black moustaches, and smiled fondly and gallantly upon any 'Misse' who passed by.

Inside one of these tall houses, in a back room smelling of vinegar and as cool as it well could be, sat two men: one was an English gentleman, the other an Englishman too, of the 'base mechanic sort,' as some of the superfine swells in Shakespeare's play are made bitterly and satirically to say. The sick man was of the base sort—if we dare apply that to any class; that is, he got his living by a handicraft which as surely as it fed him, so surely brought him his death. He knew that, and we knew it too. It was as certain as statistics. The little boy who was apprenticed to it would have ten or it may be twenty years deducted from the sum of his young life, and would be badly paid after all. He was a water-gilder, an occupation fast dying out, as electro-gilding, which is not half as good they say, has superseded it. When we have anything good we have to pay for it.

The occupation of the 'base mechanic'—the notion of a man losing his life by inches and yet being base, although all the while he was making very beautiful things, is not pleasant—would of course account for two or three very beautiful silver vases, parcel-gilt, of excellent art, and glowing inside with a deep reflected red (a colour which made one

understand why the Scotch called gold the 'red siller,' and old ballads talk about the red red gold), and on the outside with a moonlight glory of fine polish, picked out with lighter gilding.

The occupation of the invalid would also account for the pallor of his face, the partial toothlessness of his jaws, though the man was young, the blue marks under his eyes and round his lips, and the continual trembling of his limbs. Mercury had done its work upon him, and a hacking cough which shook and tore him to pieces was finishing him as he sat.

He looked with satisfaction at the vases. 'Them's the last,' he said to his guest and friend. 'I give Mr. Jonson my word, and I worked till I done it. It's finished me though.'

'Mr. Jonson,' said his friend, taking up one of the cups daintily, 'why they have a coronet on them, and, by the way, the arms and supporters of the Earl of Mudford—*Virtus sola nobilitas*.'

'That's the motto. Mr. Jonson is the silversmith; I only know his name in it. What does that mean?'

'Virtue is the only nobility. Virtus means strength as well, sometimes valour.'

'Ah! read it that way. If all's true of Lord Mudford it won't suit the other way. He's strong enough and as big as a bull; he saw me to give me some directions, and spoke to me as if I was dirt.'

'It's his way; he is a good fellow enough, I hear, but rather wild.'

'I wish them noblemen wouldn't fancy every poor man was deaf. He split my poor head open a'most, but I give him my word and I done it.'

It was satisfactory to the poor man this finishing of his last work, for, base as he was, he was honourable.

'You mustn't talk too much,' said his companion. 'Be quiet and you will be better. When I picked you up in the street a fortnight ago, I never thought to see you so well as you are. It was a cold night then—one of those sudden cold nights that we sometimes have in summer, and the change from your hot workshop was too much for your lungs, poor fellow.'

'Very kind of you, sir; very kind.'

'Yes, a fellow-feeling you see; I had been nearly as bad.'

The conversation was here interrupted by an Italian who, swarthy, black-headed, and full of health, with a huge lettuce in one hand and a flask of oil in his pocket, opened the door gently and took off his cap politely as he entered. '*L' ho apportata*,' said he, putting down the lettuce, 'we will make salad. Here is something also.' He placed a little packet on the table by the side of the dying man. 'From the society,' he said. 'We had a meeting, and I opened to them your case.'

'I won't touch it. I have kept at work and don't want it.'

The Italian waved his hand. 'You are a good workman, and we

know our duty' said he. 'If not you, yet for the signora—she will need it, Mister Walsh.'

The water-gilder sighed and let the parcel lie.

'Madre Natura takes care of her children,' said Giuseppe softly with a smile, 'which is more than the State does.'

He moved about the room, found a basin, rinsed the lettuce, mixed oil, vinegar, and sugar, tasted the mixture, and cutting the lettuce into shreds, pronounced the salad capital; then saying, '*Avrete del vino e della latte*,' went out to get those articles.

'He's a good Samaritan,' said the gentleman with a smile. 'I suppose in this Italian quarter you like salads and foreign dishes.'

'We get used to them.'

'And to other things—to Madre Natura, for instance; I have heard about it. What is that?'

'A great society which has branches all over the world. You will hear about it soon. Do you know the name of Mary Anne?'

'Not meaning a woman? Yes, I have just heard about it and that is all; in Sheffield and elsewhere.'

'At Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, down here; in New York, Paris, Berlin, and at San Francisco, Melbourne, and Victoria; for the matter of that, all over the world.'

'A large society. What does it mean?'

'Labour against capital, that's *all*,' said the water-gilder in a whisper, for his voice was weak.

'You have to fight with a giant,' answered his companion.

'And we shall beat; at least I think I shall be out of the struggle soon enough, but I leave a boy who may come after me. It will be better for him.'

'*Del vino*,' cried the bass voice of the Italian, bringing some thin white wine, cheap enough in those quarters, and mixed with water very delicious in the hot weather.

A Samaritan indeed, for he brought oil and wine, and declaring that he meant to take a holiday, '*Avremo vacanza, amico mio*,' he said to the poor sick fellow, constituted himself his watcher, took the place of the Englishman who went away sadly, hardly expecting to see the poor water-gilder again.

As it was, however, he lingered on some weeks, and from conversations between him and his visitor, and many explanations from Giuseppe and one of the French basket-makers from over the way, certain truths were picked up which are here given.

The kindness of these men, foreigners and exiles, both of whom had fought in the streets of Paris or of Naples, and to whom revolution was a creed, was remarkable. They were as tender as their creed, according to some, was cruel and wild. The difficulty which society will have in dealing with such political regenerators is that theirs is not the conspiracy of bad men for a mere chimerical object selfish in its

end, but the combination of good men driven to despair at the present state of society, for an end which the world holds to be Utopian, but which they believe to be in their grasp.

Here, then, follow some of their sentences. Edward Walsh, the water-gilder, a good sound English workman, who, whether he has culture or not, whether his education be defective, or he has imbibed some sweetness and light, was an excellent workman, and had died at an early age, leaving his wife and child—through no fault of his own—almost at the mercy of the world. Three men were left: the guest who first sat by Walsh's side when the narrative commences, Arsène the basket-maker, and Giuseppe the Italian modeller, his decent black clothes somewhat whitened in patches with plaster of Paris, as if it oozed out of his pores or dusted from his finger-nails. These after the funeral are debating the matter.

'The service is very simple, and the Padre was a good kind gentleman, but that won't bring Walsh back to his family or do any good for him.' So far the Italian.

'No. We have grown tired of you gentlemen and your religion. We take our wives to our bosoms and put our dead in earth without forms or priest. Christianity is very pretty, very touching sometimes, but for the world, look you there, *m'sieur*, it is exploded.'

'*Senza dubbio*,' said Giuseppe. 'The time has past for it. We have had men of genius who loved it, men of science who admired it: Dante, Galileo, they were its friends—it persecuted and condemned them.'

'The priesthood did: the Church if you like, not the faith.'

'We make no difference, *nous autres*. Here am I; look at me, Arsène Dubois, I loved the faith; it was sweet in my childhood. I have outlived it. What Church does good? Not even to the few who love it, the rich, the comfortable, as you call them. And remember beneath them are the thousands of workers who are strange or antagonistic to it; why these bear the same relation to what they call here the "upper crust" of society as the body of one of your cakes of Christmas does to the thin sugar which makes it look white and pretty on the top.'

'And you have not made them Christian in eighteen centuries. The sugar does not mix; it thinks itself superior to the cake, and yet the cake has all the goodness; is all the food, I mean—produces everything like the workers. And these, my faith, they live in Paris, Berlin, New York, or Manchester, nine and ten in a room, and die like this poor Walsh. Christianity has failed.'

'No; we have failed in making our Christianity real. What would you have?'

'Law!'

'Law; why *that* is not justice even in England, where it is best adminstered.'

'Not lawyer's law, good sir, but social law,' answered Arsène, 'administered by society—"a supreme headship chosen by other societies"—that is what one of our English brethren writes.'

'*Si, si.* The Commune. All the good for the good of all. Get thee behind me, priests, kings, nobles! What have you done in your twenty centuries since Christ came and preached the true religion of the Commune, "Love one another"? Why, sirs, they have picked out the best places, the parks, the houses, the carriages, the very ships, rivers, lakes, and waters; they have provided for their families, they have taken hold of the Signor Christ Himself and turned His coat inside out. And during this while Humanity has worked for them or starved and died.'

'It is so,' said the Frenchman. 'Government by the upper classes has failed. We do not blame them; they saw only as far as they could. You have a word which is very expressive; you gentlemen are Conservatives, you would *conserver toutes les choses*—keep things as they are. Well, for you it is very good. It means the Universities, the Church, the army, fine places and parks; and all nice things, the lamb, the turbot, and the lobster; poetry, fine art, and splendid emotions, *c'est ça*; but for others, for us, it means little children of four destroying their lives by dipping matches, gangs of boys and girls driven for miles to weed your fields at half-a-crown a week; labourers who rear the lambs paid at nine or twelve shillings; death in the frozen sea for the man who catches the lobster and the turbot, and half-a-crown a day for self, boat, and peril, while the fishmonger makes a great fortune, and plants a paradise or builds a palace; poverty and hard work for the poet, the paper maker, and the printer of your books, and the fate of Edward Walsh for the preparer of fine art. This is a rough outline of our view. As a rule it is a true one, though there may be exceptions.'

'*Vero è vero!* True by the good God who has suffered all this, that is, for ninety out of a hundred. Some giants fight their way upwards, but the flock dies as its fathers.'

'Now we don't hate you—we did once—we could have slain all of you, *vous autres*, but we do not wish so now. But look you, we will remove you.'

'Who will?'

'*Madre Natura.* The Commune, the Contrat Social. Is it not time to shuffle the cards?'

'For from the workers,' continued Arsène, 'in brain or by hand—and you are one of these and should be one of us—come all things. There are exceptions, you say. None, not enough to prove the rule. The steam plough, the plough itself, the spade, the seeds that are sown, the breeding of cattle, all proceed from the brains of the masses, and are paid for by the money of the masses. The pictures which adorn your walls, the books which teach you how to live, how to die, how to pray, the very outwork and defence of your religion, all come from the brains of the workers, poor students often starving and neglected; the very faith

you inherit arose from One poor and neglected, who was crucified as a malefactor, and the very theories by which you administer your wealth from the solitary students of political economy who were neglected and laughed at till you found their theories of use.'

'*Bravo!* Arsène my son.'

'Now we have got tired of all that; we have put it aside as useless; others may take it up, a religion which binds us to suffer, and not to redress wrong.'

'Does it do that? The Church will tell you very differently.'

'Bah! the Church she is dead; we have no Church, we live for Humanity. We propose to redistribute wealth, to reward labour, to punish idleness and over-luxury. Instead of one being educated and despising others, all shall be educated and none despised. We live no longer for individual selfishness, but for Humanity.'

'You are Comtists then; you worship the divine Auguste.'

'Not as divine; he was one of us. We worship what he worshipped in his poor ideal, the race, humanity, Madre Natura, all the good for the good of all, as one of your English said.'

'But what becomes of trade, society, law, physic, and divinity?'

'Ah, my friend, you have a long way to go. What becomes of our sons that we furnished for your armies and your footmen, our daughters who were your mistresses or servants, when the whole Society shall move round you, in every city in France, Germany, Italy, America, and quietly dispossess you? We will not slay you if you are quiet—we will remove you.'

'You are dreaming. How many have you?'

'Three millions already, and each one an apostle. Nothing stands in our way. You remember Mr. Broadhead and Sheffield.'

'A detestable murderer——'

'An agent of the great Society, not very wise perhaps, but clear about his duty and his way. We find that it is of no use to appeal to religion, to faith, to patriotism, to learning, to culture, to government by the rich. These do not stop wars nor baby murders, not the death and degradation of millions. We will and we can. We have a president in every country, secretaries in every town, members everywhere. We help our poor—you saw Giuseppe bring money to poor Walsh; you would give him dry bread and the workhouse. Your religion encourages the scamp and the beggar, and gives away at least the half of seven millions of gold sovereigns in London alone, to the cheat and the idler. Our Society would make them work or would let them starve. You allow millions of children in your fields and streets to grow up to vice and ignorance; Mary Anne would take and teach them. At the same time she is pitiless to those that stand in her way. She says, "Move on or I will crush you."'

'A dreadful sentence to thousands who are innocent.'

'Machinery is very cruel to those that are in its way; but as for

removal of incumbrances a certain Voice said, "It hath borne no fruit; cut it down, why cumbreth it the ground."'

'It also said, "Come unto me, ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."'

'Which priests deny. We have few prayers but our labour, but these prayers clothe all, feed all, and yet we are denied acceptance into every Church; so closely are their doors barred in by dogmas. But enough. Let those who like the churches take them. It is a free fight with us; we have done with Faith, we fight only for Humanity. Let heaven lie beyond this earth as it may, why should it be purchased—and even then denied—by misery and degradation here? We will make the world better than it is.'

'What a cruel conspiracy!'

'As cruel as the surgeon's knife, which by removing a small portion —say the scalp if you like—gives health to the whole body. Join us; we are not cruel, but we are tired of so much talk and so little action of reforms which always result in greater comfort for the rich and more work for the poor; of faith which spreads wings of gold, and utters golden words, but has feet of lead; of the press which makes great promises and ends in being the reporter of court circulars, grand doings, cricket matches, horse races, and the grand palaver club, and yet does nothing of patriots who are silenced by a place. All have failed—now we workmen, the creators of all, come forward, no longer to be governed but to govern all. We number three million souls.'

'If we have any, *Fratel mio;* but we leave that to others; we take care only of the body and the mind; we who understand our principles, simple and wise as they are, and who mean to enforce them. You will hear no doubt of our struggles; you will hear us called harsh names, for in brushing the butterflies away we shall dust their wings; thousands of us may die, but we do that every day.

'We are used to it, *Fratello*,' said Giuseppe, giving him an admiring thump on his back. 'We shall die nobly.'

'And whatever society may say, *we* shall not fail, any more than do the nation of ants in South America, which to cross a stream bury their millions in the river that they pass.'

Thus ended our talk for that time, and after events have given it importance. I may return again to this subject.

Sketches of Travel in Germany.

By Professor Blackie.

An hour and a half's pleasant swing in the Hanoverian train brought me to Göttingen. I had been introduced here to German things and German thoughts forty years ago, when Blumenbach and Heeren and Ottfried Müller, and other mighty names now departed, were the great ornaments of the Georgia Augusta. As to external appearance, I found everything pretty much as I had left it; only the Professors, who in my Burschen days used to lecture in their own private houses, have now been provided with lecture-rooms in a university building of imposing and tasteful exterior. The town itself is lightsome, clean, and pleasant; the architecture exhibiting that quaint combination of a certain clumsy unwieldiness in the mass with a light and painted gaiety in the detail, so characteristic of all those German towns that have maintained their original mediæval character in the face of modern encroachments and transformations. Of course there is a gross incongruity in this, but there is a pleasant variety also; and anything certainly is preferable to those long monotonous rows of stone or brick walls, with square holes cut in them, which constitute some of the most prominent streets in certain parts of Edinburgh and London. The town is surrounded by a *vallum* (wall) or rampart, which forms a breezy walk all round, shaded with green trees, outside of which the old fosse has now been turned into gardens—public and private—where the nightingales keep up their lively nocturnal concert, quite close to the screaming whistle of the Hanoverian railway. As to the University, there can be no doubt that it will suffer to some extent from the provincial character which must now belong to it, in comparison with the great central University of Berlin. The division of the Fatherland into so many petty independent states, which Bismark, by two great strokes, has put an end to, carried with it at least this great advantage, that Germany contained more centres of independent and original culture than any country in Europe, and had its intellectual equilibrium less disturbed by the overgrowth of centralisation. But these minor German universities still present, and will no doubt

continue to present, a strong well-ordered phalanx of teaching power which our proudest British universities may not look on without blushing. In the single University of Göttingen, which does not contain more than 800 students, there are eighty persons officially employed in the work of teaching, arranged in the three grades of ordinary professors, extraordinary professors, and *privatim docentes*—that is, in our language, licensed graduates—the consequence of which rich provision is, that instead of the rigid routine of traditional classes which we have in Scotland, there is scarcely a subject of any conceivable human interest which may not find its niche in the scheme of teaching for a German winter and summer session. During the week I spent in Göttingen I attended four lectures from different professors, each of which was of a kind that it would have been impossible to have heard in any university of Scotland. The two first were on special periods of history: on the political relations of Northern Europe during the second half of the seventeenth century, by Dr. Pauli, and on the history of Germany, from the year 1806 downwards, by Professor Waitz. Our professors of history—and it is only exceptionally that in Scotland they exist at all—could not lightly indulge in various specialties of this kind, as, like most public teachers in Scotland, they are tied down to some prescribed scheme, which they must exhaust, and from which they cannot depart. This mechanical arrangement of university work is a public proclamation of poverty and meanness which requires no comment. The other two lectures which I heard were equally significant of the variety, richness, and flexibility of the German academical scheme. The one was by Professor Hermann Lotze, 'On the Philosophy of Religion,' a subject that might possibly find a place in a course of lectures on moral philosophy such as we have in Scotland, but which certainly could not be taken up by the Professor of Logic and Metaphysics without raising grave discussions in the church courts, and being productive of very perilous consequences to the University. The other lecture was by Professor Sauppe; or rather it was a lecture by the students, over which the Professor presided, pretty much in the fashion of the tutorial classes in England, or the general style of the Greek and Latin classes in the Scottish universities. Only, so far as Scotland is concerned, the sad contrast must be fairly stated: that whereas in our universities the Professor superintends the drill of young men as in a school, that they may acquire a mastery of the two learned languages, in Göttingen the Professor trains those who have already acquired a mastery of those languages in the scientific principles of interpretation and criticism. A notable thing also was that the whole performances took place through the medium of the Latin language; a practice which should never have been allowed to fall into academical disuse, as it has altogether in Edinburgh (the natural consequence of the inherent weakness of our classical training), and as I suspect in Oxford also, for which there can be no excuse. Whatever

languages are taught at school or college ought not only to be read and written, but to be spoken; for the ear is the great natural avenue through which sounds are received into the familiar citizenship of the brain; and it is not, of course, the dead rule of a gray book, but the living power of a human voice, that can convey to the ear, at once, most easily, and most effectively, the impressions which, in the acquisition of language, it has a natural claim to expect.

The most remarkable thing that I saw in Göttingen was a professor of geology who had been forty-one times on Mount Etna, and, as the fruit of his various visits, had constructed a map of its lava streams, as accurate and detailed as any of Graf Moltke's strategic schemes. This is German thoroughness in the grand style. Whatever a German does he does with system and calculation; and Deutschland certainly has a better claim than France to boast that she is *la patrie de l'organisation*. For the rest, I have only to note that in Göttingen living is cheap, that it is thoroughly German in all its ways and habits, and that it has not suffered any elegant corruption—like Heidelberg and Bonn—from the presence of a regular English colony. I therefore think it a most advisable place for young Scotsmen who may wish to take a taste of German language and learning for a *semestre* or two. As for Englishmen, they will naturally go where living is more expensive, and where they will meet with more of their own countrymen. The plain Scot fraternises more easily with the homely German.

From Göttingen, being bent for Berlin, I took the route which led through the two famous sites hallowed by the names of Luther and Melancthon, viz., Eisleben and Wittenberg. The former town lies on the railway line betwixt Göttingen and Halle, between twenty and thirty English miles to the west of the latter town. Of the country betwixt Göttingen and Eisleben there is little to be said. As we approached Eisleben, dark heaps of ashes and débris, and smoking vents on the slopes of the long monotonous ridges of elevated ground, indicated clearly enough the miners' country which the well-known history of Luther's parentage leads one to expect here. The town of Eisleben lies in the low ground to the south of the gradual ascent that leads northward and eastward to the Harz mountains; it is a place of small size and pretensions. The market-place presents the usual strange mixture of the quaint and the unwieldy already mentioned as so characteristic of old German architecture; but the great attraction, of course, is the little *lange gasse*, or 'long-gate,' in which stands the house in which the great doctor of the Reformation was born. An effigy of the venerable Martin—as well known as Henry VIII.—stands on the wall, with the superscription:

Luther's Wort ist Gottes Lehr',
Darum stirbt sie nimmermehr.

Luther's word is gospel lore:
Therefore it lives for evermore.

The house is now inhabited in the upper story by one of the schoolmasters belonging to the Normal Seminary adjacent; but the room in which the prophet greeted the light is, of course, kept sacred, and left in all the barrenness of desolation which naturally belongs to a mouldy old memorial. There is nothing particularly worthy of seeing in this old house, and yet one could not be in Eisleben without visiting it; such consideration belongs to the bones, and even the nail-parings, of the saints.

Thou, too, art great among Germania's towns,
Little Eisleben! for from thee came forth
The free-mouthed prophet of the thoughtful North,
Whose word of power with mitres and with crowns
Waged glorious war, and lamed the strength of lies:
As when a bird long time in cage confined
First flaps free vans, and on the roaming wind
Floats jubilant and revels in the skies,
So did thy word, thou strong-souled Saxon man,
Lift up our wings of prisoned thought, and give
New scope of venture to our human clan,
While we did learn from thy great work to live
Erect, and make no league with juggling lies,
Looking right forward with unflinching eyes.

Another stage brought me to Halle, and thence a journey of two hours to Wittenberg, about half-way between Halle and Berlin. Here I stayed a night, that the scenery of the greatest drama of modern times might have time to paint itself leisurely on my imagination. I had not far to go, however, before the most prominent witnesses of the sacred traditions of the place stood before me; the bronze statues of Luther and Melancthon, on pedestals of granite, after a model which I afterwards found universal in Berlin. This granite, I was informed, came from no quarry, but is the product of those huge boulders which are found in various places of the vast flats of North Germany, dropt no doubt from the floating icebergs of the great pre-Adamitic Sea that once covered the whole of Brandenburg, Pomerania, and the adjacent districts. Everywhere in Wittenberg, where Luther appears, as here in the market-place, Melancthon appears with him. Never were two contrasts more useful or more necessary to one another.

Two prophets stand forth in the market-place
At Wittenberg to draw the wise regard,
Both broad-browed thinkers of the Teuton race,
Both crowned with Fame's unbought, unsought reward.
Two prophets like, yet how unlike! the same
In work, but not in function; he to fan
The strength more apt of the long smothered flame,
To temper he, and guide with chastened plan.

Thus fiery Peter, erst at gospel call,
Drew in one yoke with gentle-thoughted John;
Thus toiled beneath one battle's sulphurous pall
Hot-blooded Blücher and cool Wellington;
And they are wise who read this text in all—
Man's ways are many, but God's work is one.

The market-place in Wittenberg, independently of these two bronze preachers, is really an imposing combination; on one side the city church, in the middle the Town Hall, with hotels, and other buildings with a definite well-marked German character all round.

The great historical monument, however, at Wittenberg, unquestionably is the Schlosskirche, to the door of which the famous ninety-five theses were affixed that shook the foundation of the most gigantic spiritual despotism that ever exercised authority over the free soul of man. The church stands quite close to the north wall of the town (for Wittenberg is a regular fortress), a remarkably plain and almost ugly building, beside the two round towers of the old castle, in no respect more remarkable for architectural effect. But, however little can be said of the church, the door has received due honour. Frederick Wilhelm IV., the predecessor of his present Majesty, who was a man of great taste and religious sensibility, caused a new door to be cast in bronze, with the whole ninety-five theses, word for word, in solid scripture, to preach in the eye of day against the vile traffic in sacred things as long as iron shall endure. In the inside of the church, on the floor, the spots are shown where the bodies of Luther and Melancthon lie. Together in life, in death they should not be sundered; and so the Elector of Saxony in those days took care that the body of Luther, who had died at his own birthplace, should be transported to the place where the principal scene of his evangelic activity had been. The mass-book which he used as a priest is also shown in the vestry. Having paid my respects to this most notable of old churches, I had to retrace the whole length of the town to the Elster Thor, which leads out to the Halle and Berlin Railway. The name of this street, *Collegien Strasse*, bears on its face the tradition of the University whose learning added its authority to the moral weight of the great Reformer's protest; and at the end of it, just where it abuts on the fosse of the fortress, stand the University buildings, still used for educational purposes. The inscription *Bibliotheca Academica*, on the left, as you enter, declares the identity of the spot. In the court behind, a building originally a cloister, contains the room where Luther dwelt when Professor in the University. It remains in its original condition, with antique panels, worn old timber floor, and two pieces of furniture of rude strength and antique simplicity. The one is the table at which so many sermons and manifestoes were hammered with such Vulcanian fervour into shape; and the other a curious chair in which Martin and his Kate

used to sit together and hold domestic chirrupings in the most connubial and irreproachable way imaginable. The chair has two seats, looking one another in the face, but made of one block of wood, so as to present the perfect type of that union of man and wife which is both one and two; and it is so constructed that, for perfect ease and comfort, it must be placed close to the window, otherwise there is no proper resting-place for the arm. The window beside which it stands looks out into the court-yard, so that the most vivid picture of the fulminant doctor in his quiet ruminating moments is here presented in rude significant literalness to the eye.

In the afternoon at Wittenberg, having nothing particular to do (people dine here, and in the small towns of Germany generally, at 1 P.M.), I took a stroll beyond the Elster Thor, meaning to go a mile or two into the country, to see if any object might present itself to relieve the wide expanse of flat green monotony, which, to an English or Scottish eye, in this part of the world, is apt to convey such an expression of dreariness. Scarcely, however, had I passed the railway terminus, when my steps were led into the churchyard; and there, finding it as pleasant as any other field of promenade in the cold weather—for it was a chill May everywhere—I walked up and down for an hour. The pious care which the Germans bestow on the resting-places of the dear departed—shown in the frequently renewed flowers of various kinds planted in the mould—is only one phase of the richer vein of feeling and genuine human kindliness which distinguishes them, not less from the lofty reserve of the Englishman and the undemonstrative gravity of the Scot than from the finely and somewhat affectedly cultivated mannerism of the French. Not a few pious hands, even in this cold evening, were busied with these kindly sepulchral decorations. But my attention was drawn from them to some continuous beds of apparently recent graves—to the number of above 150—over which one stone stood, with the following inscription:

Les Officiers français
A leurs
Compatriotes
Morts en captivité
A Wittemberg,
1870-1.

On enquiry in the town afterwards, I found that 7,000 of the French prisoners, principally from Metz, had been quartered here; and that, partly from the extremes to which they had been reduced in the fortress, partly from the general distastefulness of German captivity to Frenchmen, they had died here, one or two every day, till the number which I mentioned was summed up. Upon such a theme, in such a place, at such an hour, just before sunset, one could scarcely help moralising. How some of my Edinburgh German-haters and

peace-gospellers would have burst out here in indignant blasts of commercial or evangelic wrath against that 'hoary blood-monger' the King of Prussia, whom, along with Mephistopheles Bismark, it pleases them to regard as the cause of this effusion of Frankish blood! But my vein was nothing indignant; it was only pitiful. I could not help feeling infinite sorrow that such a highly gifted people as the French should have allowed themselves so long to be deluded with that Will o' the Wisp called Glory, which after a short season of flashing prosperity has led them into such swamps of national degradation and shame. Is man a reasonable animal? Certainly, if in all wars love is extinct, in not a few reason has either been absent from home, or has rudely been kicked out at the back door. I have seldom felt so humiliated in presence of frail human nature as in contemplation of this war, which was the pure and unmingled product of French jealousy, French vanity, French insolence, and French ignorance, and should preach a lesson to that people for all time, if Frenchmen are capable of being taught.

I laud them not; but I must weep for all,
Poor 'wildered Franks, beneath Heaven's bright blue dome
Who might have reaped home-harvests, but the call
Of Glory, elfish idol, bade them roam,
And here they lie. O! if there be in France
Wise for one hour to nurse a sober theme,
Let such come here, and from this tearful stance,
Spell the true meaning of their juggling dream.
What thing, from reason's sway divorced, is man,
Vain man, whose epics swell the trump of Fame?
A monkey gamboling on a larger plan,
A moth that, fluttering with a mightier name,
Drawn by the dear seduction of his eyes,
Bounces into the scorching flame and dies.

I suppose it is not possible to enter Brandenburg, the cradle of Prussian greatness, from any quarter, without passing through barrenness, long leagues of unfriendly barrenness and monotony. In fact, Brandenburg is barrenness; a mere waste of sand deserted by the primeval brine, and shaping itself by help of rain, vegetable remains, and scientific skill, through the slow process of the ages, into a human and habitable trim. But this harshness of the natural conditions with which Nature has surrounded him is precisely that which has made the Brandenburger great; like the Scot, he works hard, because to live at all he must work hard, and work is the price, as wise old Epicharmus says, 'for which the gods sell all things to men.' The best of us are apt at times to put up the foolish prayer that the gods might perhaps have done a little more for us. Nay; but, my good brother, the fact may rather be that they have done too much

already. Certainly we can learn to be like to them, in a subordinate way, only by doing as much as possible for ourselves, and creating, so to speak, our own world; making a Prussian monarchy out of a wilderness of Brandenburger sand wreaths.

> Sand, sand, long leagues of heath and barren sand!
> Long formal lines of dark unlovely pine!
> Know thus the cradle of the mighty land
> Whose lord now sways from Danube to the Rhine.
> Blest in their barrenness full sure were they,
> Lords of a harsh soil and a frosty clime,
> Where thrift and virtue, and in frugal way
> To live, sowed seeds of strength for ripening time.
> Wise, if they keep the memory of their birth,
> And grow, severely strong, as Frederick grew,
> Not shaking wanton wings of sensual mirth
> Rampant, but to the manful maxim true
> That made men wonder at their mounting star—
> Still strive for peace, but never flinch from war.

A pleasant rattle of two hours on the rail brought us through this redeemed sea-bottom to the once little cradle of the Prussian Electorate, and the now mighty metropolis of the regenerate German Empire, Berlin. As we approached the town long lines of houses, stretching towards the south-west, showed distinctly the direction in which the recent great increase of the city has taken place. When I was here as a student, some forty years ago—in the days when Boeckh, Schleiermacher, and Neander were in the zenith of their academical glory—the population of Berlin was generally stated at about 300,000; it is now nearly triple that figure, and the increase latterly, they say, has been to the amount of 30,000 annually. This is, to use the favourite expression of the Germans, something quite 'colossal'—something quite analogous to the enormous growth of Manchester, Glasgow, London, and other busy cities of Great Britain, during the last century. What have been the causes of this phenomenon, which even more than the needle-guns of Sadowa should have made such an astute man as Louis Napoleon think twice before he plunged his people, or allowed his people to plunge him, into a war with the united strength of Germany? Prussia alone in her present prosperous condition, and with her well-organised military system, was quite strong enough to have made a repetition of Jena and Auerstädt impossible. The causes of this extraordinary stride made by Prussia, of which Berlin is the greatest symbol, though not altogether on the surface, do not certainly lie so deep as to have been beyond the ken of a cool calculator like the ex-Emperor of France. Prussia, as a Protestant Power, was peculiarly marked out as destined to take the lead in Protestant Germany. Austria might preside at the Diet while the

Holy Alliance lasted, and while princes could still continue to rule without regard to the spirit of the times; but, if government really meant the effective hold and control of the public mind, such a government in Germany could proceed only from Prussia. The other Protestant States were too small either to originate or to maintain any movement that could pass the bounds of their own particular province. To Prussia, therefore, all who longed for the unity of the Fatherland instinctively turned; and this great instinct found its realisation in the person of Prince Bismark, and in the bold stroke of policy that prostrated Austria and annexed the recalcitrant minor States in the year 1866. With the Protestantism of Prussia was intimately connected its intelligence, its comparative freedom of opinion, its patronage of science, its nursing of speculation, its substructure of popular education, its truly national and popular and democratic system of military drill. All this had come to glorious growth and blossom, first, from the genius and character of the great Fritz, and then from the social regeneration that, under the stimulant guidance of Baron Stein, had followed the terrible prostration of Jena in 1806. Moreover, the men of Brandenburg, as already mentioned, were a sturdy race, forced by hard labour to subdue the obstinacy of a barren soil, and from their poverty acquiring habits of wealth-producing industry. The Northern Germans are characteristically a hard-working people; hence the manufacturing industry of the Rhine district, which, by the aid of railways and their concentrating action, has recently shown itself on a great scale also in Berlin. Rich merchants, full cousins to those whose palatial homes fringe the banks of the Mersey and the Clyde, now raise their high-tiered warehouses and pile their pictured halls on the banks of the Spree. Berlin is no more a cold, formal, aulic, and military residence, but a populous capital, full of lu ty pulsation, of fervid energy, and, especially since the grand stroke of 1866, of vivid nationality. The manifest signs of this are not only the extraordinary increase in magnitude, but, what is much more significant, the great rise in prices, and especially the enormous mounting of house rents. With regard to this latter item, I learned details from various quarters which convinced me that houses in Berlin are even dearer than in London. One evil result of this, naturally, is, that public servants who live on small salaries, and men of moderate fortunes generally, find it difficult to live in Berlin and keep up their natural position in society; an evil, no doubt, but which is balanced by its consequence, that men of moderate fortunes expelled from the metropolis will serve to maintain and to enrich the social centres of the provinces. It is not desirable that Germany should be swallowed up in Berlin, and that Göttingen, Bonn, and Halle should assume the same servile attitude to it that the provincial cities of France do to Paris.

My object in coming to Berlin was not to see the town, but to see

Bismark. The town, however, is well worth considering to those whose eye has been trained to know the significance of places. No doubt its situation as a dead flat is bad; the river which waters it, or rather tinctures with some humidity its immense sand-beds, is neither large, nor beautiful, nor salubrious; and the horizontal lines of its streets draw themselves out, notwithstanding the stateliness of their edifices, into a wearisome and oppressive monotony. Nevertheless there is something of a grand imperial conception about it; the great soul of the great Frederick seems to be typed in its plan; and in impressing the idea of vastness it is second only to St. Petersburg. To me, however, it seems to possess a certain moral significance that dominates over all æsthetical considerations; I think of Plato and Pythagoras, and look upon it as the stone-impersonation of the principle of law and order.

Look here, and ponder well, and know the land
That by the sword of crownéd captains grew;
In rank and file the streets well ordered stand,
And like a serried host stretch forth to view.
Here Order, primal Demiurge supreme,
Sways with firm will and uncontrolled command,
Nor fears, to lame the action of his scheme,
The lagging foot, or the rebellious hand.
Come here who love mad liberty, the dance
Of wanton wills divorced from sacred awe,
Come from your fiery maelstrom in hot France,
And learn how great, how strong a thing is Law.
Ye would be free—poor fools; be tigers, then,
Or monkeys, and forget that ye are men!

But, as I have said, I was eager to see Bismark; and as the Diet of the Empire was then sitting (about the middle of May), there could not be much difficulty about that. I attended the Diet regularly, both at that time and afterwards, about the middle of June, on my return from a short flight into Russia, and had the good luck to see and hear the great Chancellor on several occasions. I did not, indeed, hear any of his great speeches, but, both from what I have read and from what I heard from others, can form a good idea of his character as a speaker. He is not an orator, in any sense, like Gladstone, Brougham, Bright, Canning, and that class of men. He is specifically a man of action and of business, who speaks, as Socrates says every man ought to speak, without art, directly, and boldly, and emphatically, when he has got anything to say. He will never be found, like Cicero or Dr. Guthrie, rolling out grand pictorial and sonorous periods; he only knows what he is talking about, and hits hard; yes, hard, and directly in the face, too, not at all concerned whether your nose purples or not at the blow. He is sometimes found struggling for the proper word to

clothe his thoughts, but that hesitation is the growling thunder, which preludes a flash. Whatever faults you may find with his oratory, you must listen to what he says; and you feel in every sentence that he is a true man, and no glittering sophist or astute pleader of a bad case. If he thinks it necessary to pluck your beard, he comes right up and does it; blatant democracy, with its thousand brazen throats, has no terrors for him; he stands alone in front of a storm of babblers, and overawes them by his cool display of intellectual fibre and iron volition. There is nothing of German subtlety or German ideality about him; in this respect Gladstone is much more a German than Bismark; and Bismark, as I have heard an intelligent German public man remark, has something essentially English in his character and attitude. He is pre-eminently a man of deeds; a man of direct broad views, of practical sagacity, of firm determination, of unflurried coolness, of fearless audacity, of commanding survey, with a touch of hot imperiousness, no doubt, in his temper, and of occasional irritability (*Reizbarkeit*), which in a great statesman is a great fault. But it is not necessary to hear him speak in order to be impressed by the feeling that you are in the presence of a great man. His personal appearance at once stamps him as the leader of the congregation. When I saw him first I was sitting in the gallery behind the Speaker, directly opposite to the elevated bench on the side of the House where the members of the Imperial Council or Senate (*Reichsrath*) sit. On this bench the central seat belongs to the Chancellor, and it was empty when I entered the gallery. I had not watched long, however, before a tall, broad-browed, broad-chested, truly Neptunian man, in a military dress, entered and took possession of the empty seat. I asked, Is that Bismark? and received the answer which I anticipated. I then set myself to watch and study him with as much scientific observation as I was capable of. I had read his life by Hezechiel, and thought I understood something of the stuff of which he was made. He sat for an hour, the image of concentrated business and energy, signing papers, reading telegrams, giving intimations to attendants, now looking to the right hand, now to the left; again crossing his arms before his breast, as if buckling down his natural impatience of a sedentary position, altogether as if he preferred the rattling thunder-car of Jove to the soft-padded chair of the Chancellor. Such a man certainly will never fall asleep, nor allow any other person to fall asleep, wherever you plant him. When he was a young man they called him *der tolle Bismark* (mad Bismark): that means, at an age when he had energy without regulation, and without a suitable field of action, he did many strange and, it may be, some very improper things; as young Clive, they tell us, distinguished his boyhood by climbing up to the top of Shrewsbury steeple. Such men are not made to do common things; for red tape, official grooves, and traditional shams of all kinds, they testify a despotic impatience; they are intensely real, and can only

work where working means a real growth and a ripe fruitage. Such a man, the living image of such a man, its very proper type and embodiment, the great German Chancellor, now stood before me.

> There stands he now, amid the flock the ram,
> A visible king by natural right to reign,
> Whose high commission, from the great I AM
> Direct, makes other seals and sanctions vain.
> He stands as one who hath a steadfast will,
> He looks as one whose survey lords the field,
> At whose sure-darted glance of practised skill
> The doubtful waver and the feeble yield.
> Even such I knew from Homer's regal song,
> Jove-born, broad-breasted, lofty-fronted kings,
> Who like Jove's bird careered both swift and strong,
> And boldly soared with venture on their wings:
> But he who boldly ventures grandly wins,
> And earns a brilliant pardon for all sins.

Less prominent than Bismark, but very regular in his attendance as a member of the Diet, was Von Moltke. I never heard him speak; I believe he speaks seldom; and is even less than Bismark, naturally, a speaking man. His handsome physiognomy is known to all Europe from the windows of the printsellers; if Bismark has somewhat the look of an English bull-dog, Von Moltke has certainly the look of an English gentleman; tall, slender, somewhat stiff and formal to appearance; not in manner, perhaps, to those who know him, but merely in outward attitude. He does not look like a soldier (Bismark has much more of that), but rather smacks of the student, the literary man, the professor; he is the thoughtful strategist, not the stormy combatant; the mathematician, not the engineer; the architect, not the builder; not the woodman who fells the trees, but the master of the forest, who, according to a well-calculated plan, marks out and numbers the trees that are to be felled.

[*To be continued.*]

Benevolence and Pauperism.

'Charity covers a multitude of sins' is one of the most comforting maxims of our life; we pretend to overlook any amount of selfish indulgence if it is topped by the most selfish of all indulgences, 'the easily-gained gratification of bestowing on those needier than ourselves a portion of our possessions.' There are many virtues lauded by us, which, if illumined but in a small measure by the clear light of analytical reason, lose their outward charm and show us in their naked shape that formidable skeleton of humanity '*self-deception*.' Our much-vaunted charity is one of these virtues. Here is meant that modern desire for public charity which endows the giver with a fictitious worth and heaps upon the receiver an undeserved degradation.

There is need of charity in our social system: that is to say, our social system has produced a class which cannot supply the wants of existence without help from the classes that have sufficient, and more than sufficient, means. The action by which such a condition has been brought about is due to the principle that rules human society and has created its fundamental standard—*the principle of success*.

It seems that it has as yet been impossible for humanity to devise another way of ascertaining worth, than by success—the ancient world was regulated by it, the modern bows to it—tempered with such appliances of charity, as seem sufficient to our maudlin ideas of justice in dealing with the feebler strata of mankind—feebler actually or morally. The very clothes we wear, the very houses we live in, the very food we consume, are measures of our individual success or the success of those who left us the means to provide them; but this recognised success carries along with it an inherent condition—that if we are individually successful in obtaining these provisions, there *must be* individually someone who has been left behind and cannot obtain them. Every good garment we wear brings about the positive, unalterable necessity that someone *must* wear a worse one; every good house we inhabit brings about the necessity that someone *must* inhabit a worse one; every good meal we consume brings about the necessity that someone *must* consume a worse one. If, therefore, in this race for success the element of gradation is so involved that we cannot separate it from it, then we must assume that we shall come to a grade on

which the success of all the other grades presses so heavily that it leaves this last grade entirely in the shade, not counting the suffering it causes on its way to this lowest condition. But if we recognise the truth of this definition, then it becomes a duty for society to provide for this necessary element, which is engendered by the very principle on which society exists in its present form. For this purpose charity is not sufficient, whether bestowed in the form of State assistance or individual gifts to private institutions. Charity breeds pauperism, and charity weakens those very social elements that need a healthy, strengthful influence and remedy, hiding at the same time the very sore that ought to be probed, by covering it with the pretentious mantle of false goodness on our part, and rendering us slothful in recognising that our very *bien-être* has produced the contrary in others, and that we are living in comfort on that social ruin 'pauperism.'

If it were possible for charity to meet the case, then a multiplied charity would be the best mode; but let us imagine all kinds of charitable institutions increased *ad infinitum*, where would it lead us to? To waste—human waste. On one side the waste of the substance given, on the other to the greater waste of unemployed bodily and mental energies. If charity breeds pauperism, pauperism brings forth waste—cruel human waste.

The actual means and activity employed on behalf of charity in this country alone at the present moment present so formidable an amount, that if employed in utilising the strength it now keeps inactive it would be no mean lever towards healthful social action. But to understand such action we have to ride roughshod over many prejudices and cherished ideas, and society is little inclined to listen to unwelcome thoughts.

'*Naked we come into the world, naked we go out of it; this is the only certainty about our existence—all else is "accident."*'

It is *accidental* what germs may be laid in our mother's womb towards our mental or bodily development; it is *accidental* among which race of the world we may be born; it is *accidental* at what time of the world's history we may be born; it is *accidental* under what surrounding circumstances we may be born. We bring ourselves positively nothing else but existence—all else is the chance of our lot.

Of the two naked babies, the one born, *by chance*, of bodily and mentally healthy parents and under comfortable circumstances, will not only have from its birth the advantage of such chances, but it will, as appertaining to that *strong* section of society, from its birth engross a larger share of legislation and attention than that other naked baby, which, *by chance*, the offspring of sickly parents living in poor surroundings, comes inherently weak into the world, and is, as appertaining to that *weak* section of society, thrown by neglect from its birth as a dead weight upon the world. Here we have the first step to that down-

ward ladder of humanity; there is no denying it, we legislate for the accidentally strong and neglect the accidentally weak, when we ought to do just the contrary. Legislation should let the strong in position take their natural course of social supremacy, and ought to use its utmost efforts for the weak in position.

The first step should be to withdraw the child at the earliest possible period from the weakening influences under which it lives, and give it the benefit of a sound and simple elementary education, supported, as a *necessity*, by the governmental and municipal authorities, but not as a *charity*. Charity is out of the question: duty even is. We ourselves benefit by paying the rate towards the education of those young members of the State whose parents cannot pay for it. But this education must meet its requirements, and be so shaped as to engraft upon this weak social element the first important quality—self-dependence. It is the most radical cure for pauperism; the child that has been imbued with the consciousness of individual worth, that has gained sufficient knowledge to earn its own bread, that child will grow up into a man who will, by the laws of Darwin's natural selection, *find* the means to support himself out of the pale of pauperism and crime.

Here I would remark that, much as we may esteem every member of the London School Board—much as we must admire the scientific man who has laid before the Board a scheme of the necessary curriculum of teaching, that curriculum is again imbued with the old leaven of 'success,' and there are elements introduced into it which will again let the greatest attention be paid to the *clever* or *mentally strong* child. I maintain that State education has something else to fulfil as its ground-work; that is, it has to sow the seeds of healthful life among the young population of that grade of society that has been left in the shade.

We must hope that, as we advance in the right direction in education, the charitable principle will more and more disappear, that the 'Endowed Schools Commission' will purify the stream most thoroughly, and that we shall begin to understand that 'if the pretty caps and gowns, the bright buttons and smooth coats, are very picturesque when arranged under the dome of St. Paul's once a year'—these very things say, as plainly as they can speak: 'You are bad social managers if you want charity to educate your children, and have to put them into livery that they may bear this mark of charity upon them.' This very mark of charity annihilates the principle of independence in the children.

Suppose, then, that by a sound and appropriate education—for which we require particularly fitted teachers—the children of the socially weak section are being prepared for that undaunted, independent action which will not let a man starve, what other elements will this weak naked baby meet in its upward growth that are inherent social helps to pauperism? The 'brute force of accumulated

capital, and the false charity it showers in munificent gifts upon that mankind which it has helped to weaken.'

Capital, it will be said, is necessary for great undertakings—it is not so; congregated labour, the only worthy capital, *is*. Combination is the moving principle of all higher socially economic action, and combination is making more and more head among us. When the weak baby has gained the strength to be independent, then you must also give him the means to be so. What will do it? 'Confining the individual action of the strong party, that would be guided by an undue amount of personal assertion into over-selfish courses, within proper limits.' To large capital almost all is possible, not on account of its own worth but on account of what it can buy—the exertions of thousands. It deals with these thousands almost despotically, ruling their exertions without fear of gainsay. The proof that the disinterested surveillance of legislative control has been beneficial in overlooking the individual selfishness of the strong section of society is palpably apparent in the measures it has taken to bring the time of labour into a rational and humane compass. We have heard a great outcry against paternal government, but as long as the principle of success will give us *any* scope for our 'accidental energies' and our 'inborn cupidity' we want legislative surveillance, as being a disinterested medium between the mutual concerns of the employer and employed. The sacred duties that ought to bind both, as depending on each other, can only be engrafted stronger on both by a more rational and general educational action.

Suppose, then, that the weak naked baby has passed through a good educational process, rendering it capable of maintaining itself and not becoming a burden to mankind—suppose that it has obtained the means of exercising these capabilities and earn a certain amount for its exertions—what does society do for this 'accidentally weak baby' towards allowing it a due share of legislation, in order to let it obtain, for the price it may be able to gain for its exertions, a necessary amount of those supplies that maintain our bodily existence? And here we come to the principal reproach upon society—the ever onward pressure for the development of higher luxuries, and the utter neglect of developing modes of housing, clothing, and nutriment, that will meet the requirements of the weaker section, and grant it a fair representative value for its work, and keep it in health and vigour, not debasing humanity by disease, want, and crime, but ennobling it by showing its capabilities of wholesome maintenance in all grades of its composition. It *does* degrade Dives to be dressed in silks and satins, drive in a fine coach, and fare sumptuously, and see Lazarus pass by in rags—worse fed than the dogs.

How are we to bring into account the long list of causes that have brought forth our 'Public Charity?'

1. Bodily ailments	Hospitals.
2. Mental ailments	Lunatic asylums.
3. Needy circumstances . . .	Workhouses and other associations.
4. Needy old age	Almshouses.
5. Needy childhood	Infant asylums.
6. Crime	Reformatories and refuges.

Where do all these come from, and what do they represent? The accidentally weak social baby. Even when education had enabled it to gain its livelihood—even when *fair* competition had allowed it the opportunity—then came the worst of all, the inability to nourish the body in health with the means that could be provided by the value obtained for the work done. It is a growing certainty that 'Philosophy is only valuable when it serves for the law of life, and not for the ostentation of science.' It is the end of all science to benefit life, and could we in such researches not find the means of discovering such substances and combinations of wholesome food as can be bought in proper quantities by the section that *can* but gain a certain representative value for its exertions? Is this not a noble end of science; is especially analytical chemistry—which places before us a clearer insight into the composition of natural substances—not destined to benefit mankind more by rendering it generally wholesome and strengthful, than the artistic taste of the Greeks and the martial ardour of the Romans? We are for ever searching for daintier preparation of food for the wealthy; leave them alone, they *can* buy what is needful, but let us search earnestly to bring wholesome food home to all. The same with clothing; let science look for substances that can be bought by a certain representative value, and let some large action be found, which will not only keep the dwellings of the poor, as it does now by sanitary measures, wholesome, but which will control building cupidity, and make decent dwellings an absolute necessity. Bodily ailments arise from insufficient food, clothing, and housing; from inherited disease and excess—whatever shape that may take. If the body is nourished by proper food, an undue consumption of the medium that supplies periodical strength, 'alcohol,' the cause of so many mental diseases, will be diminished; if the sound mind in a wholesome body can find rational recreation it will free humanity in a larger degree from that curse of lunacy, only the consequence of weakness or excess. Hospitals or lunatic asylums can never be done away with, but they can be diminished, and may the day come when they will be maintained like the 'public schools' as a necessity for our own welfare, not as a charitable contribution from our own goodness. The workhouse system requires the strictest and most extended enquiry; we must hope that the next generation will see with a sounder social action a greater diminution of their necessity; and now, even in their necessity, earnest minds ought to search for a better medium of assistance to that weak naked baby than places that harbour an undue amount of unproduc-

tive bodily energy. The needy old age, the needy childhood, must be supported—but as a 'necessity' not as a 'charity;' the latter undeservedly debases the recipient.

Lastly, 'crime' stares us in the face: for that we reserve another paper if permitted by the Editor. These few remarks on the connection of benevolence and pauperism can really only be hints, suggestive of further thought: let them end with the earnest wish that some day the reproach of 'pauperism' and 'charity' may be taken off mankind.

AMELIA LEWIS.

DRAWN BY F. MADOX BROWN.

'DOWN STREAM.'

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

Down Stream.

Between Holmscote and Hurstcote
The river-reaches wind,
The whispering trees accept the breeze,
The ripple's cool and kind:
With love low-whispered 'twixt the shores,
With rippling laughters gay,
With white arms bared to ply the oars,
On last year's first of May.

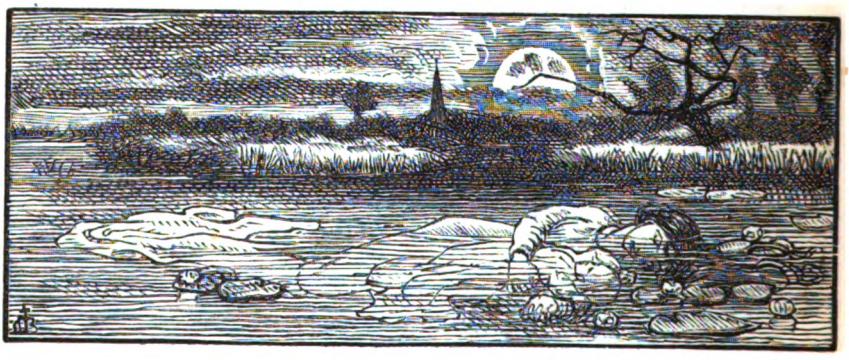
Between Holmscote and Hurstcote
The river's brimmed with rain,
Through close-met banks and parted banks
Now near now far again:
With parting tears caressed to smiles,
With meeting promised soon,
With every sweet vow that beguiles,
On last year's first of June.

Between Holmscote and Hurstcote
The river's flecked with foam,
'Neath shuddering clouds that hang in shrouds
And lost winds wild for home:
With infant wailings at the breast,
With homeless steps astray,
With wanderings shuddering tow'rds one rest,
On this year's first of May.

Between Holmscote and Hurstcote
The summer river flows
With doubled flight of moons by night
And lilies' deep repose:
With lo! beneath the moon's white stare
A white face not the moon,
With lilies meshed in tangled hair,
On this year's first of June.

Between Holmscote and Hurstcote
A troth was given and riven;
From heart's trust grew one life to two,
Two lost lives cry to Heaven:
With banks spread calm to meet the sky,
With meadows newly mowed,
The harvest paths of glad July,
The sweet school-children's road.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.



Women in France.

The positon in the social system at present occupied by women is a subject that has been brought rather prominently before public attention of late. It has arisen spontaneously with the idea that has forced itself upwards in the minds of all who have thought on the subject, that any question with regard to the moral and intellectual condition of the world is involved in the question of the moral and intellectual condition of women. And with this has come the conviction that both are at present in an equally unsatisfactory state, but that no real and radical improvement can be hoped for in the one until a corresponding reform has been effected in the other.

This reform has commenced among ourselves, and its progress though slow has been sure enough to satisfy those who possess minds rational enough not to expect to see great changes effected all at once, or at the first effort; especially when the obstacles opposed to them are—as in this case—rooted in what have been the universal, and still are the most generally prevailing, notions of religion and morality, grounded in the ignorance and prejudices of a people.

But while considering the position of women, we have been too apt, with national egotism, to think only of Englishwomen, and have interested ourselves in their improvement and advancement alone. We seem to have forgotten that the social progress of one nation can hardly be effected quite independently of that of others, and that particularly in these days of incessant international intercourse, the conduct of the people of one country in any such matter as this is really a subject of importance, and should be one of interest to those of another, affecting as it may their own for good or evil more deeply than they imagine.

We have indeed given some superficial thought to the condition of women in the East; we have in our own minds drawn some rough distinction between the social status of the wives and mothers and sisters in our English homes, and that of the ladies in Turkish and Indian harems. We have sometimes, too, been roused to transient indignation by tales of women being subjected to the punishment of

the knout under Russian rule, but our interests and our sympathies have stopped here.

And yet we might with some profit and advantage look a little nearer home, and especially to one country whose close neighbourhood renders our intercourse with its people more frequent and familiar than with that of any other—France. France professes the same religion that England does—the Christian—with only the slight difference of denomination; there is not a political party in England to which a corresponding one may not be found in France; with her language and literature many of us are as familiar as we are with our own, and we do our very utmost to imitate or adopt French fashions in dress and habits, in food, with much of French manners and customs in other matters. But at the same time we have regarded with utter indifference, or at least have given but a very cursory share of our interest to, some of the conditions of French life which are far more worthy our attention—though not our imitation—than the shapes of French bonnets or the flavours of French ragoûts, and in consequence the ideas we have formed on them, when we have formed any, have in general been exceedingly erroneous. And this has been more particularly the case on one subject—the position assigned to women in the social system of France, and the influence exercised by women on French society.

In the first place, owing to some of the marriage laws of France—particularly those which relate to the property of married women—being somewhat more equitable than our own, we have been used to consider Frenchwomen as possessing a freedom in all that concerns themselves not enjoyed by the women of other countries, even our own. In the next, on account of the natural quickness of apprehension, readiness of speech, and vivacity of manner of Frenchwomen, which enable them to shine in conversation, we have acquired the notion that their minds are more highly cultivated than other women's who do not make so brilliant a show in society. At the same time, with these advantages, we have been in the habit of ascribing whatever we consider reprehensibly loose in French morals and contemptibly frivolous in French manners mostly or entirely to the women. In this we have but taken the cue from French satirists and quasi-moralists, the English frown and shake of the head always following the suggestion of the unjust sneers and false sentiments of French playwrights, romancers, and journalists. Whatever knowledge of French life we possess, besides that acquired by our own superficial observation, we gather from such productions as 'Frou-frou' and the 'Famille Benoiton,' popular novels of the same type, and sensation paragraphs in newspapers. Thus our most familiar picture of French conjugal infidelity is always the wife with a lover, as our most notable instance of its extravagance is a *modiste's* bill. English newspapers have been wont to reprint for the benefit of their fair readers wonderful accounts of the

oilettes of Madame A. or the Marquise B. at some ball at the Tuileries or *fête* at St. Cloud, and the fabulous sums they cost. It is always the gay and silly wife deceiving the tender and confiding husband, or ruining him with her milliner's and jeweller's bills, or both. In the case of unmarried men it is still the same. Outside the pale of matrimony we have always before our eyes the melancholy tableau of an amiable and generous youth fleeced and deceived by a calculating courtesan. Our popular notions of the seducer and the seduced are quite reversed when contemplating—from the French view—this phase of French society. We see in the *demi-monde* nothing but the incarnation of heartless profligacy trading upon the affection and generosity of ardent youth.

Now our present purpose is to show that all these views are more or less mistaken or incorrect, owing not only to superficial observation of facts, but a general neglect of looking into the causes of things; and in as brief an examination as possible we will endeavour to prove this.

Taking the second instance we adduced, first, the intellectual condition of French women. A very slight examination into the conditions of female education in France, and the nature of the mental training bestowed upon French girls, will show that natural intelligence of mind, liveliness of disposition, and gaiety of manner, conceal, though they cannot supply, deficiencies of real knowledge much greater, and the bad effects of a system infinitely worse even than our own.

In the first place, parental authority has always been carried to its utmost limit in France. Young men, however, have begun to free themselves somewhat from its power, while unmarried women, of all ages from infancy upward, are still subject to its almost unrestricted control; where the law does not support it, the weight of public opinion gives it a moral force, against which resistance is almost impossible.

Next to the authority of parents comes the influence of the Catholic religion, which is still allowed to exercise an enormous power over the minds of Frenchwomen. To keep a human being naturally gifted with reason and intelligence in a condition of slavery to two such powers as these, the most essential thing is to crush the reason and stunt the intellect, parental authority being evidently designed by nature to take the place first and then assist the reason and intellect while in a state of infancy and childhood, but to cease with their full development, as priestly authority had its use in the infancy and youth of civilisation. French parents confide the education of their daughters either entirely to the hands of the Church, or at any rate permit it such a control and supervision as almost entirely to answer the same purpose. Thus, as the priests are permitted to regulate what books shall or shall not be used in girls' schools, even when those schools are not, as they generally are, convents. The consequence is that while they are trained in a few outward graces, and taught a few superficial

accomplishments, they are debarred from all really useful knowledge. Anything that could shake their belief in the dogmas of the Church and so weaken their submission to its authority is studiously kept from them. And above all they are guarded from everything that could give them any sense or appreciation of their own capacities as women and rights as human beings. That this control over the education of women given to the priests does not proceed from any slavish submission on the part of the educated portion of the population generally to the authority of the Church of Rome, is manifest from the fact that in no other country in Europe, nominally Catholic, has the Catholic religion been so completely cast off by the male half of the population. The majority of Frenchmen who possess any education being avowed free-thinkers, it is plain that Frenchmen, while abjuring the control of the Church over their own thoughts and actions, assent to, approve of, and support its sway over the minds and actions of the women of their country, as the most effectual means of securing their mental subjugation to themselves.

Frenchwomen obtain a partial freedom by marriage, but, as we all know, liberty is of very little use to those who have not been taught how to use it. And marriage, as even the advocates of the fullest and freest equality in it admit, involves personal restraints and obligations peculiar to itself. The imposition of these restraints and obligations is generally the last consummating act of French parental tyranny, imposed as they are quite regardless of the wishes or inclinations of one of the principal parties to the contract. The education and training, then, bestowed upon a French girl are but the fitting preparations for securing her submission to this final decree of the infallible authority of her home. Of men she knows nothing in any sense of the word. She has never associated with any beyond the narrowest limits of her home circle, and even in that she is kept as much apart from her brothers as possible, while her father speaks to her and treats her very much as she does her pet canary. Of the man she is to marry she knows as little as of any, possibly even less than of some. She may be somewhat versed in the arts of *coquetterie*, but of the physical conditions of marriage, with such an education as this, it is needless to say she knows nothing. This ignorance explains the willingness with which a French girl of sixteen or seventeen will submit to her father's behests, and contract a marriage that a woman of ripe years and understanding would shrink from with repugnance. But this '*innocence*' of the '*jeune personne*' so studiously cultivated and fostered in France, combined as it is with careful teaching both by precept and example of the arts of coquetry, is not innocence at all in the real sense of the word, but simple ignorance. This is plain by the conduct of Frenchwomen as soon as they obtain the partial liberty with the enlightenment and understanding that comes to them through entrance into the marriage state. It is amazing the rapidity with

which the bashful '*jeune fille*,' who scarcely ventured to raise her eyes and never dared to open her lips in company, turns into the gay daring woman of the world, who stretches her license to its utmost limit. It is in this phase of her career that she most generally falls under our notice—and under our disapprobation. But in judging her in this we have not only overlooked, as has been shown, the conditions of her previous preparation by education and training for the state, than which nothing could possibly be worse, but we have been apt to overlook some of what are too often the conditions of the state itself to a Frenchwoman when she enters on it. One is the fact that for the man to whom she has bound herself to be faithful she has not previously contracted any affection, and thus she is deprived of one very powerful incentive to fidelity. Another is, that there are two sides to conjugal fidelity, upon one of which society—particularly French society—looks much more leniently than it does upon the other; thus it is more merciful to a husband keeping a mistress than to a wife having a lover; at the same time that with the charming inconsistency of its inexorable laws it ordains that the mistress shall be kept out of its sight and out of its company, while the wife—if she would hold her position as such at all—must parade her lover before it on every possible occasion—the discovery of a secret amour being social ruin to a woman who, notwithstanding satirists and moralists, may hold her place in the world for a long time, perhaps for ever, if she only make her cavalier and his devotion conspicuous enough. And so to casual observers, those respectable English people who mix a little in French society, a Frenchwoman's levities is the phase of conjugal infidelity the most apparent and most striking. But nevertheless, it is not really the blackest side of the case, and as society is satisfied when the other is not placed in the straight line of her vision, or thrust directly on her company, anyone can ascertain this to be the fact who will take the trouble to glance a little aside or step for a moment out of the beaten track. Love has generally as little to do with a Frenchman's marriage, as it has with a Frenchwoman's; the only difference being that in his case it is a matter of freewill and choice to contract such a marriage, while in hers it is not. A Frenchman, if he be poor, generally marries simply to replenish his purse, if he be rich to beget legitimate children to inherit his fortune and perpetuate his name. That such love as he is capable of is already bestowed upon a woman whose poverty prevented her from satisfying the first condition, and the meanness of whose birth and position would incapacitate her for fulfilling the second with the distinction he would wish, is no barrier to him in the matter. Nor is his marriage when concluded any barrier to his continuing to indulge his passion for the woman who has excited and is able to sustain it. If she at any time ceases to do so, some other is found to supply her place, that other not being at all of necessity, and as a matter of fact being very rarely, the wife who

bears his name, and who is the mother of his heir. That Frenchmen prefer those connections with women which are terminable at their own caprice to the marriage state, and that they enter on the latter generally with reluctance and only late in life, and for the purposes above named, is a notorious fact; though when passing judgment upon Frenchwomen, its connection with the evils we censure, as one of their primary causes, is too often overlooked. And this brings us to the third and last of those instances we brought forward of popular misconception as to the social position and influence of women in France. That Frenchmen prefer unlawful to lawful connections is explainable by the fact that marriage, however weak and slavish a woman may be rendered by education, gives her some legal rights that, howsoever ignorant she may have been kept, she must know and may exercise; while a woman—called by a miserable irony a mistress—whose position is dependent solely on the caprice of her master will be utterly submissive and subservient to him. At the same time these women who sacrifice all personal dignity, freedom, and honour, to become the slaves of men's passions and the toys of their caprice, do obtain a position in France not accorded to them in any other country in Europe. But what is that position at its best? To be a petted, pampered slave, an admired, cherished toy, and nothing more.

And yet, wretched as this position is at its best, it is the one in which in France a woman is at the acme of her glory: she leads the fashion, that highest distinction in France; she is the recipient of all the adoration and affection that a Frenchman is able to spare from himself. And he can spare her a good deal, as she contributes perhaps more than anything else to his personal gratification. There is some dull respectability in the position of a wife, but there is nothing else, unless she manage to assimilate it with that other, unless she combine being the wife of one man with being the mistress of another; under such circumstances, that she does it sometimes is scarcely to be wondered at. For the unmarried woman who chooses to be, or is kept by her parents, chaste, there is no position, no influence, no social recognition whatever. She must serve some man as his wife or his mistress to be of any value or obtain any place whatever in the social system of France. The contempt for 'old maids' is a feeling fast dying out in England before an enlightenment that recognises a place and a work in the world for everyone independently of the condition of their sex or the exercise of its functions; while in France the '*vieille fille*' is still the object of the greatest social obloquy and contempt—an individual whose existence is scarcely tolerated outside the walls of a convent.

That women who have sold their human dignity, their liberty, and their self-respect, to become the mere slaves and toys of other human beings, should be occasionally somewhat greedy and rapacious in exacting payment from the buyer, that they should demand and obtain their highest possible value in the market, is but to be expected when

we consider the nature of the transaction. That they should sometimes cheat too is natural, considering that they have parted with all that is incentive to fair dealing in any bargain, besides that experience has taught them that cheating is their only safeguard against being cheated in this.

And while we condemn women individually whom we see engaged in this degrading traffic, we should remember that in this, as in other branches of trade, there is a law of demand and supply, that the former controls the latter, which increases and decreases in proportion with it. We have shown some causes to prove that the demand in this respect is very great in France; until it decreases we surely cannot lay all the blame at the door of those whom an inexorable law compels to supply it.

The French have long boasted themselves the most civilised people on the face of the earth, and too long has the assertion received from the rest of the world at least a tacit assent. But the recognition by the state and by society of the born equality of every human being, the combination of national prosperity with perfect personal liberty, is beginning now to be established as a truer test of civilisation than perfection in the arts of sensuous enjoyment and sensual indulgence which has been arrived at before by nations whose existence is now blotted out from the history of the world.

To the fulfilment of this test France can lay no claim so long as her whole social system designedly subjugates and degrades one sex to the other. A subjugation and degradation that, though concealed under a specious show of flattery and indulgence, is nearly as complete as if the harem were a recognised domestic institution, and the knout a recognised public punishment for women in France.

The consideration of this topic may not be unworthy the attention of those who see in the equality of women with men in education and independence, and consequently in social influence, the only true basis for the establishment of improved moral relations between the sexes.

A. P.

TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.

By Compton Reade.

CHAPTER XXII.

WEAVING THE WEB.

A telegram from Horace Blackley preceded the voyagers to London, and its purport infused for the moment new courage into Adine. He appointed to meet Mr. Lovett on the morrow at the offices of Plumley and Smith, Bedford Row. One o'clock sharp. Plumley and Smith were the professional advisers of the Rev. Horace.

Impatient Mr. Lovett arrived nearly an hour too soon, but was nevertheless promptly accorded an interview by Plumley, the senior partner, an elderly man with the blandest of smiles and the cruellest eye conceivable. This gentleman appeared much concerned about the failure of negotiation with Mr. Brown. He affected to attribute it to Mr. Brown's relations, who objected to Essex as a place of residence.

Mr. Lovett shook his head; he had his suspicions. Mr. Plumley, remarking his look of incredulity, attempted to reassure him. A scene between the two clergymen would be as disagreeable as useless.

'We shall be able,' he said, 'to place before your professional adviser, Mr. Lovett, such a proposal as——'

'But I haven't got a professional adviser,' interrupted Mr. Lovett.

'Not! My dear sir, respectfully but firmly I must ask you to permit your interests to be duly protected by a solicitor. It is, I assure you, most necessary for yourself, and indeed for our client, that you should be duly advised.'

'Can you give me the name of any clever man?'

Mr. Plumley hardly desired to take such a responsibility on his shoulders. He might say that in Bedford Row alone there were dozens of most able lawyers. In fact, the law as a profession might contain a few knaves, but indisputably very few fools.

Mr. Lovett reflected for a moment. 'Can you tell me the London agents of Mr. Chowner of Blankton?' he enquired.

Mr. Plumley referred to the Law List. 'Colquhoun, Rider, and

Priest, Bedford Row,' he said, adding, 'just across the way—most first-class firm. My clerk shall show you.'

Colquhoun he found engaged; Rider was at Westminster; Priest was devouring an early lunch.

This important affair ended, Priest condescended to give audience to Mr. Lovett.

He was quite a young man, perhaps five-and-twenty, of a very *nonchalant* aspect, and a distinctly dissipated appearance. Not the slightest attention did he pay to Mr. Lovett's rapid, but succinct, statement of his case. He seemed, on the contrary, deeply interested in his waistcoat and inexpressibles. As soon, however, as Mr. Lovett had talked himself fairly out of breath, being conscious that Horace Blackley must now be waiting for him in Plumley's office, Mr. Priest turned from him abruptly, and rushing to the door shouted desperately, 'Dawkins!'

A very seedy man appeared in answer to this summons.

'Get me the call book,' said Mr. Priest sternly.

Mr. Lovett tried to feel patient.

In a trice a dirty volume was brought, which Mr. Priest perused by means of tearing open leaf after leaf.

'Dawkins,' at length he murmured, 'Dawkins, did Sir Pounceby Ugglethorpe enquire for me yesterday?'

'Day before he did,' grunted Dawkins.

'Dawkins——'

After which adjuration followed a solemn pause, occupied by Mr. Priest in picking his teeth—nastily.

'Did Lord Asnapper send for his title-deeds?'

'They're gone back to the bank,' responded the functionary.

'Oh—ah! to be sure. Then, Dawkins, if Colonel Juggins sends round his cab at four, tell the man to wait.' This in a sort of half-whisper.

Dawkins, with a look of weariness unutterable, right-about faced.

'Or, hie! I say, look here, Dawkins, tell him to say that I'll run down to Richmond by train.'

Mr. Priest then turned to Mr. Lovett. 'I beg pardon; you were saying, sir——?'

'Time is an object,' replied Mr. Lovett angrily. He was excessively nettled at this specimen of town manners.

Mr. Priest, no way disconcerted, stared an unruffled and imperturbable stare. 'Who introduced you to us?' he enquired.

'I came to you as being Mr. Chowner's agents.'

'Chowner—who the deuce is Chowner?'

'My solicitor at Blankton.'

'Chowner of Blankton. Dawkins!'—this *fortissimo*—'do you know anything of Chowner of Blankton?'

At this query the face of Dawkins exhibited signs of alarm. He

took Mr. Priest aside, and whispered a few words, which had the effect of magic. At once Mr. Priest's whole manner changed.

'I must apologise for my apparent preoccupation of mind, Mr.—Mr.'—looking at the card on the table—'Mr. Lovett, but business is really overwhelmingly confusing. You country people can have no conception——however, not to delay, you said something about a consultation at Plumley and Smith's. Eh?'

'At one o'clock,' suggested Mr. Lovett. 'It is now half-past.'

'Unfortunate, my dear sir, very. We must trust to the good nature of the other side. Ha, ha!' And without ado, Mr. Priest led the way to the office of Plumley and Smith.

They found Mr. Blackley evidently in a very evil temper. Plumley preserved his bland demeanour—it was his best capital, producing marvellous interest. In fact very friendly and jocular were both the lawyers. The greeting between the two clergymen was simply antagonistic.

'Coldhole is unsaleable,' began Mr. Lovett abruptly.

'Gubbins has offered six thousand five hundred for it,' retorted Mr. Blackley with a grim sarcastic smile.

'I've nothing to do with Gubbins, or anyone else,' cried unlucky Mr. Lovett. 'I attempted negotiation with Mr. Brown, and if I had met with fair play——'

'Quite so,' interrupted Mr. Plumley; 'fair play. That's the rub, my dear sir; *we* feel it, I assure you.'

'Mr. Lovett,' sneered Mr. Blackley, 'is not much concerned about anybody except himself.'

'Pooh! There is no reason why I should think of you. I am the loser. You promised me in so many words St. Mary's Chapel in return for my living, and I ask you to fulfil your promise. As for your precious advowson, that surely is your affair, not mine.'

'Look here,' said Mr. Blackley, turning to address the two lawyers, 'am I to be held accountable for the depreciation of my property? This gentleman has been hawking about my living for the last month, the result being that people imagine it's to be had for a song. Gubbins told me only the other day that he should purchase at 6,500*l.*, and refused in consequence to advance a shilling.'

'It was you who advised me to advertise,' rejoined Mr. Lovett.

'I didn't come here to indulge in recrimination,' grunted his opponent.

Whereupon, as by a wizard's wand, judicious Plumley waved everyone to a seat; the atmosphere was waxing too hot to suit his views. Said he sententiously, 'Gentlemen, I think our wisest course will be to regard this business from a practical point of view. The question arises what is best to be done under present circumstances in the interest of all parties?'

'Just so,' added Mr. Priest, who opined that he must say something. 'In the interest of either side.'

'The living evidently,' continued Mr. Plumley, 'if sold to the only purchaser in the field at present—namely, Mr. Gubbins—will be sold at a loss. Eh?'

'At a decided loss,' echoed Mr. Priest, as if he knew all about it.

'Now our side are not prepared for loss,' and Mr. Plumley enunciated this news benevolently and sweetly.

'Quite so,' replied Mr. Priest, beaming graciously and somewhat vacuously. Facts, figures, everything were to him a *terra incognita*. It was enough, so far, to agree to all that Mr. Plumley said.

But Mr. Lovett was not quite so complaisant. 'Excuse me, Mr. Priest,' he said, 'I too am equally unprepared for loss.'

'Oh, exactly!' cried Mr. Priest in a tone of virtuous indignation; 'we cannot consent to forego our just claims.'

'Nor do we desire, my dear sir,' rejoined saponaceous Plumley, 'that you should. Do we, Mr. Blackley?'

Mr. Blackley shrugged his shoulders as if all the world were fools, more especially a considerable section of the company present.

'What course do you suggest?' enquired Mr. Priest by way of a feeler.

'A very simple expedient. You, Mr. Priest, are aware that this firm have capital at command. We are, in fact, the managers of "The Peculiar Advance Co.," and as such can practically dispense funds to our clients for short periods.'

Mr. Priest bowed significantly as if he knew all about that. It was in reality a bit of news to him. Mr. Lovett pricked up his ears attentively.

'The case as regards Mr. Lovett stands as follows,' continued Mr. Plumley. 'He has purchased the Chapelry of St. Mary in Lingeville for sixteen hundred pounds. The Lingeville bank hold upon the title deeds an equitable mortgage for nearly twelve hundred pounds, and the vendor, Mr. Bulps, has a further lien of six hundred pounds. Now, as matters stand, the bank can sell to recover their capital. We may presume that they will adopt that course. In that case Mr. Bulps will bring an action for the amount of his lien. Under the circumstances he could obtain a judgment with costs, and would act upon it.'

Mr. Lovett winced: the alternative of prison or the Court of Bankruptcy seemed horrible enough.

'That,' said Mr. Plumley with emphasis, 'that is one side of Mr. Lovett's case. On the other hand, Mr. Blackley, having accepted Mr. Lovett's benefice of Mudflat, is naturally desirous that he should receive in some shape its equivalent. Unluckily Coldhole advowson, which was to have yielded that equivalent, is still unsold, and time is now of paramount importance.'

There was an acquiescent silence in these premisses, so Mr. Plumley proceeded:

'Mr. Blackley has asked me to interpose, or rather to make you an offer of interposition by means of "The Peculiar Advance Co." The course suggested I may briefly state thus. We shall lend you the sum required to extricate the title deeds of St. Mary's Chapel from the Lingeville Bank, and we shall retain those deeds as our security. Further, we will advance you five thousand four hundred pounds, which sum will enable you yourself to purchase Coldhole advowson from Mr. Blackley, which at your leisure you will be able to resell; and I am advised that it ought to fetch eight thousand pounds. Therewith you can repay us, and redeem St. Mary's Chapel.'

Mr. Plumley paused to avoid laughing; Mr. Lovett looked so ridiculously delighted at this proposal. To get rid of Petifer and that terrific bank appeared alone delicious. Present difficulties always are reckoned worse than future ruin.

Mr. Priest did not regard this method of 'plunging' with so much favour. The mind of a lawyer is quick to realise the folly of borrowing to pay debts.

'How long would the advance be for?' he enquired.

'Three months,' replied Mr. Plumley.

'And who is to present to Coldhole? Formally you cannot transfer the advowson during a vacancy. Still, I imagine that an arrangement can be made; but we ought to have some sort of guarantee. Eh?'

Mr. Plumley frowned—unwittingly.

'Mr. Blackley's father is patron of Coldhole, and will duly present your nominee. You may draw an agreement if you like to that effect.'

Mr. Priest reflected. 'And if,' said he, 'the sum borrowed be not repaid within the three months?'

'Then,' answered Mr. Plumley, 'the property would of course be forfeited.'

'Hum! I don't know. Yes. It looks well. What do you think, Mr. Lovett?'

Now Mr. Lovett felt the greatest contempt for this whipper-snapper young lawyer. Oblivious of the fact that he had been clever enough to get himself into a serious mess, he was still vain of his own judgment. He therefore at once silenced the lawyer's hesitation by stating positively that he was quite prepared to accept with gratitude Mr. Plumley's terms.

At once Mr. Blackley, who during this discussion had been singularly taciturn, rose from his seat exclaiming with a sigh of relief, 'Thank Heaven, this worry is over! I never knew such a disgusting fuss about a little matter. Perhaps, Lovett, now you are satisfied?'

Mr. Lovett, however, although very much happier, did not feel himself equal to owning that he had been well treated. He sought refuge in a cold bow.

Then Mr. Plumley took up the cudgels for his client.

'It is, sir, of the greatest importance to Mr. Blackley that you should express yourself satisfied with his honourable action in this matter. If you recollect, supposing that Coldhole advowson sold at the minimum price, namely, seven thousand pounds, Mr. Blackley would have taken five thousand four hundred. You sixteen hundred. That was the agreement between you at Lingeville, was it not?'

'I must admit that such were the figures arranged, but——'

'Yes?'

'But I still think that I never ought to have had anything to do with Coldhole advowson at all. I agreed to exchange for St. Mary's Lingeville, and I——'

'My dear sir,' interrupted Mr. Plumley, smiling with an air of somewhat offensive patronage, 'Mr. Priest will tell you that nobody except a country clergyman could expect a negotiation to involve no difficulties.'

'Say rather risks,' observed Mr. Priest.

'Risks, if you will. Observe the risks my client has run. His property depreciated; a large private debt, and dilapidation money still undischarged; his good name staked on acting fairly by you, Mr. Lovett; yet for all that displaying singular intelligence, combined with a bright sense of honour.' And Mr. Plumley bowed gracefully to his client.

Mr. Blackley, however, had his little word to put in.

'Lovett, I insist on a written acknowledgement of my fair dealing by you. If you accept Mr. Plumley's proposal, I retire from this negotiation with simply a minimum. Do I or do I not retire with clean hands? I want to know, for I'm not going to be pitched into again through Canon Grabbe, I can tell you.'

Mr. Lovett flushed. So his letter to the canon had transpired. Awkward!

'I'll write what you wish,' he said.

'Perhaps,' added cautious Mr. Priest, 'we will defer this letter till the completion of the arrangements.'

'That will be satisfactory to us,' remarked Mr. Plumley. 'To ease your mind, Mr. Lovett, I will write by to-night's post to the Lingeville Bank, so that you need be under no apprehension in that quarter. Let me see. We can complete in the course of a week. What do you say, Mr. Priest?'

'I shall leave everything to you,' jauntily responded the young lawyer. 'Forward drafts for perusal, you know, and all that sort of thing.'

Mr. Plumley smiled assent.

And thus the meeting broke up, everyone feeling satisfied, Mr Lovett especially in high glee. He had now ample time to sell Coldhole, and comparative peace of mind into the bargain. He was quite irritated

by Adine declining to adopt his sanguine notions. She could view the matter all the more dispassionately, because her last hope of Horace Blackley's honour was at an end. She perceived now how cleverly he had shifted all responsibility from his own shoulders, and how completely entrapped her poor husband was.

'How are we to live?' she enquired.

'We must borrow on our furniture stored away at Blankton, and I must try for Sunday work in or near London,' was his reply.

She sighed forth, 'Heaven help us!'

At which he looked decidedly angry, and bit his lip.

'Adine,' he grumbled, 'little women don't understand business matters.'

This was the first snub he had ever had the folly to bestow on his pet.

The pet's eyes filled with tears.

CHAPTER XXIII.

'TIS A NEW LIGHT THAT BREAKS.

'CHASE away foul melancholy,' rang the merry tones of young Ralph, as he tried to cheer up his downcast friends of the dreary Portobello Park lodgings. 'There is truer wisdom in the maxims of the old madrigal writers than melody.'

'Very good advice,' said Mr. Lovett; 'let us adopt it, Adine.'

Whereupon, without further ado, Mr. Ralph offered them seats in a box at the Opera that very evening. Mdlle. Neillson was to sing in 'La Traviata.'

'Delightful!' exclaimed Adine, at once emerging from her cloud. 'Truly delightful. How kind of you. Whose box is it?'

'My friend Lady Montresor's,' responded Ralph timorously, not without a tell-tale blush, much observed of Adine.

'But I haven't a dress fit for the Opera, Doré.' And a little sigh escaped the fair breast.

'I shan't be ashamed of you,' smiled her husband.

But Adine was not reassured; she would go and think over her wardrobe, to ascertain if the proposed relaxation was compatible with her toilette.

In a few minutes she returned very much better. Art had hit upon a combination of vestments which would render the Opera a possibility and a pleasure.

Accordingly a brougham was ordered, a fan purchased, with two pairs of gloves, and sundry other essentials, all of which cost money, and in due time they found themselves ushered into a box on the grand tier, for the first time in their lives.

Rosa Montresor, when they were introduced by Ralph, was looking very lovely. Placed by the side of Adine, the contrast was, perhaps, rather between art and nature. Both were very beautiful; for Adine under all circumstances never lost one iota of her natural charms, and Rosa's art, occasioned by reason of her varying health, was so artistic as simply to restore to her the brilliancy which, not long since, had been hers. Perhaps by the glaring gaslight art showed to the best advantage—through an opera glass.

Of course the country people, gentle though they were, displayed the least little amount of *mauvaise honte*, not to say shyness. A title to some people acts as a repellant. Rosa, quick of perception, tried to form an estimate of them. 'Not a bad sort of fellow,' she thought, as she watched Theodore Lovett. 'He is engrossed in the music, and that covers a multitude of sins. Besides, he is the friend of my friend.' Altogether she thoroughly approved of the man. Of the lady her ideas were rather different: 'Very pretty indeed; knows how to blush; has known how to dress, but is rather deteriorated; over attentive to my friend Ralph; he, too, looks as if those great blue eyes had their influence. Bah! men are false, especially young men.' And, Lady Montresor, finding that Mr. Lovett would not flirt, and that Ralph paid Mrs. Lovett equal attention to herself, fell out of temper—genteelly of course.

She could not realise her lover's friendship for Adine. Jealousy positively caused her to imagine that her ideal man would be guilty of the gross baseness of making love to the wife of his greatest benefactor; and all because he wished to make a pleasant evening as pleasant as possible. Such is woman.

'What a magnificent representation,' cried enthusiastic Mr. Lovett, as he joined the thousand hands, who were testifying their warm approval of the exquisite Swedish vocalist.

'Yes,' answered Adine, 'but I don't quite like——'

'The morality,' laughed Lady Montresor, with a perceptible tinge of sarcasm.

'I—I didn't quite mean that,' apologised Adine, blushing.

'But it is bad morality,' said Lady Montresor, raising her eyebrows defiantly.

'And lovely melody,' added Ralph.

Whereupon the Lovetts, after the fashion of deputations to Cabinet ministers, thanked Lady Montresor for her courtesy, and withdrew.

'Do you like her?' asked Adine as the brougham rattled them homewards.

'So so,' replied her husband. 'She seems musical.'

'Shall I tell you a secret, Doré?'

'Eh?'

'She is in love with Ralph, and Ralph is in love with her.'

'Nonsense, Adine; what an absurd suspicion. I'm sure Ralph is much too high-principled to——'

But Adine's laugh rather rebuffed this very feeble philosophy of his before it could well gain utterance.

'People don't fall in love on principle,' she said.

Was she right?

Lady Montresor drove Ralph back with her to Westbourne Terrace. There they found poor Miss Poodle in a state of yawn, but striving nevertheless with praiseworthy zeal to exhibit her normal blandness.

'Poodle,' said her mistress sternly, 'you are tired and sleepy; drink three glasses of Moselle, and go to bed at once.'

'Indeed, dearest Rosa,' was the patient rejoinder, 'indeed I am not at all'—a yawn—'not at all sleepy.' To tell the truth, Miss Poodle was beginning to grow alarmed at Ralph's influence with her ladyship. Consequently she invariably did her small best to render a *tête-à-tête* either impossible or brief.

But Lady Montresor had a will of her own. Poodle, in spite of all remonstrances, did go to bed, in a very indifferent temper too; leaving Ralph to share with his lady-love lobster mayonaise, and other gastronomic indigestibles diluted by *vins mousseux*, and 'settled' by b. and s., with cigarettes of some mysterious compound that rendered back the thousand and one sweet odours of Eden.

'You admire Mrs. Lovett?'

'She is indisputably pretty,' he answered, in his innocence of woman's nature, hardly appreciating the drift of her words.

Rosa Montresor sighed. She was reclining pensively enough on a sofa, which she was wont to compare to angel's wings, it so completely supported a frame recumbent thereon.

'And as nice as she is pretty,' continued Ralph, unheeding a sigh, which to tell the truth came from the depth of her heart.

'Ah!' broke forth Lady Montresor, 'how I wish I was indisputably pretty, and equally nice. Poor me! I languish here, the light of other days!'

And then Ralph began to perceive that he had committed a *gaucherie*. She was not offended: but there was a strange sadness in her tone. At once a brilliant flush rose to his cheek, and his tongue, which hitherto had failed to say aught but soft things, seemed nerved with a desire that he should quit himself like a man.

'You are the light of my to-day,' he exclaimed, 'dear lady mine;' and flinging his cigarette from him he threw himself by her on the sofa, and seized her hand.

She did not withdraw it. Nay, now he thought that he caught a strange look of pleasure in her softening eye, but the lids fell so as to hide her meaning as she murmured: 'I am not as she is; I have no health on my face; I have no natural charms. You cannot feign admiration for mere patchwork.'

DRAWN BY W. T. HENNESSY

ENGRAVED BY H. HARRAL.

'TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.'

He was bending over her tenderly, and had pressed her unresisting hand to his lips and his heart, when a strange thought flitted across his brain. Could it be that this woman was playing with him? He was but little more than a boy, and very inexperienced, and she practised in the art of pleasing. It was but a passing thought, and he cast it forth from his brain as an evil.

'I cannot feign,' he murmured, 'for I know not how. I have never loved before, and I shall never never love again!' True words.

The noble eyes rose to ask his once and for ever if his lips spake the language of his heart, and they read in one long glance that so it was. Then the great soul of Rosa Montresor carried her away. In a trice she had locked her boy-lover in her own white arms, with a vehemence, which seemed to him as Elysium. She addressed him by a hundred endearing epithets, whilst the pent up stream of her mighty love, having burst its floodgates, welled forth with wondrous rapture. She called him her Seraph—a punning pet name she had thought out of his initials and surname combined—and her little lord, and own treasure: and then somehow she seemed to seek her rest on his bosom, for she lay there quiet, all except the breast which upheaved quickly at first, then slower, slower, slower still, until suddenly she fell helpless, and he knew that her emotion had ended in a dead faint.

His first impulse was to summon her maid. But no, that course might betray her. So he laid her tenderly on the sofa, and bathed her temples with iced water, and loosened her dress, though with fingers that trembled he knew not why, and just as despair began to whisper that Rosa Montresor had passed from him to the other world, and he cried to her to return, she awoke from her trance, smiling through her pain.

'Ah, heart! traitor, false heart!' she gasped, apostrophising the cause of her weakness. 'Dearest, you must leave me, or this great joy will prove too much for my weak life. To-morrow, perhaps, to-morrow I may be calmer. You told your tale, Seraph darling, too suddenly—and strange, I knew it before you spoke—but it was so delicious. Ah love! We must count our love by hours, as others do by years.'

'By many many hours, I pray,' he answered her.

And so these two started on the strangest journey. Neither ventured to estimate what each could be to each. In the delirium of the moment they placed all their hopes for the future, if indeed they thought of any future beyond to-morrow, which seemed to be gilded with a fascination so marvellous, that it was as if earth had suddenly been transformed into a paradise more vivid than even oriental imagination could paint for those brains to whom piety is love.

CHAPTER XXIV.

YOUNG MANHOOD ASSERTS ITSELF.

On the morrow Ralph awoke early, dressed himself with the care and neatness, which he had learnt from his sojourn in London to be essential to civilisation, and, we regret to add, having displayed much moral obliquity by writing to put off five pupils on the ground of severe headache, sallied forth to purchase something pretty in one of the various flower shops, which are to be found in the neighbourhood of Westbourne Grove.

Having invested in about half a guinea's worth of stephanotis—no very great quantity by the way—he walked slowly towards Westbourne Terrace.

'Lady Montresor was ill—too ill to see anyone to-day,' said the servant.

'Send up my card,' replied Ralph authoritatively.

'Beg your pardon, sir,' was the reply, 'Sir Joseph Toadie just been here, sir—commanded puffect repose.'

'Could I see Miss Smith?'

'She is not at home' answered the domestic stolidly.

There was nothing for it but to retreat. He had lost five lessons, representing very nearly three pounds in hard cash; he was disappointed in not obtaining admission to his love; and he was very anxious about her health. Still there was nothing for it but patience. He resolved to employ the time before he could in decency call again by visiting the Lovetts.

At the end of Westbourne Grove he encountered Mr. Barwyn.

'Ha!' said that individual, 'here so early. Pray where do you hail from? Flowers, too! This is mysterious.'

'I've been to call on Lady Montresor,' he said simply.

Whereupon Barwyn burst into a hoarse laugh. 'Sly dog!' he cried. 'There is no fathoming the depth of you young men from the country. Seriously, however, Ralph, you must take care, you know.'

'Why?' enquired Ralph, amazed.

'Because our vicar and curates are devilishly sharp. Rosa Montresor is good game; in fact I had my own little affair with her, and very agreeable it was'—here Barwyn winked in vulgar style; 'but these things are apt to get round, so prudence intervened, and I gave it up.'

'Wha—hat the devil do you mean?' almost shouted Ralph, advancing in his wrath, as if to annihilate the man who dared asperse his love's fair fame in this unmanly fashion.

Barwyn paled. He was coward to the backbone. But his stock of inborn low cunning never deserted him.

'My dear fellow,' he replied, retreating a step by way of caution. 'I don't mean to hurt your feelings. Far from it. I had no idea you were so much in earnest. Bless the boy! why you're never going to commit an assault in the street.'

'You must unsay that insinuation of yours against Lady Montresor,' he said sternly, holding Barwyn by the collar of his coat.

Barwyn was silent, but looked right and left for aid.

'You have lied,' continued Ralph. 'I know all about your infamous conduct. Lady Montresor herself has narrated the story, and if I catch you again spreading such a false report about the purest and best lady, who ever condescended to utter to a rascal like you, I'll break every bone in your skin, Mr. Barwyn, and tell your wife into the bargain.'

A knock-down blow this last, for Barwyn the worthless and dissipated was mainly dependent on his wife's relations for his daily bread.

'If I could see a policeman——' began Mr. Barwyn, livid with rage.

'You'd give me in charge? No, you wouldn't, unless I were to strike you, and then perhaps you might—out of cowardice.'

With which he turned on his heel, leaving the man he had thus thoroughly insulted to devise vendetta with all the acumen of a mean, white-livered, and diabolical nature.

Mr. Barwyn's brain travelled very fast indeed. Ere ever Ralph was out of sight he had hit upon an idea, which he was not slow at putting into execution.

Turning down Westbourne Terrace he marched straight to Lady Montresor's house, and enquired for Miss Smith. To him that lady was at home, and she seemed, too, poor fool, very delighted to see his not very veracious face.

His greeting, when they were alone, was somewhat demonstrative for a married man, for he kissed her very warmly indeed, and to judge by the expression of her face she seemed in nowise displeased, or annoyed, or surprised. Mr. Barwyn's lips were something short of strangers to hers.

This Poodle—retriever would have been a better sobriquet—of Lady Montresor's hiring was certainly pretty. Perhaps, strictly speaking, she was prettier than her mistress, but she lacked the *spirituel* grace which is the very essence of real beauty. She looked lovely enough as she accepted the caresses of Mr. Barwyn; a bright, irregular-featured, ignoble, but fascinating thing, without one jot of moral principle, selfish and greedy, yet to her lover prepared for the very bathos of self-sacrifice.

'How is Rosa?' he enquired.

'What do you want to know for?' she replied snappishly, the whole form of her face changing in a moment.

'My pet,' said he, playfully chucking her under a very dimpled

chin, 'must not be silly. What do I care for Rosa Montresor! Didn't I tell you that my only motive in making love to her was exactly the same as yours is in being friends with her—a cheque?'

'I can hardly believe you,' she murmured, gazing at him dubiously. 'Rosa is far better style than poor I.'

How strange it is that women imagine that a rake of a fellow like this Barwyn, who had always a dozen or so of amours on hand, must perforce be in love with one woman, and with one woman only! Barwyn was quite as much in love with Miss Poodle as with Lady Montresor, and quite as much with Lady Montresor as with Miss Poodle.

A little fondling by a practised hand soon put the girl in a good temper with herself and her lover. Then he came to the point.

'Is that ill-mannered clown Ralph perpetually about her still?'

'He is,' she answered. 'But I've put a stopper on it for the present. Rosa came home with him from the Opera last night. He got her to give seats to some country friends of his, a minor canon of Blankton and his wife——'

'What, never Lovett?' cried Barwyn. 'Why he married the prettiest girl in Blankshire. I remember her as Miss Sinclair; such a foot and ankle, such a——'

'There, there!' interrupted his fair hearer, not over-pleased at this laudation of Adine. 'Well, as I was going to say, Rosa brought this fellow home, and I was *de trop*, and told so, too, to my face.'

'What impudence!'

'And, would you believe it, my lady had a fit, and when the maid came to help her to bed, she was found partially undressed. Wasn't it horrid of her?'

'Whew!' whistled Mr. Barwyn. 'Really the morals of this generation must be attended to. I wonder now that such a good, pious, straight-laced clergyman as Lovett doesn't remonstrate with this erring brother. Perhaps he is not aware of the depths of degradation, &c. Ha! ha! Well, I think I'll give the Reverend Lovett a hint.' And Mr. Barwyn seemed very much tickled indeed at his own sinister waggery.

'You haven't heard the whole of my story,' she continued. 'My lady is actually ill this morning, so I sent for Sir Joseph Toadie, who came direct from the presence of royalty, and at my suggestion prescribed absolute rest. Consequently'—and naughty Poodle quite lost herself in laughter over the notion—'when the elegant Mr. Ralph ventured to call this morning, at the rather early hour of 10 A.M., Lady Montresor wasn't at home, and she won't be for some time.'

'But he will write.'

'And I shall read and retain—all, mind you, under the doctor's orders and for dear Rosa's good.' And she looked so deliciously serio-comic, that Barwyn, in an ecstasy of enjoyment, began to waltz with

her round the room, treading on her corns till he caused her exquisite suffering.

'You're a very good girl,' he said, 'and with your aid we will eliminate Mr. Ralph from the visiting list of Rosa Lady Montresor.'

'You're not going—yet,' she faltered, crestfallen at seeing him take up his hat.

'Business, deary, calls, clamours. I've a dowager of fifty waiting impatiently to be ogled, and a miss of sixteen, her lovely daughter, to be saluted chastely over the piano.'

'You naughty man,' muttered Poodle, half vexed. Poor soul, her love for this creature was such fatal earnest.

He shrugged his shoulders complacently. 'When are you to have your holiday, sweet?' he asked with much *tendresse*.

'When she is well.'

'And then you are to go to your respectable parents in the north, eh? And if it should so happen that I should travel with you, and we stopped *en route* together at some pretty place for a week or so, should we be happy?'

She squeezed his hand assentingly. Yet why did she shudder as he returned her squeeze? Idiot! She had already put one foot over the brink of an awful precipice. That lover of hers, so accomplished in his acting, meant to effect her total ruin; and only *pour s'amuser—vogue la galère!*

Whilst these two amiable personages were plotting together against Ralph's happiness he had arrived at the Lovetts' unpretending lodging in Portobello Park, where he found Adine alone, and rather full of their many difficulties.

To her he presented the blossoms of stephanotis intended originally for Rosa Montresor. *Noblesse oblige.* They were in his hand, and he could not confess that he had purchased them as the first love-offering for his love.

Adine was charmed. 'What a pretty woman your friend Lady Montresor is,' she remarked, concealing a certain amount of slyness by burying her features in the stephanotis blossoms.

He was delighted. 'She is lovely,' he said, 'perfect, angelic. I hope you will know her, and like her; I'm sure she will like you. And I must tell you too that she is very hospitable, and her parties are the most jolly affairs you could conceive. She is to have one the day after to-morrow, and I will get you an invitation. Stop though, I was forgetting—she mayn't be well enough.'

Adine opened her eyes. 'Why?' asked she. 'Is Lady Montresor ill? She seemed well enough last night.'

Ralph looked foolish. 'The fact is,' he stammered, 'I called there this morning, and—and she isn't well; in fact, Sir Joseph Toadie has ordered her to be kept quiet.'

Adine opened her eyes wider still—very much wider. 'You seem

on very intimate terms with her ladyship,' and a mischievous smile played round the corners of her mouth.

'Ye—es. That is to say, we are very good friends, you know.'

'How sweet this stephanotis is. I don't think there is such a fragrance to be found in any other flower. But it is expensive. I'm afraid it cost you a great deal of money.'

'You mustn't ask,' he replied blushing foolishly.

Whereat Adine laughed very knowingly indeed, causing his blushes to double.

'What is the joke?' he asked, biting his lips, for Adine continued her merriment.

'Why, you naughty boy, you never purchased these beautiful exotics for poor me. You know you didn't. Not that I'm the less grateful for them; under any circumstances they are acceptable. But they *were* intended as an offering to Lady Montresor. Confess now.'

'I'm very fond of her,' said he awkwardly, 'and I think, indeed I'm sure, she likes me.'

'But she's married,' rejoined Adine, a trifle more seriously.

'Yes, if you consider a confirmed lunatic a human being and a husband. She doesn't, and I don't.'

'Oh, but that isn't right. She at all events enjoys the poor lunatic's fortune.'

'Just so. It was settled before her marriage on her after his death, and he is dead—to all intents and purposes.'

'Fie, fie, Ralph! I'm afraid this charming lady has bewitched you.'

'She most certainly has, and I'm proud of it. Where is there such a heart as hers? Where could I meet with one so kind, so good, so loving——?'

'Hush, hush, I don't mind your rhapsodies, but you know that many people, Doré for instance, would call you both downright wicked.'

'Well,' said he, 'if to love Rosa Montresor be wicked, all I can say is, I'd rather be bad than good.' He was beginning to fume at opposition.

'Oh, that's shocking!' she exclaimed. 'That's very wrong-headed reasoning, I'm sure. Doré takes such a warm interest in you that he would be grieved to hear of such an entanglement.'

At this last word the countenance of the young man changed. It was in a curious constrained tone that he said: 'I should not wish to hurt Mr. Lovett's feelings—nay, more, I'm so fully sensible of my obligations to him that I would strain a point to please him. But in a matter of this sort I can but consider myself and her. I must live my own life.'

'Yes. But you are young, inexperienced, impulsive. You surely would not wish, by placing yourself in a false position, to cut yourself off irretrievably from our friendship.' Adine was quite in earnest now.

'For all the world I never could give her up,' he cried, starting to his legs. His was the fervour of a first and a wondrous passion. You could see the hold it had on every fibre in the nervous energy of his manner, and the too brilliant flush on his cheeks, which seemed to tell its own tale of that disease which was lurking in his constitution.

As for Adine she began to feel offence at his abrupt and excitable manner. 'Don't you value my husband's friendship then?' she asked, in a dry, half-sarcastic tone.

'I do, I do,' he rejoined, 'thoroughly. Indeed, Mrs. Lovett, I quite hoped that Rosa—Lady Montresor I mean—would have helped you in your money-difficulties, for my sake, but——'

'Quite so. You know that we could not accept assistance on such terms. It would be wrong.'

'Then good morning,' said he angrily. 'I hope you will think better of it for my sake, if not for your own.' And with these words he left her.

'One more drop of bitterness in my cup,' sighed Theodore Lovett as he listened to this recital. 'Adine dear, we have but ourselves to live for, and the little soul whom God has given us.'

[*To be continued.*]

Dido to Aeneas.

(Aeneid, Book IV. vv. 305-330.)

Thou breaker of all bonds, was thine the hope
To hide the vastness of thy villany
From me, and steal from these my shores without
One word? That love once ours, that hand once mine,
Can these not hold thee from thy flight; nor I,
Thy Dido, brought to bitter death by thee?
Oh hard of heart, why haste to sail beneath
The frown of winter stars, amidst the rage
Of Northern blasts? If Troy thou wouldst not seek
Through seas of storm, did olden Troy still stand,
Why fly upon the tempest's wing to fields
Far off, and unfamiliar homes? Am I,
Am I, the object shunned by thee? Then by
These tears of mine, then by thy plighted hand
(All that is left me in my misery),
By all our bridal bliss, and bonds begun.
If e'er my boon deserved a boon from thee,
If ever aught of mine seemed sweet to thee,
Smile on my home that sinks without thy smile;
Put off thy flight—if prayer of mine can move
Thy mind—seeing for thee, for thee alone
I braved my people's wrath, bore all the hate
Of Libyan clans, and Nomad chiefs, and quenched
For thee the brightness of my blameless name,
My only pathway to the starry heavens.
Thus left with death alone before mine eyes,
To whom wilt thou abandon me, my guest?
(Guest of my present, husband of my past).
Why should I longer live—until my walls
Shall perish by Pygmalion's wrath—until
The Moor Iarbas make a thrall of me?
Yet if, before thy flight, a son were mine,
A young Aeneas, born of thee and me,
To make my palace pleasant with his play,
And bring thy features back to me, not all
Deserted and deceived my heart would feel.

T. H. L. Leary, D.C.L.

INTERNATIONAL.

LAST winter at Versailles, during the Prussian siege of Paris, military funerals were of daily occurrence.

Every afternoon about three o'clock a procession, marching with measured step timed to the solemn music of the military band at its head, wound its melancholy way from the château through the tortuous route which led to the city cemetery.

Borne aloft, each upon the shoulders of eight German soldiers, might be generally seen at that hour from three to a dozen coffins, containing the bodies of men who had been killed in battle, or who had died in hospital of wounds or disease, the biers of some of them adorned with wreaths of immortelles or crowns of laurel.

Escorted on either side by their comrades, or their enemies, with arms reversed, officers and private soldiers, friend and foe, were carried indiscriminately to their last resting-place in the soil of the land in the attack or the defence of the capital of which they had lost their lives. Reposing on the coffin lids, now the spiked helmet, dark and brass-mounted, of the German infantry, or the burnished morion of the cuirassier, now the red *képi* of the Frenchman, indicated the corps or the nationality of the dead within.

But whether the mournful procession escorted dead Teuton or Gaul, the French inhabitants of Versailles paid the customary tokens of respect as it passed: none, man nor woman, ever uttering a disrespectful word nor making a disrespectful gesture as they contemplated in solemn silence the daily *cortége* accompanying so many of their enemies to the tomb, while sometimes, in the case of their own countrymen, the spectators, perhaps friends or acquaintances of the deceased filed into and swelled the ranks of the mourners.

On these sad occasions it often happened that but a few miles off—at Bougival, Garches, or Montretout, at Ville d'Avray, Sèvres, or St. Cloud—the strife was sharply raging, and new victims for the morrow's sepulture were being struck down by the shot or shell of cannon or of mortar, by the bullet of musket or of mitrailleur, the sound of the distant firing mingling faintly with the mournful music of the band.

If nations must still go to war to settle their real or imaginary differences, and each do its best to maim and slay, to burn and destroy

the subjects or the property of the other, the horrors of war are somewhat mitigated since civilisation has asserted itself, and in the name of humanity has gained the important point, that belligerents tend each others sick and wounded with impartial kindness, and bury each others dead with equal decency.

Soldiers in the field, civilians even in time of war, become hardened by the frequent recurrence of such sights as I have described. Those living for months where the solemn dirge in honour of the dead indicated each afternoon the hour of the day but rarely indulged in any reflections on the general evils of war, as, attracted by the music, they looked from their windows upon the passing pageant. Now and then speculative thoughts would find utterance upon the childless mother, the bereaved widow, the fatherless children, the unprotected sister, or the betrothed maiden, away somewhere in distant Germany or remote part of France, waiting with anxiety for tidings of the son, the husband, the father, the brother, or the lover, at that moment being carried to his grave, while they perhaps were still ignorant of his fate, and only more anxious than usual, because the accustomed periodical letter was overdue. Would it comfort or console them to be told, at the first moment of their loss being made known to them, that Fritz or Hans, Adolphe or Émile had died fighting for his Fatherland? No! The abstraction would be too much for *them*. More likely far that Emperor and King who began the strife, or Dictator and Kaiser who persisted in carrying it on to the bitter end, would be cursed in their inmost hearts when the sad tidings that the loved one, the bread-winner, had met a cruel and an untimely death far away from home and those he loved; and when the natural grief for his loss would be heightened by the thought that his dying pillow had not been smoothed, nor his eyes closed by loving hands, nor his body followed to the grave—which they would never see—by his friends and kindred, as would have been the case if he had died peacefully at home. The ceremonial of the funeral to them would be but an empty mockery; though by and by, perhaps, when their sorrow has become less poignant, they may tell with pride of their relationship to one who bravely met death with his face to the foe, and point out his name carved in stone or cast in more enduring brass amongst those of his brother heroes on obelisk or tablet in Platz or Kirche.

But to the nations engaged in war in the aggregate, the interchange of the courtesies customary on such occasions does much to soften the feelings of hatred which each nourishes towards the other; and at some future time, when the tale is told in Germany and in France of the tender care bestowed in both countries upon the sick and wounded by German and by French women—angels of mercy, who have with the widest exercise of the feelings of humanity tenderly wiped the death-damp from the brow of the dying enemy, and become the repositary of his last message to those he loved; when the story is related of the

honour so scrupulously paid by both belligerents to the dead of the other side; who knows but that the graves of those who have been buried in the soil of either country where they fell in battle or died in captivity, while serving as a warning to both against lightly appealing to the arbitrament of the sword, may at the same time create a new bond of union between them and lead them to forget and to forgive the past?

Amidst all the horrors of war it is surely well that the nursing of the sick and the funeral obsequies of the dead should give occasion for the performance of those graceful acts of international courtesy which, like the little conventionalities of society, do so much to soften the asperities which often arise between individuals as between nations.

While the two countries at war were each day burying each other's dead, on December 9, 1870, an opportunity was given to the Germans at Versailles to pay martial honours to the dead of a nation with which they were at peace. An Englishman—a Captain of the staff of the Indian army—died suddenly in one of the hotels. Though he was not in good health, a zealous desire to learn something more of the art of war than he was likely to do so long as his country was at peace with all mankind, led him to employ his leisure time—time which one less devoted to the duties of his profession would have spent (and justifiably so) in quietly staying at home, nursing himself into health—in visiting the scene of the mightiest conflict of modern times in which the possession of the capital of France, the second city in the world, had become the prize for which the two greatest military powers of Europe fought, and where siege operations on a scale never heretofore undertaken were to be witnessed. Enfeebled by residence in an unhealthy climate, the hardships encountered in the tedious winter journey from England through Belgium and Northern France to Versailles proved too much for him. Ill when he arrived, after a few days' residence, ailing all the while but still hoping and manfully holding out to the last moment with true British pluck, he at length gave way and took to his bed, from which he was never again to rise. Attended assiduously by a devoted friend and brother officer who had accompanied him from home, and nursed by a kind Englishwoman, who, having come to Versailles on an errand of mercy to the sick and wounded soldiers of Germany and France, yet found the strength to devote the hours set apart for rest to the attendance upon her stricken countryman, who lay dying in a foreign land, for a few days he lingered, then the brave spirit took flight and the suffering body was mercifully permitted to be at rest.

As soon as his death was known, and the time of his funeral fixed, the German military authorities decided to pay to the body of the deceased English soldier the honours due to his rank. They did more, for they sent as an escort a body of cavalry more numerous than as a captain he was entitled to.

At the hour appointed, a considerable number of people assembled, and each being supplied with a piece of crape to tie round the left arm, two women amongst the number—one the Englishwoman before mentioned, the other an Italian countess well known for her untiring attention to the wounded in the hospitals—they followed, two and two, the body as it was borne by German soldiers to the grave, preceded by a mounted band and escorted by a squadron of cavalry.

Englishmen, countrymen of the deceased, Americans speaking the same tongue, walked intermingled in the funeral procession along the snow-covered streets. The French people as the *cortége* passed along, when they saw the Union Jack covering the coffin, filed in, and by the time the grave was reached the assemblage was about equally composed of English and Americans, Germans and French. Three nationalities besides his own joined in doing honour to the remains of the British officer. The beautiful service of the Protestant Episcopal Church was read over the body most effectively and touchingly by Colonel (since Major-General) Walker, military attaché at the Prussian Court, the responses being devoutly and audibly made by the English-speaking people present, while the Frenchmen and Germans, most of them of another faith, stood respectfully uncovered during the simple service in, to them, an unknown tongue.

There was no volley fired over the grave, for it is not the custom in war-time with the Germans; but the defenders of Paris unconsciously gave their tribute of honour to the deceased, for at the very moment when Colonel Walker uttered the solemn words, 'Earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust'—each couplet accompanied by the peculiarly eerie sound of the earth thrown upon the shell by the friend of the deceased—Boom—Boom—Boom—three guns from Mont Valérien distinctly marked the pauses, and the sound of the falling dust upon the coffin lid was partially drowned in the reverberations of the cannon.

As we were burying this man out of our sight, perhaps another, another, and another were sent to their last account by the shots which seemed as if fired to do him honour.

We English and Americans waited reverently till the grave was filled up, and then wended our way mournfully to our quarters, instinctively, and without a word spoken on the subject, avoiding the route taken by the band, which according to wont marched homewards to the sound of livelier music than we wished to hear.

That evening at the usual rendezvous of the English-speaking visitors to Versailles, our meeting was more quiet, our talk more subdued than usual, often turning to the subject of the widowed mother and sorrowing sisters in England of him whose body we had that day committed to the dust.

W. L. Duff.

A Study of Walt Whitman,

THE POET OF MODERN DEMOCRACY.

By the Hon. Roden Noel.

PART I.

I had just been reading Whitman for the first time, when I took up a weekly review, which always speaks, if not as one having, yet as one assuming to have, authority; and there I found it stated that Walt Whitman was an obscure impostor, and that his poetry was no better than Miss Codger's prose. I had thought otherwise; but upon a diffident person this unhesitating deliverance from our weekly oracle of critical revelation might well have a staggering effect. Not very long after, however, I read in the same literary arbiter, which so thoroughly fills among us the functions of any possible Academy (what could Mr. Arnold and Mr. Froude have been thinking about when they sighed for one?), that Charles Dickens was a rather inferior writer, a sort of Bavius or Mævius of his day, at least if compared with Mr. Tennyson. Upon this, I felt that the critic was speaking out of a sphere so entirely away from and elevated above mine, that, until he should have communicated his own superior nature to me, I must remain totally incapable of profiting by his revelations. Not without many a qualm, therefore, I betook myself again to my own feeble lights, having really for the nonce nothing better that I could look to.

To me, then, I will begin by owning at the outset, Walt Whitman appears as one of the largest and most important figures of the time. Of those who have publicly expressed a somewhat similar conviction, may be mentioned Mr. Rossetti, Mr. Conway, Mr. Robert Buchanan, and (I believe) Mr. Swinburne.

I think that what delights and arrests one most is the general impression he gives of nature, strength, health, individuality—his relish of all life is so keen, intense, catholic—the grasp of his faith is so nervous and tremendous—as he says, 'My feet are tenon'd and mortis'd in granite.' One of the notes of a man of genius is, that through life he remains a child; and there is something eminently childlike in Whitman. He is full of naïf wonder and delight—each thing, every

time he looks upon it, flashes upon him with a sense of eternal freshness and surprise; nor is anything to him common or unclean; but an aerial glory, as of morning, utterly insensible to vulgar eyes, bathes and suffuses all. He is tall, colossal, luxuriant, unpruned, like some giant tree in a primeval forest, whose feet root profoundly in a virgin soil. He springs out of that vast American continent full-charged with all that is special and national in it, in a supereminent degree representative of all that is richest and most fresh in that American life which, more fully than any other, embodies the present age's own individual life. He is very far from being hopeless and disdainful of his time; he does not, as many really great writers of his country have done, prefer distant lands, enriched with long and eventful histories, for his theme; he takes his own country and his own time, however ignoble they may seem to some fastidious tastes; he is by no means himself uninfluenced by the special errors and special weaknesses of these; but he is withal magnificently pregnant with all a seer's half-articulate previsions, with all a prophet's triumphant anticipations of that larger and more generous human future which is surely about to issue out of these travailing loins and from these most ominous birthpangs of the present. He is American democracy incarnate; and however much that leaves to be desired, yet it is great. As Mr. Buchanan has already remarked, he is more prophet than artist. He very seldom retires to create deliberate imaginative wholes, in whose many diverse forms may be deposited the truths he sees and must utter, the mastering emotions which dominate his soul. You never cease to see this man Walt Whitman. But then it is a very noble, and I contend a very poetic, personality you see—one in which, as in a magic crystal, all these men and women of the world, all the sights of city and of landscape, find themselves mirrored with most astonishing distinctness. He is too eager, too excited, to linger and to weave artistic poems out of his materials; yet in the flash of the dark-lantern he turns upon them for a moment as he passes, though they too often appear isolated and disjunct, they dart out upon you with all the marvellous solidity and reality which their images have in nature. It is certainly a poet's glance which has been poured upon them—piercing, remaking them; not the glance of an analyst, a practical man, or one apathetic and indifferent. It is always one of intense enjoyment, from complete vision of the essence and heart of a thing. And this atmosphere of keen buoyant personal sympathy and pleasure is more marked in Whitman than in anyone else, and is wonderfully bracing and refreshing to breathe. All the stale heaps of common, familiar things seem to leap up into their proper vitality as he passes: they glow like dingy metal filings in some electric light. And if he were otherwise, more of an ordinary artist, we should lose this refreshing novel sense of intense yet catholic and *impersonal personality* which is so eminently characteristic of Walt Whitman. He seems to revel in his own life, and

equally in that of every man, woman, and child he meets or can imagine. And now that so many people say and sing that they are weary and tired and despairing, that the world is worn out, and that you must go back to the classics or mediæval themes for any objects of warm poetic interest, that life now is 'a suck and a sell, and its end a bit of threadbare crape,' this spectacle of a poet and a man like a very child rejoicing in all the teeming forces and energies of this vulgar world of ours—this surely is something at least novel and 'sensational.'

True it is, however, that Whitman comes of the people; his past life has been active, adventurous, healthy, varied, and broadly human in experience. He dare not set himself above them, above the meanest of them, and look down from a height serenely benevolent upon them; he claims to be one with them; and what he sees more vividly than they, glories in more supremely, is—that he is, not an elect, a very intellectual or refined man, but a man, and has men and women for brothers and sisters. This honest and unfeigned use of greatness in rendering service rather than in exacting it—in pouring self out for the enrichment of mankind rather than in cunningly playing upon the weaknesses of mankind for one's own glory—this is after the ancient type of heroism, after Christ, 'friend of publicans and sinners,' the Divinest Son of Man, who 'drew all men to Himself;' and one can well understand the personal fascination and influence which we are informed Whitman is exercising upon so many of the youth of America. The life familiar to him is the picturesque, free, unconventional life of the people—not the pale monotonous artificial life of literary student, aristocrat, or plutocrat. He enters profoundly into all their difficulties, enjoyments, sorrows, and eager aspirations. Then, too, he has been in the great civil war, and been keenly penetrated with the noblest (as well as the less noble, but still powerfully human) of its principles and ideas. And in that war he was present personally in the sublimest and most heroic of capacities—he ministered constantly to the wounded on both sides, on the field and in the hospital. Such a man, therefore, has had exceptional advantages as man—and the raw material being heroic, such is the result. We who stay at home in the old country, with old traditions and prejudices rank in our blood, nurtured under the grand yet somewhat chilling shadow of 'time-honoured institutions'—we cannot pretend to call ourselves men of the age as that man can call himself man of the age. But of book-learning, of refined inherited culture-inculcated accents, words, and ways, this man has probably little—so far, he has not, perhaps, had all advantages, though, whether they would not have cramped and injured *him*, is to me very questionable.

There are those, I know, who affirm that a poet can never (except quite indirectly) be a teacher or a prophet. This is again a critical dictum so removed from me that I do not pretend to understand it. I should have thought it depended on *how* he taught and prophesied—

whether in doing so his whole nature was a-fire or not, his imagination and his heart all a-glow about the chariot way of his reason; for otherwise Isaiah and Jeremiah, Lucretius and Shelley, would be no poets, which on the whole I rather take leave to doubt. But it resolves itself of course into a dispute about words.

If, again, a poet must necessarily mean a metrist after our established English models, certainly Whitman is none. His expression indeed must be admitted to be often slovenly, inadequate, clumsy, and harsh; sometimes even stilted, bombastic, and inflated. But it is very far from uniformly or generally this. I read indeed in the same review of which I have before so reverently spoken, how it was now an axiom unquestioned by any judicious person that subject-matter in poetry was nothing, and style, expression, was everything. I felt terribly disconcerted at *always* having to believe exactly the opposite of all that is so categorically and without argument laid down by this our supreme authority in matters critical; but really that did seem startling to the uninitiated mind. Whether a poet has anything to say, to bring out, to express, is of no consequence whatsoever. Whether it be nothing or something, whether it be nonsense or wisdom, whether it be empty wind or inspired revelations, gibberings of an idiot, pulings of a sentimentalist, or utterances of sublime imagination and divine passion—all this is of absolutely no account; if only there be sibilants and labials and rotundities of sound in the slipping of any or of either of these things off the tongue, he who gives vent to them is a poet, in either case equally a poet; but if there be not quite enough of these sounds, whatever else there be, by no means and on no account a poet. Well, then, must not musical glasses be a poet? And since it would certainly be possible to weave intricacies of sound more exquisite and more varied by discarding altogether that old-fashioned hampering obligation of conceiving, imagining, and feeling with strength sustained enough to keep coherence, harmony, and distinctness among the ideal links we weave, would it not on these principles be well to lay down *ex cathedrâ* the grand, if novel axiom, that true poetry can only and shall only consist of nonsense verses? On the contrary, I venture to believe that expression implies meanings to be expressed, and that the most perfect expression is that which most transparently and impressively fits and shows off the meaning.

The charm of 'Don Juan' is surely in that wonderful adaptation of the metre to all clear, luscious beauty of the pictures, all free, incommoded movements of the story, all sparkling turns of the satire, the humour, and the wit; there is here no deliberate concoction of 'blessed words like Mesopotamia,' no triumphant exultation in the invention of novel tricks for saying ordinary things that must be said in a roundabout, coxcombical, and unintelligible manner, which now (as in the days of Euphues and Darwin) appears to be considered the one essential of great poetry. Wordsworth hoped vainly that he had

refuted that. I refuse to call him a great master of expression with whom words, whether in prose or verse, are not before all a medium of meaning; if they are employed with all manner of tricks and artifice, primarily for their own sakes, and the meaning has very much to take its chance of sanity and wholeness among them (the effect being that of a kaleidoscope, where bright broken fragments of ideas keep shifting their combinations in an endless and bewildering fashion), whatever the music of the sound be, it is not good expression, but the very worst. Poetry in this case usurps the place of music, for words can never be mere sound, but always must remain symbolic sound with a determined meaning. Just so precisely the latest fashion in music usurps the place of language and stultifies the very idea and specific difference of music, which implies sound for its own sake, spiritual suggestion only indirect and indefinite: a similar remark applies to the last fashion in painting.

Shelley himself, for example, wonderful poet as he is, was often carried into totally inadequate expression by his exquisite ear for melodious sound. His melody and harmony are glorious when they rise spontaneously into heaven, immediately responsive to the soaring and expanding impulse within, wholly obedient to the burst of impetuous imagination, to the divine stress and swell of immense human sympathies.

But of a poet—a maker, a seer, a singer—must first of all be demanded if he can make and feel and see; then afterwards, if he can sing. Yet the chances are that if he answer 'yes' to the first question, you are almost safe in leaving the other unasked. It is the very meaning and essence of poetry that a man who can make in the region of the ideal, who can feel and imagine (unless he be by nature impelled to some other than verbal form of plastic expression), will necessarily be driven to some form of rhythmical utterance. I do not depreciate the most gifted in the region of melodious metrical expression. I glorify them. If they have other things yet more essential, they are by far the most perfect of our poets; only Byron and Wordsworth, whose melody was less perfect than that of Shelley or Coleridge, cannot on that account be placed below the latter as poets; for they have abundantly filled for us vast spaces in the area of poetry which could not have been filled without them. They have ideal treasures not to be found in their contemporaries. What were the early rhapsodists, the story-tellers, ballad-intoners, bards, of an infant people? It is generally conceded that poetry among these is of the purest and freshest. Yet what do they know of our elaborate involutions of phrase-mongering? Therefore, especially do I welcome Whitman. In spite of all his faults, he brings us back to the matrix, to common sense and common nature, and makes us feel what poetry originally, what at the root of the matter poetry even now, really means and ought to mean. He is not himself indeed always an artist, a poet; but he is often a very great poet; and when he is, he shows himself to be one, because he must be, not because he would like to be, and can mimic those who are. He chants, declaims; *when*

his soul and subject bid him, he sings, quite in his own fashion, as the poets of a primitive people do.

After all, it is rarely that you find all poetic gifts perfectly balancing one another in any poet whatever. Nor can I concede for a moment that deficiency in the region of large vivid insight, affluent imagination, broad human sympathy, or rush and fire of passion, can be more perfectly atoned for by verbal daintiness and skill, or by a fine ear for verbal music, than some defect in these last gifts can be by possession on the part of a poet of those ideal gifts in ampler measure. Indeed, I distinctly believe that the contrary rather is true. There is more hope that a poet may be cured of hesitating utterance than that a mere voluble versifier may sober and strengthen into a poet.

We did want some infusion of robuster and healthier blood among the pallid civilised brotherhood of our poets. If admirers arise who strive to imitate Whitman's gait and form, they will probably make themselves ridiculous, puff themselves out and collapse; yet will he certainly give our jaded literature the prick and fillip that it needed. He at any rate is no closet-warbler, trilling delicately after the music of other singers, having merely a few thin thoughts and emotions only a quarter his own and a clever aptitude for catching the tricks of another man's manner.

He bears, however, a marvellous resemblance (I often think) to Oriental prophets. He is in manner of life, as well as manner of thought, feeling, temperament, marvellously like a reincarnation over there in the West of that special principle of personality which has been so much more frequently manifested in the East—in Derwishes, for instance, and Sufis. He has so thoroughly assimilated Bible poetry on account of his profound personal identity with the writers of it. Yet is he very un-Hebrew after all. He is more Egyptian, Persian, Indian. Pantheist is he to the back bone; a nature worshipper, seeing God everywhere—God in all, even the meanest thing; bowing before good and evil as integral and correlative elements in the universal scheme of things, all going (as Hegel demonstrates) by the principle of identity in contraries. He is a desperate and shameless assertor of the sacredness of the flesh, the body, beauty of form and colour, and the fleshly instincts. This he is (let us freely admit and regret) wantonly, inartistically coarse in asserting; unutterably shocking of course to those who are unutterably shocked with nature for making us of flesh at all, and who hold that the only way to remedy her immodest mistake is to hush the fact up altogether.

The passages most capable of giving deep and permanent delight to lovers of poetry in all ages are certainly those in which a profound soul-moving spiritual signification rises without let or hindrance into that perfect rhythmic cadence which is proper to it. Here doubtless a careful training of the organ of expression has its place, as well as a fine original instinct for expression, and a genius for grandeur and

melody of sound. In proportion to the completeness, magic suggestiveness, and special beauty of sound concordant with idea and feeling, will be the penetration and lingeringly-inherent power of the poem. But the condition implied is that the sound be verily an echo, a reduplication of the sense. In that wonderful music of Coleridge's 'Ode to France' there is all the still floating of cloud, the long roll of wave, the solemn music of wind and swinging pine by night. In 'Lewti,' the delicious, how the mellow ripple of verse in its own 'meandering mazes' reflects and multiplies for ever that gleam of river-swans and the river! A marvellous and mysterious fellowship among sights and sounds makes such a marrying of them attainable. Not only is the word *thunder* next of kin to the very roll of sound in heaven, but very twins also are *blitz* and the flash that blinds. The name *gleaming* gently soothes the ear, even as soft tender light does the eye. And when the whole subject has a pervading tone, a characteristic movement, be it rapid tumultuous rush, solemn imperial march, pathetic pause, or tripping buoyancy of the dance, then must the true poet's measure breathe antiphonal response in the music. Take Shelley's marvellously lovely prophetic chorus in 'Hellas,' or the splendid music of his eagle-chorus in the same; out of Byron take the stern, sad warrior-lilt of his 'Isles of Greece;' out of Burns the abrupt exulting tramp, the clarion and the battle-shout of 'Scots, wha hae.'

But in no case can I find that any great poets made poetry to consist in mere ingenious allurements for the ear, busied themselves first of all about this, and let the spiritual fire fall into the midst of their word-altar if it would, or if it could. Alas! how often it will not, though the priests of Ashtaroth cry aloud, and leap, and cut themselves with knives!

Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan,' exquisite for music, even in spite of the line which brings in that 'blessed word' *Mount Abora*, is far too shadowy a vision from opium-land to be permanently remembered, as 'Christabel' or the 'Mariner' may be. To my mind, that sweetest little bit, called the 'Knight's Grave,' is, for atmosphere of tender sentiment, undefined yet far-reaching and profound, suffusing picture, thought, and melody alike (surely the melody is magical to a degree), worth many 'Kubla Khans' and similar pieces, arresting only or almost only from the music of the syllables.

So much I thought it well to premise, because in a day which has seen really beautiful artificial melodies in poetry brought to a pitch of rare perfection, the rough untutored guise of Walt Whitman's muse is likely to prove the most serious obstacle of all to any cardinal justice being done to his high poetic genius.

Yet in Whitman we shall often recognise that nobler kind of music which is bound up with a poet's language as a more thorough and effectual expression of thought, image, and feeling.

Turn, first, to his beautiful lament for the death of Lincoln, 'When lilacs last in the door-yard bloomed':

Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the dimness,
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.

And the singer so shy to the rest received me,
The gray-brown bird I know received us comrades three,
And he sang what seemed the song of Death, and a verse for him I love

Come, lovely and soothing Death!
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day in the night, to all to each,
Sooner or later, delicate Death!

Praised be the fathomless universe
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love. But praise! O praise and praise
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding Death!
. . . . . .

Yet each I keep and all,
The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown bird,
And the tallying chant, the echo aroused in my soul,
With the lustrous and drooping star, with the countenance full of woe,
With the lilac tall, and its blossoms of mastering odour.

For the dead I loved so well,
For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands . . .
And this for his dear sake.
Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul,
With the holders holding my hand nearing the call of the bird,
There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim.

Note here, too, the creation of a simple beautiful whole—a few ordinary sights, scents, and sounds, flowing quietly as by accident into his soul, and there taking a solemn tinge from the sublime atmosphere of a manly grief ready to kindle into the gladness of a triumphant faith—but nothing forced, nothing strained, nothing made up; these messengers from without just taking on an aspect of hallowed sympathy with the tone and temper of the soul they visit. I note this particularly as one instance out of many in Whitman, because what is most noticeable on the surface of him is a certain fragmentariness, a certain tendency to rush rapidly through a whole world of isolated details with an intensity of exhilaration, indeed, which is itself poetic, but which yet fails of creating high art, because there is no obvious wholeness, no sufficiently pervading idea or purpose to impart unity. It is not with him a question of painting a particular scene or even object with extraordinary lovingness and minuteness of touch, the whole being poetical because every touch helps to create, or indeed more strictly develop, a spiritual ideal of scene or thing by flashing upon the bare matter, as it appears to the cold unloving sense, a thousand tints and tones from kindred things

with which it has latent fellowship and sympathy. With Whitman rather, in such passages as offend many readers, it is a kind of rapid excited stride through brilliant but heterogeneous stalls of a great exhibition or bazaar, cataloguing objects with bare names as he goes.

And this is the notion he gives you always and everywhere. However barren, or even stammering and inadequate his naming and picturing, still he contrives to flash upon all a wonderful light of freshness, and glory, and triumph in the bare existence of all things, as he shoulders along, the great sane man, enjoying, praising, filled to the very brim, in an age of nervous hesitation, and question, and lamentation, with a faith as tremendous and unquenchable in the ultimate excellence and right of things as ever burned in prophet or saint of old. A faith not received by inheritance as an heirloom, and conventionally valued as a property, a propriety, a matter of course—but a faith grown out of the very roots and breadths of his own personality, and that the personality of a man who, with all reverence for the past, yet lives in, and assimilates the fresh results yielded by the present, sharing, according to the fuller measure of genius and unwonted human sympathy, the hopes and aspirations of his fellows for the future. His bright and large views of life may indeed be fairly attributed in some measure to his splendid health and physique, as Mr. Rossetti remarks. And I think this rapid, often unsatisfactory, nakedly prosaic cataloguing of innumerable isolated details, may be attributed largely also to the poet's exhilaration in the open air; he can hardly stop to meditate and get the precise character of the object opened out to him, he enjoys it so, and then so many other things everywhere press themselves on him to be noticed and enjoyed. In this respect, his fellowship with ordinary out-door, healthy men, his habit of loafing about and basking, does a serious injury to his artistic expression.

For it should be well understood that accuracy of detail may be either naked, cold, and mechanical, or intensely poetic because thoroughly spiritualised. It is unjust to apply the phrase '*photographic*' to this *last* kind of work. Coleridge and Keats always saw nature thus; Wordsworth's harder nature not perhaps always, though usually: and what I mean by the poetic vision is a more real and intense, by no means a less true, sight.

But generally Whitman's description appears to me thoroughly masterful. His epithets are few, yet precise and characteristic of the broad general image which a thing, a scene, casts upon a quick, passing, but piercing and sympathetic, observer. Thus:

In lower latitudes, in warmer air in the Carolinas, the large black- buzzard floating slowly, high beyond the tree-tops;
Below the red cedar festooned with tylandia; the pines and cypresses
Growing out of the white sand, that spreads far and flat;
The waving drapery on the live oak, trailing long and low, noiselessly waved by the wind.'

But if Whitman be sometimes remarkable for incisive luminous distinctness of vision and keenness of all sensation, at other times he is no less remarkable for a certain magical, mysterious, half-Oriental, half-German mood that anon possesses him, vague and dim, tender, mournful, mystical.

'The Song of the Broad-axe' and 'Drum-taps' are poems that are almost all wholes—exquisite pictures drawn with a few broad telling touches, and exhaling the profoundest pathos, yet seldom morbid—a wind, as of bracing faith, blowing through all the sorrow and the horror; a bracing atmosphere of personal unselfish heroic endeavours, and most sterling human sympathy pervades them. On the 'Drum-taps' Whitman might be content to rest his fame with future generations. There is little philosophy or mysticism; there are few of those peculiarities in form or boldnesses of speech which shock people most—the art is certainly more perfect. There is here a definite theme through all the poems—the subject is large, grand, full of energy and strife, one for which Whitman's genius as well as personal experience eminently fits him. Have there ever been such a series of war poems written? I do not know of any. Here, however, not only the tender, loving, pathetic, as well as realistic and idyllic power of Whitman appears, but also his own ardent personal convictions, tastes, and aspirations, so that ever and anon he breaks into passages of tremendous lyric fire. And, except in that other great poetic figure of the day, Victor Hugo, I hardly know where we shall look in Europe for the like; for our verse does not excel now-a-days in *verve*, and fire, and rapid rush.[1] In that line is not the following magnificent?—

> Beat! beat! drums. Blow! bugles! blow!
> Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,
> Mind not the timid, mind not the weeper or prayer,
> Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
> Let not the child's voice be heard nor the mother's entreaties,
> *Make even the trestles to shake the dead, where they lie awaiting the hearses,*
> So strong you thump, O terrible drums; so loud you bugles blow!

And in 'The Uprising,' you can hear the surge, and whirl, and shriek of the wind; the tremendous upheaval and welter of the sea; the deep gathering overwhelming roar of a roused and maddening multitude. Then 'The Song of the Banner' is all alive with spirit of battle. In the few lines 'The Flag' there is a wild fierce delight, electrically communicated, from the mere upheaval of a people *en masse* to fight, it scarcely matters why or for what.

'What we believe in invites no man, promises nothing, sits in

[1] I wish to state that this essay was written more than a year and a half ago, and has been lying by. I have since seen Mr. Swinburne's 'Songs before Sunrise,' many of which are all alive with resonant lyric fervour inspired by great human emotions.

calmness and light, is positive and composed, knows no discouragement, waiting patiently, waiting its time!' That to me is grand; he cannot define, will not pretend to explain precisely, the inevitable and Divine issue of all our strife, and hallowed endeavour and success, and failure—but It is there, in the Future, in the For ever; patient, silent, grand, adorable, inevitably To be.

The short, so perfect, pathetic pictures I spoke of in 'Drum-taps' are well worthy of study. 'A Letter from Camp,' is the simple relation of an affecting incident, without over-elaborate phrase, or prim precision of ornament, after the manner of idyls which become a little wearisome, but has the rare merit, for all its plain speech, of dropping directly into our hearts and remaining there.

'Vigil on the Field' is exquisite for tenderness, sadness, and large clear delineation of incident and scene. There is a rare freshness of personal feeling about that: the charm of it seems to me unutterable. He watches by a dying comrade whom he loved—a boy—on the field of battle, returns to find him dead, buries him in a blanket in a rude dug grave there. 'The Wounded' is another graphic picture. 'O tan-faced prairie-boy' and 'A Grave' are exquisite little sketches. 'Camps of Green,' too, is beautiful—the camps of the dead. So is the 'Dirge for Two Veterans' and the 'Hymn of Dead Soldiers:'

> Sweet are the blooming cheeks of the living, sweet are the musical voices sounding;
> But sweet, ah! sweet are the dead, with their silent eyes.

And what shall we say of this, called 'Reconciliation'?—

Word over all, beautiful as the sky,
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost,
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly softly wash again and ever again this soiled world;
For my enemy is dead—a man divine as myself is dead.
I look where he lies, white-faced and still, in the coffin; I draw near,
I bend down, and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin.

Or of this?—He walks out in the dim gray daybreak, and sees three forms on stretchers, covered with gray heavy blankets. 'Curious I halt, and silent stand'—then he lifts one blanket:

Who are you, elderly man, so gaunt and grim, with well-grayed hair, and flesh all sunken about the eyes? Who are you, my dear comrade?
Then to the second I step—and who are you, my child and darling? Who are you, sweet boy with cheeks yet blooming?
Then to the third—a face nor child nor old, very calm, as of beautiful yellow-white ivory,
Young man, I think I know you. I think this face of yours is the face of the Christ himself;
Dead and divine and brother of all, and here again he lies.

We would now, before passing to consider shortly the general character of Whitman's philosophy and teaching, draw closer attention

to the nature of his music. We take another instance from the poem, 'When lilacs last in the door-yard bloomed':

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that has gone?
And what shall my perfume be for the grave of him I love?

Seawinds blown from east and west,
Blown from the eastern sea, and blown from the western sea, till there on the prairies meeting:
These, and with these and the breath of my chant,
I perfume the grave of him I love.

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,
To adorn the burial-house of him I love?

But of all our author's poems, surely the loveliest is 'A Song out of the Sea.' I only wish I could quote it whole, but it is too long. I hesitate not to say that to me there is no lyric in the language like it—out of Shelley.

There is a wonderful natural music running through this and similar poems of Whitman's: an outbreathing as in primitive times, and among a primitive people, that can come from nowhere but from the very depths of a poet's, a singer's soul. It is all his own—creation of spirit, body, vesture. He is intensely original; has not been imbued with the world's rich inheritance of treasured poetry: works under no strong (however flexible) traditions of art, speaks because he must, sings because he must; yet, with all his rare personal mass and intensity, sings only sometimes—would certainly sing more constantly did he condescend to condense and concentrate more; in which some respect for established forms would largely assist him. And yet in the links of poems where there is confessedly no intensity of fire possible, if at least we require that it shall be germane to the subjects, it is more than doubtful whether the poetic barrenness should be scattered over with sham flowers instead of real ones; as the established forms, or at least the standard poetry by which this English generation judges, appears to require. So you get either fine sound with no meaning whatever, or epithets ingeniously constructed in cold blood, which in either case seriously interferes with the natural and lifelike development of the poem. Pure honest prose, where prose is really proper, would be infinitely better.

However all this be, here, in the 'Song of the Sea,' and in similar passages from Whitman, you do assuredly find, if you are sensitive and competent, a certain artless harmony of sound that flows like a spell upon jaded ears, somewhat sated with cloying artificial harmonies from the study. One is reminded of some dreary nocturne, some slumbrous mystic voluntary breathed in twilight within a vast cathedral, or weird natural sounds we know not whence, wandering phantasmal over lowland wildernesses by night.

It is like the very voice of the sea himself, entangled in strings of the harper; into the strain has passed the very plaint and murmur of winds over barren sand and briny briar; rising alternately and falling; harsh, interrupted, disturbed; caught up unaware smooth and soothing; stealing upon us forlorn and melodious, from unfooted wastes, and shadowy realms of some spirit land that is very far.

Just two personification-pictures, eminently rich in colour, firm in outline, distinct and pregnant with symbol, yet small in compass and condensed. One is from 'Old Ireland':

> Far hence amid an isle of wondrous beauty,
> Crouching over a grave, an ancient sorrowful mother,
> Once a queen, now lean and tattered, seated on the ground;
> Her old white hair drooping dishevelled round her shoulders;
> At her feet an unused royal harp,
> Long silent—she too long silent—mourning her shrouded hope and heir:
> Of all the earth her heart most full of sorrow, because most full of love.

The other is from 'A Broadway Pageant,' written on occasion of the reception of a Japanese embassy:

> The Originatress comes,
> The land of Paradise—land of the Caucasus—the nest of birth,
> The nest of languages, the bequeather of poems, the race of Eld,
> Florid with blood, pensive, rapt with musings, hot with passion,
> Sultry with perfume, with ample and flowing garments,
> With sunburnt visage, with intense soul and glittering eyes,
> The race of Brahma comes!

[*To be continued.*]

The Moors.

Supposing the breadth and length of the wave bore any proportion to its depth: that is, supposing the importance of the Twelfth was as widely felt as it is felt deeply, what an important era would the Twelfth be! Even now its importance is extraordinary. If one only moved in certain circles—if, for instance, one belonged to 'the best club in London,' or if one were a guard or (say) a porter on the Highland Railway—one might judge there was really only one day in the year worth speaking of, and that was the Twelfth. Time would have to be measured by its comparative nearness *ab ante* and *à post*. Is it conceivable that in these islands there are whole millions to whom the Twelfth is a nothing, a yellow primrose? So conceivable that we hasten to anticipate the testy question, 'What Twelfth in the world is he talking of?' He is talking of the 12th of August; and he says again, that if you happen to move in certain circles, or by any accident come within reach of the stir, the bustle, the influences physical and moral, which August 12 calls into play, it would be incredible to you to what a slight distance the influence extends, and what calms pervade the remaining ocean while you are tossing and heaving on the yeasty waves. There is, to be sure, even within and in the very centre of the turmoil, an inner calm; there are those to whom the annual stir and bustle are so habitual, such a matter of course, that the mind has lost the power of feeling them: aristocrats, who take their places in the limited mail as they mount their horses for Rotten Row, with as little excitement and as little sense of pleasure. But these are comparatively few and need not be taken into the account. On the whole, to those to whom the Twelfth is anything at all, it is a very great deal. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds, that carry us on toward the desired date! Scatter, envious shades of night, and break and blush, rosiest of dawns, whereon they of the feathered leg and gurgling crow shall bite the dust.

We may be pardoned a little enthusiasm, though in these 'Philistine' days it is the only thing rarely pardoned. Had we been born in the purple we should have exhibited, we trust, a generic coolness, and eye-glassed the man who could go into raptures over so ordinary an occurrence

as taking to the moors. But the Fates have bred us otherwise. We are neither of the Upper Ten, born as they say with the golden spoon between their perfect teeth and the purple heather beneath their feet; nor of those whose sires have invented coal-mines or canals, devised a galvanic process or popularised pins and needles. Speaking after the fashion of the day, the odds beforehand were 1000 to 1 against our ever travelling north of Auld Reekie, or seeing a ptarmigan or a grouse otherwise than on the dinner table. Grateful comes the hour which comes to the non-expectant.

One may seek to analyse the component elements of the pleasure which ordinary folk like ourselves feel in this particular sport. Partridge shooting is, of course, not to be compared with it. But why not? Is there magic in the grouse, as hydropathists say there is magic in their favourite element? Or, as it may be shrewdly suspected that the virtue of hydropathy lies mostly in the regular hours, the simple diet, the serene lives of the water-drinkers, so is it possible that to shoot grouse differs in no respect from shooting partridges, or even Hurlingham pigeons; but that the difference lies in the concomitants? One may pierce all the Highland valleys in turn by roads more or less macadamised, and yet know nothing of the Highlands. One may traverse by Northern Railway miles on miles of moor and glen, and yet not know what the scent of the moor heather means. But to the grouse shooter the moor has a meaning which it has for no one else:

> Bird and bee and blossom taught her
> Love's spell to know,

says the ballad. Moor heather and liberal air, the cloud-shadows walking the hillside, the exquisite sweep of view which every cairntop provides, the dip into the juniper-clad corrie, the rush of the mountain burn, the velvet moss that betrays the latent spring, these are to the grouse shooter more than bird and bee and blossom to the maiden; these and the promise of these, give to August 12 a secret sweetness which September 1 knows not, nor even the November morning where friends meet for the first time at the covert side. There is, of course, a difference between moor and moor, and you may get these concomitants in greater or less abundance; but in the main they belong to the Highlands, English or Scotch, and are of the essence of August sport. And though it may be stoutly argued that the sport would still be a noble one were all these advantages wanting—as one might argue that water would not lose its virtue were Ben Rhydding near London, or Malvern nestling in a valley—yet still there they are, *sit gratia Fatis*. Let us take the goods the gods provide us: let us take out our license to the full, and returning to our offices and stools 'soothly swear' that never was sport placed by nature amid nobler scenes, sweetened by purer pleasures, made exquisite by richer and fuller draughts of health.

These are, it is needless to say, mere notes of admiration; idle gossip

for the idle, *vacuis vacua*; they do not pretend to method or system; a device only by which the writer trusts to find himself *en rapport* with an appreciative reader; and for their style, *sermo merus*. If the reader expects wisdom or method, an extract from a new edition of 'Sports in the Highlands,' or an essay on the proposed changes in the Game Laws, let him turn the page and look elsewhere. But if he is for a little chit-chat, such as one might indulge after lunch on the Twelfth, scene the depths of a mighty corrie with its native burnie tumbling over rocks or threading its way among the stones, *dramatis personæ* the half-wearied, half-exulting sportsmen inhaling the first draught of the sweetest pipe in the day, then have at him.

Is it not a pity, think you, that such a distance separates us from our work, or if you like from our play? The sport ought to be unusually good for one to go so far for it.

For, first, there is the mental labour involved in calculating ways and means. We speak still only of the unpurpled Englishman, for your privileged grouse shooters have no need to calculate anything. But suppose *we* are invited—we, born *sub modico Lare*—to visit a friend who has gone in for a moor. Delightful man, we say, and we lose no time in accepting. Then come the ways and means. A moderate income is ours, with but scanty elbow-room, so scanty that we contemplate the vagaries of Mr. Lowe with lively uneasiness, and tremble whether he inflicts or removes a match tax. Now, a scanty income is a serious business north of the Tweed. It is the fashion to commiserate the extortions—well, we will say the exactions—practised on the wealthy lessee himself. He tells us that he bleeds at every pore. No sooner are hands clasped on the bargain and his cheque warming Mr. Snowie's pockets, no sooner is he *dans ses droits*, than the leeches fasten. There are extra keepers to be engaged, extra dogs to be bought and fed (and what a dog can eat whose appetite is braced by the highland air let the *experti* tell), peats to be stacked, an interview arranged with a whiskey merchant, a hue and cry raised for gillies, *et his similia*. But then, after all, these things are understood beforehand—they are, as it were, in the bond; it is only as if another hundred was added to Mr. Snowie's cheque, and by the hypothesis an extra hundred matters little to my lord. But it is the friend with the moderate income who must beware; *ignarus mali*, he may think a visit to the Highlands and the Lowlands the same thing, and that the difference lies only in the railway ticket. Blissful simplicity! money multiplies itself *eundo*, as much as it does by lying out at *n*ty per cent.: the Scot is a canny man, and 'stands in' with his canny brethren: extra gillies must be engaged—those cartridges won't do for the birds on these moors—you must just gang to Inverness for salmon-flies, if you want to fish this river—two ponies more for the increase of one solid Englishman; and so on. Once bit, learn to calculate twice. Our respectable but not wealthy friend looks these facts in the face and falls to considering ways

and means. If someone would only tax the matches he consumes and give him the proceeds things would be easy. What is to be done? A happy thought occurs to him: grouse shooting comes only once a year, and to him perhaps once or twice only in a lifetime; he will plunge and 'chance it.' So he draws on his next quarter's salary, has a rather unsatisfactory interview with the chief of his office (everyone is in the Civil Service nowadays), and packs his portmanteau. But his anxieties have only begun. After all, as he has often heard his sisters ask without comprehending the necessity of the question, after all, *what is he to wear?* His metropolitan garments may adorn the metropolis, his boots may do for the Arcade or the Zoo; but for heather or a bed of juniper, *allons!* He remembers having once possessed a rough suit in his provincial days, dittoes which in their day were 'all the go at Cockermouth;' perhaps *they* will satisfy the occasion. So not without misgivings as to the verdict which the head keeper will pass upon them (and this reminds him ruefully that keepers have risen in the market since Californian times, and nowadays despise anything below 'paper'), he sits on his portmanteau till it reluctantly locks, orders his Hansom, and is off. Naturally he travels second class, and to save hotel bills travels all night. *Suave mari magno*; it is sweet to be under a roof of any kind when night falls, and some men can sleep anywhere; but no one will say it is easy to sleep in a second class limited Scotch mail in the first decade of August. His companions are of an order that he has been taught to consider inferior to himself: not to speak ambiguously, they are my lord's servants, with tickets for his own destination. They are affable and condescending by nature, or art; but scratch the surface, let them be a trifle drowsy and disturbed in their slumbers, and they disclose the Tartar. Pleasant as it is to be the prop and stay of confiding woman or even of confiding man, yet to have your future cook reclining heavily on one shoulder, and your future valet lunging convulsively on the other in all the abandonment of sleep, to interlace knees with a groom who apparently rides races in his dreams, to support the haunches of a favourite setter, too valuable to travel in his proper place, this—to speak within the truth—is not conducive to repose. He traverses the broad counties of England; stations appear from time to time, or seem to appear; he acquires the art of exhibiting his ticket in his slumbers; and sunshine dawns upon him, an unhappy man, as he staggers from his carriage in vain quest of refreshment at a station which for fear of consequences shall be nameless. But why pursue misery into its secrets? All these things have to be done, but come to an end at last; perhaps they enhance the pleasure that lies beyond, and even these things it will be pleasant to remember.

Yes! it seems a pity at first thinking that the sport should lie so far off: but is not the game worth the candle? Suppose it lays nearer to hand, and a man could drop drown to Braemar or elsewhere

as a man drops down from town to his favourite meet, just between his first and second breakfast and over his cigar, would it not vulgarise the sport? For some purposes, Dingwall is quite near enough to the metropolis: we need only compare the past and present of Goodwood to see how sport suffers from anything that annihilates distance. There are moors, so called, within reach of cockney sportsmen, and we know what the sport is on them. These eyes have once seen a grouse on the wing within shot of Buxton; but so Brummell once ate a pea. In what year was it before the 'Dark Blue' was conceived that a solitary snipe was once reported as having arrived at Port Meadow? We forget the year, but we know that all the artillery of Oxford turned out in quest of it. And if these are sombre reflections, they are suggestive. Let us be thankful that all honest moors lie beyond the reach of the London School Board. Imagine the genuine gillie snapt up by the ubiquitous policeman, and hurried off to the nearest 'Denominational.' Besides, it may be acutely questioned whether the distance and the consequent difficulty do not in themselves lend a factitious charm. At least we Englishmen pretend they do. What sent Mont Blanc out of fashion? The happy sarcasm of a Zermatt guide, gibing at the comparative ease with which the 'monarch' could be mastered. Describe a matter as easy and you rob it of its attractions. Invest it with all sorts of difficulty, place it at the other end of the hemisphere and your true Briton solemnly girds himself for the task. This is what we love to say of ourselves: very likely the Parisian pencil, or the American, paints the matter differently.

Life is too short to be broken into many fragments, and our Civil Service sportsman, released for a limited number of days from the services he renders to an ungrateful country, must needs hurry to his appointed bourne. Otherwise, if any words of ours could prevail with him, we would say: Break your journey, and breakfast; whatever you do, breakfast! All things have changed, and the world improves; the wave of civilisation has almost obliterated the genuine old Scotch breakfast; still the last footsteps have to be planted. One may yet find here and there, lingering among forgotten landmarks, some delightful remnants of the ancient custom. If you can find a decent cleanly inn, not ambitious of the loftier title of hotel, lying it may be just outside the grand tourist route, a station perhaps for post-horses when post-horses existed (if they ever existed in Scotland), now the haunt of the contented angler or the solitary pedestrian, take our advice and stop there to breakfast. You shall have—well, we will not spoil the market by saying what you shall have, but (take our word for it) you shall be grateful for our advice. You may come a day late in consequence to your tryst, you may cause your friend to lose his time and his temper (for has he not sent dog-cart and man seventeen mortal highland miles to meet you?), but—fate cannot harm you; you have

breakfasted, perhaps for the first time *à la Scot*. *Now* you dimly understand what the man deserved who invented a new pleasure.

Ghosts, as has been observed since the days of Hamlet, and possibly before, vanish regularly at dawn. Our Nimrod of the uncivil service, so perplexed amid contending anxieties the night before, so vexed during a night to which that of Clarence was delightful, is by this time another man. He is in Moorshire, and at the very gates of the Highlands; already the purer breeze, a divine afflatus, stirs his dusty locks; a few more hours and he reaches his journey's end. It *is* worth, he confesses, it *is* worth the long travel, the overcrowded train, the scanty refreshments, the disjointed slumbers, to stand in front of 'the Lodge' door and survey the glorious prospect. New to the scene, he imagines the whole waste of hill and moor to be within his beat; he fancies he hears the cry of the very grouse that shall be the first to fall before his gun on the morrow; he populates yonder noisy stream with gigantic trout or ascending salmon. Oh the confused pleasures of that evening, with its well-earned repose and its anticipations of coming sport! The talk is all 'shop' of course: to-morrow's beat, the chances of the bag, the disease or no disease among the birds, the choice of the dogs. Later on, and equally of course, the keeper must be invited in to sketch his plan for the campaign, and to drink the Saxon's health. Surely Scotch keepers are among the most wonderful of men. Your English keeper, who defends his partridge nests, and counts his pheasants accurately before they are shot, is not without a mysterious presence: but for mystery, and profound depth of meaning, and veiled consciousness of power, commend us to a Scotch keeper! The reserve with which he deals with the flood of questions, and the thinness of the stream of information that he vouchsafes! Purchase your own moor, or rent the same moor year after year, and the keeper of course grows to resemble other men in your eyes; the *recedentes anni* take away much of his mystery with them. He is your own servant, and is sensible where his bread is buttered. But hire a moor once and away, and it is *autre chose*. The man has a hundred good qualities which you cannot mistake. Look at his clear steady eye, his well-knit frame, his commanding jaw; a hundred good qualities, but he is pre-eminently *canny*. He is as one who acts for ever on the defensive. Urged by conflicting motives, he obeys the laws of dynamics which dictate a passive equilibrium to a body placed between equal opposing forces. Is he anxious to show his employer good sport? Of course he is, and proud withal to show the triumphs of his breeding skill. But, on the other hand, are not the grouse his own rearing, dear to him as the apple of his eye, or the bairns of his hearth, or the poems of his brain? And has he a heart to doom them all to death? And, moreover, is he to unfold all the secrets of his craft, the slow results of patient labour, to the feverish questions of a stranger; to unbosom himself in the

twinkling of an eye to one whom his eyes never saw before nor perchance will see again? So the stream of information trickles only, and your keeper remains to the end, as he began, a man of deep abiding mystery. Not but what he is to be managed by an artist, given a perfect temper, and the perseverance of Bruce's spider, and good luck. Show him that you consider him your superior, and that you feel yourself to be playing the pigmy to his giant; pay due deference to his dicta, accept thoughtfully the somewhat overbearing opinions he lays down, and, above all, happen to make one or two longish shots the first morning, and he may possibly relax. Perhaps he will volunteer a grim joke or two, not without a shrewd glance at your Cockermouth habiliments. Receive these again good-humouredly, and you are making progress. Who knows but what you have risen or even hooked your fish? As for bringing him to land, time alone can decide that, as a man is not to be called happy before his death. But with all these little peculiarities Sandy is a fine fellow, a sort of Zermatt guide in his way; and if he does exhibit with too little disguise his sense of power, it is because he *has* the sense. A man is not to tread his native heath for years to acknowledge the first comer as his equal or his superior. Meet him in the Lowlands perhaps, and you are as good a man as he: but among his native moors, and in the sport to which he was in a manner born, it is *impar congressus*. What a stalwart stride is that with which he mocks the inequalities of ground! What a magical instinct for the whereabouts of an odd bird! What a superb accuracy of eye to mark the exact tuft of heather a mile away that conceals a lost 'towerer!' What a *macstro* with his dogs; never an impatient movement, hardly his voice raised a note in rebuke; but with significant and silent gesture ever marshalling them 'across and across,' and they seemingly gifted with the true canine instinct to anticipate his wishes! But we grow enthusiastic again, *capti amore*. In truth, we have ourselves known some splendid instances of the class, and their memories are pleasant to us; a class whose days perhaps will soon be numbered if things go on as they have begun. And we have heard with impatience some of our young sprigs of fashion, gilded and scented youth, take hasty and superficial account of these same keepers, and pooh-pooh them in a mass. 'You should treat these fellows in the proper way,' sneers young Auratus: 'snub them the first hour you see them: show them that you mean to be the master.' Amiable specimens of our future legislators, qualifying by doing their best to transfer the spirit of Hurlingham to the wilds of Glenduff.

But time moves, brother sportsman, and it is fitting that we move also. 'Tis a luxurious hour, everyone knows, this sacred hour of luncheon; and not the least enjoyable part of it the last half hour, when the divine hunger and thirst have been appeased, and with wide-awake pulled over our brows to keep off the sun we have been lazily

exchanging remarks while we drank in with eyes and heart the influence of the scene. 'Tis is a pity only, this *amari aliquid* that ever and anon bubbles to the surface of the cup. It is sad to hear the query so often raised nowadays, on the moor and in the club, by the seaside and in the express, How long shall these things last? The taste for moor shooting has in fact advanced so rapidly in the last twenty years that one might well have misgivings as to its future. Is it, like cricket, big with the visible seeds of its own decay? Well may the owners of Scotch property be uneasy at the little cloud in the distance, towards which so many eyes with speculation in them are turning. What will happen after the deluge? Where will grouse shooting be, if the Game Laws are washed away? Partridge shooting will take care of itself, and is to a certain extent safe; but the grouse business has been an artificial one, and artificially protected, and it will bear no liberties. The popular member's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, sees in imagination whole miles of mountain moor dispossessed of the native bird, and given up to imported sheep: they are music to him, these bleatings upon a thousand fells; he beholds, or pretends that he beholds, a vast population fattening on the juicy chop or the compact leg; and he flings his statistics in your face if you hesitate for a moment to swallow his Shibboleth. But, oh shade of Adam Smith! is there anything more dangerous than figures? And are there not gains which had a thousand times better been losses? Shall these romantic valleys again grow desolate, so hardly opened to sport, the pioneer of advancing civilisation? Shall the lodge and the shooting-box disappear, to make way for the shepherd's cabin? Shall the little village relapse into the silence, the stagnation, the barbarism, from which it was slowly emerging? These are serious considerations, and demand serious treatment. It may be that the threatened changes are good, that they admit of successful defence. But at least they should be discussed soberly and without clamour; appeals to an ignorant populace, that they should judge as by a single glance questions far-reaching and all-important for the future, are surely the last things to be resorted to: and the question of the probable operation of the Game Laws in Scotland is precisely such a question. We do not fear any consequences of a mellow and considered legislation: what we do fear is that imperious spirit of assertion on one side, assisted by that incomprehensible passivity and reticence on the other, which has led to so many leaps in the dark being made during the last few years, with no precautions taken as to the possible nature of the landing on the other bank. *Verbum sapientibus!*

ARTHUR FABER.

The Cattle Spoil of Dairt.

By the Bishop of Limerick.

[The 'Cattle Spoil of Dairt' is one of a cycle of stories which group themselves round the 'Tain Bo Chuailgne,' or Cattle Spoil of Cuailgne, a tale which held a leading place in the romantic literature of ancient Ireland.

It may have been the good fortune of some of our readers to have met with a book entitled 'The Irish before the Conquest,' in which Mrs. Ferguson has given an analysis of the 'Tain,' and of other tales and poems belonging to the heroic period of Irish history; or they may have read the spirited poem in which Samuel Ferguson embodies the wild legend of the loss and recovery of the 'Tain' in the time of Guaire, the hospitable King of Connaught, in the sixth century. To these sources, or to the fuller information to be found in Professor O'Curry's lectures, we may for the present refer those who are anxious to know more than we have space now to relate of a narrative which in Irish legend holds about the same position as the story of the Argonauts does in Greek mythology. The 'Tain' and the tales connected with it if printed would form a series of ancient Irish romance of considerably greater extent than the Welsh Mabinogion; and though an element of fiction enters largely into their composition they contain in them an abundance of actual historical material.

Along with the supernatural agents who are introduced appear kings and chieftains in whatever histories have been handed down to us, and concerning whom these legendary tales bear a testimony so uniform as to prove that the names which we encounter in them stand for real persons, though we may still be allowed to entertain serious doubts as to the alleged dates of their exploits.

But even supposing that these characters and events be regarded as mythical, we may safely conclude that the general colouring and minor details of the pictures set before us are true to nature.

Most of what relates to the usages of everyday life, dress, manners, and institutions may be relied on as accurate. There is the more reason to believe this as these historical tales of plunders, courtships, battles, expeditions by sea and land, feasts, sieges, elopements, slaughters,

and tragical deaths, were carefully catalogued, and the recitation of them on public occasions in the presence of kings and chiefs was one of the qualifications of the higher grades of the literary order.

In point of antiquity they bear comparison with almost any of the extant romances of the Western nations. The 'Tain' itself appears to have been reduced to its present shape about the beginning of the seventh century, and a copy of it exists in a manuscript written in the middle of the twelfth.

Readers of the 'Dark Blue' with a fresh recollection of the Saga of Frithiof, admirably translated from the Icelandic by Mr. William Morris, cannot fail to observe how unlike is the ancient Irish romance to the Scandinavian Saga.

The difference is as great—and we ought to expect it to be as great—as that which we recognise in the national characters of the Teuton and the Celt.

If the Saga has more of homely truthfulness, of vigorous and continuous action, of sturdy common sense, and exact delineation of the various traits of human character, the ancient Irish romance displays imagination and pathos to a degree remarkable in so rude an age.

The short tale which follows—or at least the original of it—might have suggested some curious discussions concerning matters of archæology, topography, and philology, but I have thought it best for the present to allow it to be regarded from a purely literary point of view.

It cannot lay claim to any peculiar merit of style.

The narrative is in part obscure, and its conclusion so abrupt as to give rise to the conjecture that we are not in possession of the entire tale. It may be regarded, however, as a fair sample of this class of narrative.

It is also deserving of notice that its author has, with a few brief but happy touches, succeeded in giving a dramatic individuality to the characters introduced into his story.

In my translation from the Irish I have adhered as closely to the original as the difference of idiom between our language and the Celtic has permitted me.]

At this time, Eochaidh Beg, son of Cairpri King of Cliach, was dwelling at Dun Cuilli, in the country of Hy Cuannach. He had forty fostersons, of the sons of the kings and chieftains of Munster; and forty milch cows to feed his forty fostersons.

Now King Ailell and Queen Meavee sent messengers to him bidding him come and speak with them. 'I will go,' said he, 'in a week from this day.' So the messengers took back that answer.

And it came to pass, not long afterward, as Eochaidh was in his bed-chamber, that a maiden and a young champion appeared to him in a vision. 'Ye are welcome,' said Eochaidh.—'We have come from far for that greeting,' said the twain.—'I would we were neigh-

bours,' said Eochaidh.—'Our dwellings are not far apart,' said the maiden, 'though we do not see one another.'—'Where do ye dwell?' said Eochaidh.—'In Sidh[1] Chuile,' said she.—'Wherefore come ye to me?' asked Eochaidh.—'We come,' said she, 'to give thee counsel.'—'What counsel?' asked Eochaidh.—'As to what befitteth thine honour and thy name,' said the maiden, 'when thou goest into far countries as thou hast occasion. Thou must take along with thee a great company, and horses, goodly, wondrous, brought from foreign lands. For the appointment thou art about to keep, we deem that thy equipment should be better than ordinary.'—'What should be the number of our company,' said he.—'Thou must take fifty horsemen,' said she, 'with costly bridles for the horses, and thou shalt receive all these things from me to-morrow at dawn in thy courtyard. For thou shalt have fifty iron-gray horses with their bridles of gold and fifty suits of princely apparel. And let all thy fostersons go with thee. It is meet that we should help thee; for thou dost well defend our country and our land and our inheritance.' And when they had said this, the twain departed.

And when Eochaidh arose on the morrow, fifty iron-gray horses were seen standing in a row at the door of the court; and fifty purple cloaks braided with gold; and fifty shirts embroidered with thread of gold: and fifty golden rods with ferules of silver; and fifty white foals with red ears, and rolling eyes, and blue hoofs, and silver bits and curbs of brass.

Now all this was done by magic. And the people were amazed at this thing. And Eochaidh told his vision unto them.

And when that company went forth on their way to Cruachain, people were smothered in the press of those who thronged to see them; albeit the number of the company was not great; for they were a wondrous and beautiful sight; fifty champions all equipped alike as hath been already told.

'Who is this?' asked Ailell as the company drew near.—'I will tell thee,' said his servant. 'It is Eochaidh Beg, son of the King of Cliach.' Then the company were let into the fort and into the palace. They were made welcome, and abode there feasting three days and three nights.

Then said Eochaidh 'Wherefore am I summoned hither?'—'That I may ask a gift of thee,' said Ailell. 'We have to bear a grievous burden, the burden of feeding the men of Erin whilst they are harrying the cattle of Cuailgne.'—'What gift dost thou desire?' said Eochaidh.—'A gift to us of milch cows,' said Ailell.—'The cows that I have are not more than I need,' said Eochaidh.—I have forty fostersons with me of the sons of the kings and chieftains of

[1] The reader will observe that she was a Banshee, i.e. a woman, *bean*, of the fairy hills, *sidhe*.

Munster. There are forty cows to feed them, and I have seven score milch cows besides for their maintenance, and fifty more following these.'—'I ask,' said Ailell, 'a cow from every householder who is subject to thee. If it had chanced that the burden was on thee I would cheerfully have given thee relief.'—'It is well,' said Eochaidh, 'thou shalt have the cattle thou requirest.' Then they abode there three days and three nights, and after that they took leave of the King, and set forth for their own country.

And on the way Eochaidh was met by the three sons of Glaschu of Irros Domnann; seven score champions was the number of their company. They joined battle with him. It was at Insenacouchada in Meath that they met; and Eochaidh Beg the son of Cairpri fell there, and his forty fostersons along with him. When the tidings of these things were spread through the land of Erin, three hundred of the women of Munster died in mourning for the young men.

That night, as Ailell was asleep, he beheld a maiden and a young champion approach, the fairest he had ever seen. 'Whence come ye?' said Ailell, 'and what are your names?'—'We are Victory and Defeat,' said they.—'Victory is welcome and Defeat is unwelcome,' said Ailell.—'Thou shalt be victorious,' said the maiden, 'however it be. 'How near to us is that issue?' said Ailell.—'I will tell thee,' said she.—'Send on the morrow for a prey of cows to be brought thee from Dairt the daughter of Eochaidh. It is thine own son Orlam that thou must send. And go thou to gather a company to attend him.'—'With what number shall he go?' said Ailell.—'Let him have fifty horsemen,' said she, 'men of renown; and fifty of the young men of Connacht. Thou shalt have from me this day the same equipment as was provided for the young men that were killed yesterday; in horses, and bridles, and cloaks, and brooches, and in the number of each. Thou shalt receive all these things from me to-morrow at dawn in thy courtyard. Let us return to our own country now,' said she.

Then the twain went away immediately that same night to Corb Cliach Mac Taisigh of Munster, who dwelt in his court on the north bank of the Nemain, and they appeared unto him as he slept. 'Whence come ye?' said he, 'and what are your names?'—'Attack and Plunder,' said they.—'Attack is welcome and Plunder is unwelcome,' said Corb Cliach.—'Thou shalt not be plundered,' said the maiden, 'but thou shalt be attacked.'—'How shall that befall us?' said Corb Cliach.—'I will tell thee,' said the maiden. 'Thou shalt be attacked by the sons of kings and princes and chieftains.'—'Who are they?' said Corb Cliach.—'We will tell thee,' said the twain. 'All the noble youths that are in Connacht will come to carry off your cows after first killing thy young men. They will come to-morrow at evening to carry away from thee Dairt the daughter of Eochaidh. It is not in great numbers that they will come.'—'They shall be hindered by the protection of the men of Munster if they attempt the deed; and what

is their number?' asked Corb Cliach.—'Seven score champions,' said she: 'and they are seven score men mighty in battle. Now let us depart,' said she, 'that we may gather a host to meet them to-morrow in the evening.'

And on the morrow at early dawn the Connacht men went forth out of the court of Cruachain to the green, and there they beheld the horses and the bridles and the apparel, all as had been promised, at the door of the court, and the same as what they had seen with Eochaidh and the princes on the day before. Then Ailell's champions were in great doubt whether they would go or not. ''Twere a pity,' said he, 'to give up the chance of good fortune.'

Then Orlam went forth till he reached the house of Dairt the daughter of Eochaidh, in Cliu Clasaigh in Munster, on the south shore of the Shannon. There they unharnessed, and Dairt received him gladly. Three beeves were sent to them. 'We shall not need to dress them,' said Orlam. 'Let our men carry their food with them on horseback.' This was because they were in fear of the enemy, being in the heart of Munster. 'Wilt thou come away with me, O maiden?' said Orlam. —'I will go, indeed,' said the maiden: 'and take thou the cattle with thee.' Then Orlam and his company surrounded the cattle and carried them away, and the maiden with them.

THROUGH KERRY.

A BREAK in the weather at last! Looking from my window, I see that the mists have all cleared away, that the tops of the mountains bordering Killarney are not as usual invisible, and that their broad shoulders are bathed in most exquisite gradations of light and shade, instead of as heretofore being covered with one universal leaden hue. When I say that my quarters at Killarney are at the Railway Hotel people who do not know the locality will most probably stare at my mention of the word 'mountain,' imagining that the establishment, like others of its kind, has its back to the station and its face to the street, is shaken to its foundation by passing trains, and echoes in every corridor with the hoarse whistle of distant engines. I know all about such an hotel. In the course of a not inconsiderable amount of travelling I have stayed at several such caravanserais, and through the media of my eyes and ears have learned to understand how trains were 'made up,' 'shunted,' 'sided,' 'and 'switched;' to know the nights when the goods might be calculated to be light or heavy, and even to distinguish the voices of some of the locomotives.

The Railway Hotel at Killarney, though approachable from the station by a covered way and commanding a distant view of a little branch of the Great Southern and Western line, stands in the midst of a large garden, charmingly laid out and beautifully kept, with the horizon, as seen from its upper windows, fringed on three sides by mountains, while at the back the emerald lawn is only separated by a scarcely perceptible undulation from a great nobleman's park, where elm trees, standing in soldierly array along an apparently interminable avenue, stretch out their long arms on either side, and afford a grateful shelter for the two or three brood mares now loitering beneath their shade.

The weather of late has been something fearful, and there is a general impression among Englishmen that it always rains in Ireland; but even those most interested in maintaining the contrary are now compelled to allow that for the last six weeks there has not been a single day on which it has not rained a great deal, and scarcely one on which anything like one of the usual excursions was possible.

Men have come, and men have gone, but the rain like Mr. Tennyson's 'Brook' has gone on for ever. It has been impossible to make any head against the weather. People who went forth in the morning smiling and happy, gorgeous in the tourist's suit 'for mountain, loch, or moor,' in pretty costumes, or striped tarlatan petticoats, have returned to dinner sulky and dispirited, mere heaps of sodden clothing, having to be dragged out from beneath dripping umbrellas, and printing themselves off in damp impressions upon every floor they step on, or wall they touch. And the worst of it is that while the wet weather scares away all the pleasant guests, who hurry off to less isolated regions, it has an opposite and deterrent effect upon the unpleasant ones, who are perpetually exciting hopes in themselves and others, by discovering bits of blue sky, and by tapping and shaking the barometer in the hall, an unfortunate instrument which has been so much performed upon during the past month by the knuckles of irritated tourists, that it has quite abandoned all self-respect, and gives as answer whatever first comes into its metal face.

Thus, the American party, consisting of the well-known painter and his *piquante* and pretty little wife, the well-known author, so different indeed from his books in being grave, and earnest, and practical, but so courteous and fascinating in his conversation, and his two daughters so fresh and enthusiastic, have gone away, while the Yankee colonel, who is supposed to sleep in his boots, as he never puts them outside his door at night, but goes into the pantry for the purpose of having them blacked, and who entertains strong views on the subject of Irish independence, which he loudly expresses at the *table d'hôte*; and the Yankee family with the father who might be less objectionable in the manner of clearing his throat, the daughters who dress like caricatures of the Paris fashion plates, and the two sons of whom the elder is probably twelve, and who smoke cigars and occupy the billiard table—these still remain, and take a prominent part in all the proceedings. Similarly the pleasant military man who told such interesting stories of his service during the Indian Mutiny, and without the least attempt at swagger or show of professional learning showed us the ins and outs of the Army Bill, and the young officer whose very light eyebrows and moustache, standing out on his deeply-bronzed face, gave him an air of being perpetually in a state of surprise, and who kept us amused with all the mess table jokes, divested of the mess table slang; these two had gone away, while the two veterans at the end of the table, the one with a wig and whiskers, the other with a few sparse hairs brushed from his cranium, and the gummed and dyed moustache, remained as fixtures, growling out to each other their dull professional talk about 'Johnson of the 48th—man they used to call "Cockey Johnson," not Bob—little fellow with eyeglass, don't you know,' and in a rumbling monotone cursing the dinner, the waiters, and the company generally. The rather nice new married

couple, pretty girl and tall handsome young fellow, only stopped a couple of days, but the rather nasty married couple, the woman with the face like a bad photograph when the sitter has moved during the operation, and the man with tusks instead of teeth, and paws instead of hands, have been here for a week, are to be met with in the passages holding each other's hands like the 'Babes in the Wood,' and evince no intention of departing.

The fine weather, however, the first glimpse of which I see from my bed-room window this July morning will change all this, will scatter those who have remained so long amongst us to the far ends of the island, and will bring a totally different set to fill up their places. When after breakfast I make my way through the hall on to the steps, I find Mr. Curry, the manager, carrying in his hand his slate memorandum book, and attended by Stephen Spillane, the well-known chief guide of the district, giving instructions for the comfort of the various visitors, who, bent on excursions, are crowding round him. One by one he calls up the cars, wagonettes, or britskas that are in attendance, or summons in parties of two or four, the boatmen neatly attired in blue jerseys and white trousers (have I seen a pair of white-duck trousers since the death of the great Duke of Wellington?), and gives to each verbal instructions, supplemented by a scrap of paper on which is written the number of the rooms occupied by the party confided to boat or vehicle, which is afterwards surrendered as a check on their weekly account. Old Hector, the great black Newfoundland dog, is sadly put about, and worried out of his usual sedateness by the never-ceasing bustle of the up-driving cars. 'Now Captain Johnson,' says Mr. Curry, turning to an English gentleman who with two ladies has been throwing himself backwards like an acrobat in his endeavours to catch a glimpse of any passing cloud which may absolve him from the dreaded duty of making an excursion, 'this is the car for you! Hegarty' (this to the driver), 'though Muckross and Dinish, the Torc waterfall and O'Sullivan's cascade, and mind you are back by three at latest, as the gentleman is going by the four train.' The party mount, start, and in the very act of taking off his hat to them departing, Mr. Curry is giving instructions for the conveyance of another party to the Gap of Dunloe, who are to be driven as far as the Pike Rock, whence—with the exception of an old lady for whom a pony is specially ordered—they will walk to Lord Brandon's cottage, where they will embark in a boat manned by four stalwart rowers, who are simultaneously told off to meet them, and to whom are confided two large flat hampers, pleasantly suggestive of luncheon.

'No, Mr. Curry, no repetition of these smaller excursions for me to-day. I have done them all already, have listened to the dreary "patter" of the boatmen about O'Donoghue and his white horses, his library, eye-glass, and prison, have undergone an experience which would have been degrading if it had not been so comic, of sitting in a boat in the

middle of the lake in the midst of the pouring rain, while a tall aged boatman without any teeth joined his short and energetic companion in growling out seventy-four verses of the "Cruiskeen Lawn," and have in fact comported myself as a British tourist ought to do. Now I am going farther a-field.'

On a trip which with its return journey will take up two days and the distance being long and the roads heavy, I am provided with a light britska and a strong active pair of horses, driven by James, who is not only an excellent whip, but, as Stephen Spillane impresses upon me in a confidential whisper, 'can be depended upon for sobriety,' a quality not to be despised on a road in some parts of which, as I am afterwards informed, 'av the horses backed ye'd fall over into the say!' Further, going into wild regions where, though the accommodation is certain to be clean, the fare is equally certain to be homely, I am provided with some bottles of claret, which I am assured I can open without affront to my hosts, and on which no corkage will be expected. So thus well provided I start.

Down the avenue, through the gates, and out into the town, which has the characteristics of most Irish towns very fully developed. Nowhere, perhaps, throughout Ireland is there more dirt, stench, clamour, and idleness than in the town of Killarney. The pigs lie in the middle of the road and will scarcely move out of the way of the passing cars; the gutters are filled with vegetable refuse and filth of every kind; the men and women lounge against the walls, or stand in knots on the pavement and in the roadway, talking, wrangling, and gesticulating with something like foreign energy, or idly combing their hair with their fingers, and scratching themselves freely. The comic actor and the music-hall vocalist, good as they are at exaggeration, have never been able to approach, much less to exceed, the grotesqueness of the costume of these people. The picture of Mr. Sweeney as Paddy O'Rafferty, which is exhibited outside the Hall of Momus in some low London neighbourhood, is apparently highly coloured, but Mr. O'Rafferty's hat is a new Lincoln and Bennett in comparison with the conical article, in shape like an enormously exaggerated rifle bullet, which forms the headgear of the men. Mr. O'Rafferty's coat (on the tail of which, by the way, he is always requesting somebody to tread) is justly regarded as abnormal, but it is an ordinary garment when compared with the structure in hideous brown cloth, so squarely wide in the waist, so long in the tail, so overwhelming in the collar, and garnished with such dull spiritless metal buttons. Whence do they come, these hats and coats? They cannot have been new within the memory of the generation, for even Irish dirt could not have produced in the time that gloss of grease, those stains remindful of feast and fray! Are they heirlooms, and is that the cause of our seeing so many coatless vagabonds loafing in the streets? Sons waiting in their rags until their fathers' decease entails upon them the family garment. They

wear breeches, do these men, of the kind technically know as 'shorts,' good thick blue or gray worsted stockings, and heavy ankle boots; as for the women, the everlasting shawl, the perpetual red petticoat, and the never-failing dirty legs, are all to the fore with them. Oh, clever gentlemen, Irish novelists and dramatists, when you show us your Colleen Bawns, or Arrah-na Pogues, your Shelahs and Mavourneens, why don't you at the same time tell us that for one pretty face we shall see a hundred that are plain and fifty that are absolutely hideous? And why don't you confess that even of the pretty ones the majority are generally very dirty? Ulysses-like, I have seen cities and men—and women too for the matter of that—and I am willing to confess that while in the streets of Dublin I have in the space of a couple of hours seen more pretty and elegantly-dressed girls than any other city could furnish in a day's walk, I have never, save perhaps in the Canton Valais, encountered such very hideous females, and so many of them as in the provincial towns and rural districts of Ireland.

One thing specially noticeable as we wend our way through the town is the entire absence of all that liveliness and jocularity which is supposed to characterise the Irish peasant. Between Hamlet and the grave-digger—and that is not a happy illustration, for I am not sure that a certain quaint cynicism in each does not make an affinity between them—between Hamlet and Osrick, let us say, there is not a greater difference than between the 'rollicking boy' of fiction, with his stories, his songs, and his wondrous repartee, and the heavy, stolid, whiskey-sodden, sullen-looking men who line Killarney streets.

Quite a relief now to get out into the open, past the handsome Roman Catholic Cathedral built by Pugin, and ornamented with plenty of that 'stucco-twiddling' in which, as Browning tells us, that clever men delighted—and past the workhouse, not ornamental but decidedly useful, containing as it does between four and five hundred inmates. The roads in Ireland have always been highly praised; that on which we are travelling is excellent; even the vast amount of rain which has fallen has been only sufficient to give it a comparatively slight coating of mud. It is broad, sound, and well kept, and presents the advantage of being supported without a tax on the traveller in the shape of turnpike fees. A romantic high road too, now stretching for a long distance under the shade of huge trees, now winding over a sharply-inclined bridge under which rushes a broad brown stream, here singing over its pebbly bed, there silently urging its swollen course between the deep banks, and ever reminiscent of the torrents of the Scottish Highlands. Now on either side of our course lies an enormous tract of bogland, from many parts of which the turf has been stripped, and the 'sods' lie in heaps to be taken home and dried for winter firing. So, on and on, with the horizon on the left hand ever bounded by Macgillicuddy's Reeks and the other mountains whose feet are bathed in Killarney's lakes; past the great tourists' attraction, the Gap of

Dunloe, and away into a country grim, savage, and strewn with huge boulders. Farther on the aspect of the neighbourhood changes somewhat, and our course lies through a series of small fields or 'holdings' divided from each other by stone walls, and covered with that bright and luxuriant herbage which is only to be seen in Ireland.

Half of our journey is accomplished. It is luncheon time now, and James pulls up his steeds, which he has driven with great judgment, and which show but little signs of distress considering the distance they have traversed, at an inn at Rossbeigh—the Shea's Inn, to call it by its proper denomination, for Mrs. Shea is a great personage in the country, and rents all the principal fishing in the neighbourhood, which is placed at the disposal of the gentlemen staying at her house. These are principally military men, some still on active service, some retired, who make this their head quarters during all the months when fishing is practicable. I get my luncheon, capital eggs and bacon, in the room appropriated to them; they are all out engaged in their favourite occupation. Strange, to find in this wild, out-of-the-way spot recent copies of popular periodicals, 'scrofulous French novels' in their yellow paper covers, and even the latest London saying, for, written in a round hand on a piece of paper pinned over the mantelself are the words 'the fish rise *and still they are not happy.*' This inn, and two others within a circuit of twenty miles, the Carra Lake and Glencarra, the last of which I visited the next day, are models of cleanliness and comfort, and are regularly visited by determined anglers from all parts of Ireland and of England; who passing the whole day in the water or on its banks, mess together quietly in the evening, and after the consumption of a certain amount of tobacco, get to bed at an early hour, and thus lay in a splendid stock of health, or recruit that already exhausted by metropolitan dissipation.

In an hour's time we are again *en route*, but the scenery we now pass through is much wilder than any we have previously travelled; the tracts of bog-land are larger and more frequent, the cabins are smaller, worse built, worse thatched, and less ventilated than any we have yet met with. Through the low narrow hole in the cabin which serves at once as door, window, and chimney, and immediately before which is always a standing pool of reeking slush, dabbled in by a few dirty ducks, we catch a glimpse of female figures and children grovelling on the naked earth floor, the best place on which is nearly always occupied by a sprawling ill-favoured pig, while poultry roost on lines strung from one to the other of the inside walls and add their quota to the general filth and discomfort.

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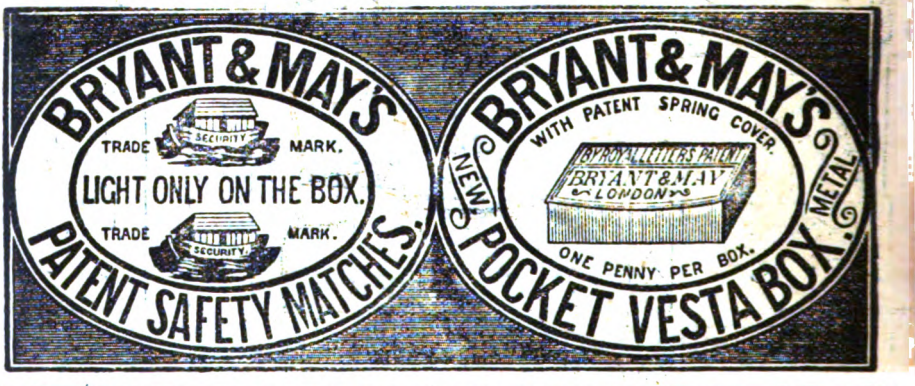

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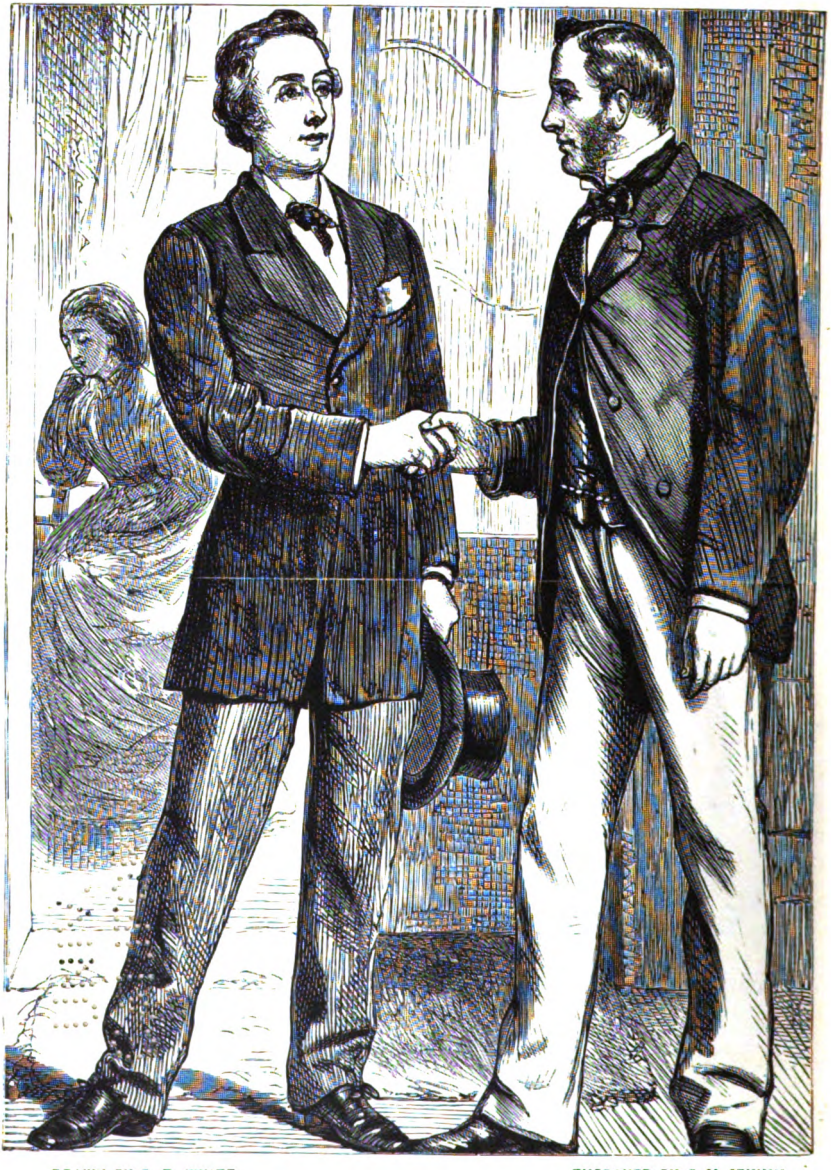

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NOVEMBER 1871.

'LOST': A ROMANCE.

BY JOHN C. FREUND, AUTHOR OF 'BY THE ROADSIDE.'

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WOMAN!

RAY of him who formed the whole,
A glory circling round the soul!'

repeated Ethel—and that glory seemed to circle round herself; it lightened her step, it expanded her stature, it opened her eyes to the life and beauty around her, and made her appreciate the loveliness of that beautiful nature, which till now had appeared to her 'a thing of course.' As Ethel returned with Harry to the house, the sward felt softer, the diversified green of the trees seemed richer, the view towards the house wider, the very blue of the sky purer; that vivid ray of life and love was pouring into her soul its ever magnificent, never-dying glory—to be again and again renewed in every human being, whose nature is good and grand enough to commingle its own inner existence with that of a fellow mortal.

'Oh, Ethel, Ethel, how changed you are, to be sure,' said Harry, mournfully; 'you used to skip about this place like one of those deer,

and now you walk grandly and proudly, like the old dames in our family pictures. I can't stand it, you'll soon make me as mawkish as yourself.'

Harry hurried off towards the house, and looked for his mother. A few minutes later Ethel entered the bright drawing-room, just as Harry was detailing to Mrs. Damer what had taken place. Mrs. Damer raised her eyes; one look at Ethel was sufficient.

'Harry, my boy, I shall hear from Ethel what it is all about; now, you go and order the open carriage for a drive at six o'clock.'

'Oh, very well, I'm to be got rid of; now, *you* have secrets between you.'

Harry went; Ethel knelt down by Mrs. Damer's side, and put both arms round her friend; just as she had done, when she had asked permission to come and live with Harry and his mother.

'Ethel, who spoke to you in the park? Tell me, darling. *He?*'

Ethel clung closer. 'He rushed through the trees, stood there before me, and said a few words, that he had come to bring his life and soul —would I give mine? I was only to look at him. Dearest aunty, I did look at him, and then—,' Ethel pressed her face closer still, 'he took my hands, and covered them with kisses.'

'Thank God! for once,' exclaimed Mrs. Damer; 'two souls will be united, instead of two bodies, or two fortunes.' She had spoken unawares, but quickly recollected herself, and gently folded Ethel to her.

'Then you are not displeased, aunty?'

'Ethel, we can both trust Zollwitz, his relatives are people of rank, but I am afraid some misfortune has befallen them. Professor Holmann wrote a line to Mr. Damer about it; we shall, however, know more when my husband arrives. You see, Ethel, for *his* sake, not only for yours, should those sweet hopes be locked in your own breast. Even we two must not give words to feelings that are as yet so shadowy and doubtful. Trust me, Zollwitz will come forward like an honest man, the moment he can do so honourably, and with hope of success.'

'Aunty, only one thing; may I, may I love him; my soul dreams of nothing else.'

'My sweet child, who can forbid you? Not I, not I. Come to me always.'

Mrs. Damer sank back on her lounge, and then Ethel saw how weary she looked.

A telegram came, the ex-minister would be there in the evening; a few hours later he appeared in person, filling the house with his overpowering bodily and mental presence.

'Ethel?' said Mr. Damer, 'your brother is out of danger; I saw him

myself. The nicest sister-nurse is waiting upon him *I* ever saw. One might almost wish to be ill, to have such nursing; I fancy I have seen her face somewhere or other, but I cannot remember where.'

'Thank God, George is out of danger. Do tell me what the nurse is like?'

'She is young, gentle, sagacious, and very taciturn.'

'What luck!' chimed in Harry.

'Jane, dear, I did not see Professor Holmann again. There are some very sad news. Major Zollwitz went abroad in a hurry, and died suddenly. I was afraid to intrude myself upon the Professor and poor Mademoiselle Mary, but I do wish Zollwitz had not rushed away like that; he ought to be with them, I am getting angry with him. Zollwitz has after all disappointed my high expectations;' and Mr. Damer walked about angrily, as was his wont.

An uneasy pause, no one spoke; at last Mrs. Damer said faintly:

'I am very, very sorry for them; those people have suffered; poor, poor Mary.'

Ethel's heart was full; she tried to speak, could not, and hurried from the room.

Harry laid his head on the table, and sobbed: 'I do wish Zollwitz had not left us, I am going back in all my work. Papa, dear, do find him out, and send me to him.'

'Be patient, I've been thinking about both of you, Edward will soon be home. Say good night to your mamma, and don't worry her.'

Harry hugged his mother and went off despondingly.

Mr. Damer looked at his wife:

'What's the matter, Jane, you look pale, and I want you much; there is something growing in my thoughts, getting stronger and stronger there, and creating within me new impulse for action. But impulse is not enough, purpose even is not. I want guidance for both; I can discern that a new social wave is coming upon us, and I should like to have a hand in directing it safely into port. Do you hear, Jane; how pale you *do* look to be sure. Jane, after all the great principles that have helped to direct the world so far, I think we are coming, or rather we shall come in our day, upon the greatest, the one which Christ meant to embody for our worldly direction, only we don't see his teaching in that way. I mean, Jane,—oh, how hard it is to give words to your thoughts when you have never been trained to it, and have never learnt a bit of logic in your life!—Jane, I think we shall begin to see the value of "individual man"—his worth as man, without accessories, and we shall see the necessity of acting socially for the aggregate, because it represents the multiplied *individual*. Now, Jane, I want you to help me, as I can't have the Professor just now, to reason

out that principle and build on it,—do you hear? Our Saviour says, "Not a sparrow falls without knowledge, much less one of us," showing the value of each. Says Burns, "A man's a man for a' that," giving an equal worth to all *as men*. Don't laugh at my poor beginning, Jane; how dare I philosophise to anybody but you? Such a man as a big, burly ex-cabinet minister should have facts at his fingers' ends and not fancies, thoughts, ideas or principles. Facts are the true foundations for social buildings, Jane, I am beginning to think. We are mistakes, and I am beginning to vote for principles and apply them to our actual state, not to upset but to improve it. You'll help me, Jane, won't you? How pale you look to be sure. Go to bed, darling; I'll have my cigar and ramble on the green.'

Mr. Damer kissed his pale wife, and rang the bell for her maid.

At breakfast the next morning, Mrs. Damer looked paler still and Mr. Damer out of sorts, but patient, a miracle with him; he glanced at his wife now and then suspiciously, but made no remarks about her appearance.

'A letter from Lord Tenterton,' he said; 'he has accepted my invitation, and will be here this morning. He asks whether I have seen in the "Times" that D'Alvensleben died suddenly abroad; how should I, I never read births or deaths? But what can it mean—there was a row with Major Zollwitz at Lady Julia's ball; the Major said he would hold D'Alvensleben responsible for something or other. Jane, I think those two men had a duel and both fell. Howden was right; D'Alvensleben was over discreet, ever rubbing off the dirty spot in his character. And that honest, brave man had to fall by such hands; poor fellow, where can Zollwitz be? I am disappointed in that young man.

Another awkward pause, even Harry said nothing.

Breakfast over, Mr. Damer called his wife.

'Now, Jane, you are getting thin and ugly; come, be off with Harry to the grounds, and get some colour into your cheeks. Never mind the housekeeper this morning, let Ethel see her; *she* looks fat and well, a little work will do her good,

Mrs. Damer called for bonnet and shawl, and did as she was bid; but in a dispirited way. Ethel went to the morning room—Mr. Damer to his study.

An hour or two later, up drove Lord Tenterton, asked for Mr. Damer, and went into the study.

'Damer, you know I am pretty straightforward; the old folks press me to marry—I had never thought of it. My brother Lomond won't marry now—he is too deep in that '*liaison*' of his; she's got him for life—that pretty French *danseuse*. My mother has tried everything—it is no use—he'll stick to her. My second brother, you know, is a cripple,

and may go any day; so the strawberry leaves will some time pass to my issue. I can't withstand the old lady's tears, because she's been a good mother, as far as her station would permit her—she'd been a glorious mother lower down in the scale. I have promised to get married. There is, just now, but one girl I might covet, and I told Her Grace so—that's your niece, Ethel Harrowby. Do you think anyone is beforehand with me? Have I your consent?'

'With all my heart, old fellow! why how could anyone be beforehand with you?—she's but a child, out of school frocks, and has had Jane to look after her; and Jane would stand no nonsense, gentle as she is to me.'

'May I see Miss Harrowby?'

'To be sure—she is in the morning room, and I wish you all success. I know she is alone, because my wife and Harry are in the grounds. Tenterton, you'll work with me then—I have a great scheme in my head.'

Tenterton opened his eyes, nodded, and went.

In the morning room sat Ethel, dressed in crisp muslin—her exquisite youthful shape well set off by it; her rich hair thrown off the broad, spirited forehead, on which the swelling lines traced forethought and determination. She was reading Robertson's 'Charles V.'—that halting period of Europe's history—taking notes here and there, to be embodied in short pithy essays, read over, and corrected by Mrs. Damer. Next to Robertson, lay Schiller's 'Secession of the Netherlands,' in German; and a heap of domestic account books; by the side stood an easel, with a chalk sketch on it. Ethel's, Mrs. Damer's, and Harry's tables were all covered with the signs of positive work, without artificial pretension.

Lord Tenterton knocked, and entered; casting a glance round the cheerful room, and over its bright occupant.

'Good morning, Lord Tenterton; when did you arrive? I did not hear you come.'

'I have just been to Mr. Damer's room, and I come from him straightway to you, Miss Harrowby. May I speak to you unreservedly for a few moments?'

Ethel felt uneasy and oppressed—she divined something. Nervously she drew towards the shading window curtains, and caught one in her hand, as if to hold by it for protection. Tenterton, manly and frank, stood before her.

'I have come, with my parents' consent and Mr. Damer's best wishes, Miss Harrowby, to offer my hand and position to your acceptance. I am a plain man; but if you would trust your welfare into my hands, Miss Harrowby, it would be my life's desire to deserve your trust. I cannot say much'—his face began to glow with expectant eagerness—'but my

heart and future prospects are pretty well bound up in your answer. May I hope? Will you try to love me, and allow me to lay my devotion at your feet?'

Ethel gasped for breath. 'Lord Tenterton, you do me much honour. I know you might look much higher. I shall, in full trust of your manly honour, say to you what I should say to no one;'—deep carnation spread over Ethel's face and neck—'my whole soul and heart are given elsewhere. My lord, you are a good and generous man; *I* could not waver, but my friends might; help me to refuse your noble offer, help me to refuse my friends' entreaties; my lord, I throw myself on your generous and noble nature for mercy.'

Tenterton was thunderstruck. He trembled.

'Miss Harrowby, you are very cruel. I feel this as a heavy blow, from which I shall not recover for some time; and my poor old mother—she was so pleased. Depend on my discretion; good morning.'

Tenterton went brusquely, but without hesitation; he hastened to the stables, had his horse put to, and drove off without again seeing any one.

Mr. Damer broke in upon Ethel, while she was wiping away the cold moisture from her forehead, seeing before her that other apparition under the park trees, and listening again to that impassioned address. Ah, Zollwitz had asked no one's consent, he had come straight to her, bringing soul to soul.

'Ethel, what does this mean? Here has Tenterton driven off like a thundercloud? Did he propose; did you refuse him?'

'I did, uncle.'

'Then you are mad; you have refused a good and honest man, and a duchess's crown. What fancies are these?' Mr. Damer was forgetting philosophy and individual rights; *habit* is strong.

'Uncle Damer, I very much honour you—I am under your roof, and owe you an explanation; I cannot marry Lord Tenterton, and be a duchess some day, as you say, because I have no heart to give him.' Soft womanliness now spread over her face; she approached Mr. Damer, laid both her hands on his arm, but still bravely looked into his fiery eyes, not daunted a bit. 'Uncle Damer, if I honour *you*, there is some one I love dearly, I esteem above all women I have ever known; it is my own sweet aunt. Forgive me, for her sake, and trust to me; don't say harsh things, and drive me away; it would break my heart to be separated from your wife.' Ethel now broke down; the hot, single tear drops slowly coursed down her cheeks.

'God knows what is coming to you all! when I thought of individualism, I had thought of the men only, I had never reckoned on the women wanting it. It will certainly complicate matters. Give me a

kiss, poor girl, and don't look so sad; there, after all, it is your own affair, and if you choose to be foolish, *you* will suffer, not *I*. I suppose that is what individual responsibility means,' grumbled Mr. Damer, as he walked off.

He took his hat, and left the house, striding away from that portion of the grounds where he believed his wife and Harry to be, and going at a tremendous pace towards Aunt Sarah's farm; he arrived there in half the time other people would. The sight of the old Suffolk farm-hall brought back early reminiscences, and disturbed more and more Mr. Damer's nervous system. Not fatigued, even now, he walked up and down the famous row of chestnut trees in front of the farm. Who had not walked under those trees?—brave and bold men, hunted men, conspiring men, men who defended their position, men who claimed their rights, men who stood up for royalty, men who asserted the people; those trees had looked upon all the passions that swell the human breast, and stood there still, remembering in their hoary heads centuries of English history with which the county of Suffolk is bound up. Up to this day, that row of trees is still there. They looked upon Mr. Damer as a specimen of a new era, and thought his musings puerile compared with their own mighty state secrets.

'Joe, tell your mistress Mr. Damer is in the chestnut walk, and wants to see her.'

After a few moments Aunt Sarah came out to him.

'Pray, has the house tumbled in, nephew, that you have come to see me?'

But Mr. Damer looked serious.

'I'm in trouble, Sarah, and have come for advice.'

'Hm! you frighten me, nephew; it *must* be a trouble when you come for advice. Out with it—what is it?

Mr. Damer's lip quivered. Aunt Sarah was awed.

'Sarah, let's go in; I feel faint.'

Silently they entered. Mr. Damer threw himself into a large arm chair, in the cosy farm parlour. Aunt Sarah fetched a glass of wine.

'Sarah—Jane, my wife, is looking bad and unhappy. She was very pale, last night—I sent her to-bed; and when I came, a couple of hours later, into the bedroom, she looked as white as a ghost, and the tears were slowly running down her soft cheeks without her knowing it, for she was fast asleep. I looked at her, but never woke her. This morning she is the same—as pale as death. I sent her into the grounds, with Harry, having made up my mind to come to you.' Mr. Damer looked wretched.

Aunt Sarah's woman's nature gave way;—she went up, tenderly, to her nephew, and kissed his cheek.

'Let me think, Robert. Jane is the finest woman I know; has anything else happened?'

'Nothing;—only that that goose, Ethel Harrowby, has refused Lord Tenterton.'

'Why?'

'Because she's got no heart to give him.'

'Hm! where is it?'

'How should I know?—she looks jolly enough.'

'Does she look very happy?'

'She gets more beautiful every day.'

'I'll go into the chesnut walk and think. Wait a bit.'

Aunt Sarah unceremoniously left the parlour, went out and walked under the trees, whispering of olden times; in about ten minutes she reappeared. Mr. Damer sat listlessly in the arm-chair. Aunt Sarah approached him, drew a chair to his side and looked earnestly at him.

'Nephew, I am an old woman, a very old woman. I am plain now, you have heard I was beautiful once. I seem to have a crabbed heart now, I had a warm one once. What has kept me an old maid; what has made me soured and quarrelsome? Too much love. That's your wife's complaint!'

'What do you mean, Sarah, I don't understand. I love my wife, I hope she loves me; and there is an end of it.'

'There isn't; your wife is pining for that grander companionship, which you don't understand; I can see something, that Ethel is in love with some one—very much in love—that her soul is in it—and that your wife envies her *that*, which *you* have never given her.'

'Why, I am not in love with Ethel; what are you saying, Sarah? I don't know what to make of you, you are getting sentimental.'

'I was so once; I wish I had remained so; it is beautiful to be sentimental, and one suffers sadly when it's shaken out of one as it was out of me. Nephew, I say things by halves; you must try and understand me. Your wife is a good, loving woman, with powers of mind beyond a woman's ordinary capacity; you have caught her by her loving side, she married you and clung to you; you have lorded it over her, treating her like a valuable bundle of chattels, sending her hither and thither like a pet dog; she obeyed you. The other side, the powerful side of her is gaining ground now, and if she were not so loving and so good—why, she'd turn restive.'

'But no man ever thought so much of his wife, and talked sense to her as I do.'

'Because you knew she would listen; it was done in a snappy, snarly way oftentimes.'

'Then what am I to do?'

'A very simple thing—think that she's as good as you, every bit of it, and treat her accordingly.'

'Ah! I see, Sarah, you're going in for the rights of woman.'

'If *you* don't, you'll lose your wife, for she's gentle and tender, yet firm with all that!

'It's no use praising her to me. You have set me another problem. I can't solve it. Everybody want rights, where they are all to come from God only knows; that's certain, some people will have to be shorn of those they've got now. Aunt Sarah, I have a proposal—will you let me come and live in the old hall, and give me your income; take my house, or all three of them, and my twenty thousand pounds a year? Now, will you?'

'You are mad, let me look at you?'

'I am not mad; I wish to heaven somebody would, this minute, honestly take my money off my shoulders and leave me a plain working man, whichever way it would be, to fight the world. Jane would agree to it, and she'd have plenty of working with me then. Harry would, in a minute; but there's Edward, I know he would *not*. I have brought him up to his position, and I have my reward.' Mr. Damer had risen and stood up, a new purpose in his face; his mind struggling for light, through those hardy features; the dawn of a great spirit welling up in his honest eyes; the determination of a great purpose settled on his firmly closed lips. He bent down to the little old maid before him, and placed his big hands round her slender waist, lifted her right off her feet and pressed a good sound kiss on her lips.

'Thank you, Aunt Sarah, it's many a long year since you and I had a talk. I didn't know you were half so wise, and could say such fine things. A cue is enough for me; I'll think it over. Now don't forget the scheme to let us come and live here. I should make grand plans under those chesnut trees. Look in upon us soon.' He bent lower still. 'You see the boy that ran to you when he was in trouble with the magistrates, for liking poachers—that boy runs to you still.' Another good sound kiss on the old maid's cheek, and off walked Mr. Damer, of whom the public saw but the rough side, and never the other. His talk to himself on the way home was most incongruous; the man's whole nature was undergoing a revolution; in the morning he had scolded Ethel for not reaching for the strawberry leaves, now he wanted some one to take his income off his shoulders. Position, prosperity, and the honest desire to gain himself, in one way or another, what *he* and *his* consumed, were having a fine dance in his head. The best of it was, that Mr. Damer did not only *fancy* fine things, he meant to *do* them.

He found his wife and Harry waiting for him in front of the house.

"Where have you been, Robert? I think it unkind of you to run away the first day of your being here.'

'Never mind, dear, I'm so hungry, can the cook not let us have the dinner at once? We don't want many dishes.'

'To be sure,' answered his wife, ever ready to please.

'Where *have* you been?'

'To Aunt Sarah's.'

'Really?'

'Yes, yes. You shall know all about it; Jane, you look better.'

Dinner over, Mr. Damer said: 'Jane, don't let us go into the drawing-room, it is too smart; come into the morning-room, I like it best, it smells of work and industry.'

Into the morning-room they went; it received them joyfully. The open window showed no dainty flower garden, but the rich emerald of the smooth lawn, backed by the leafy, waving shadows of the thick background of hundreds of trees.

'Now girls! Don't be offended, Jane,' said Mr. Damer. 'Who will teach me German and French?'

'You'd better have Ethel for your teacher,' said Mrs. Damer, 'you know, Robert, you would never own I was in the right if I taught you.'

'Jane, dear, you are wrong; try me.'

'Well, you'll see. Come and read a few lines, we are sure to quarrel over your horrid French pronunciation.'

Husband and wife sat side by side over Delille's French Grammar; Mr. Damer began to read, Mrs. Damer corrected him—he gave way gently. Mrs. Damer became enthusiastic over her task; she passed her arms round her husband's neck and helped him on. Mr. Damer improved at every sentence; he drew down the little head over his left shoulder and kissed it. Husband and wife were happy, for they were working together.

Mrs. Damer laid her head on her husband's shoulder, and had a good cry.

'You stupid, dear, dear girl!' said he, and held her tightly to him.

'Go on, Robert, this will never do.' So on they went for one good hour.

'Now, Jane, I'll do all this over myself, but I'll do no exercise that way; I'll do them *my* way, repeat all your instructions, and just get a month's teaching from an ordinary master out of you. Come, two pounds per week, eight pounds per month; you shall have the cheque to-morrow morning. No work, no pay; I'll take *no* labour for nothing.'

The wife looked quite proud. 'I've earned eight pounds, it's something.'

Ethel and Harry had meanwhile been repeating Bürger's German ballad 'The Brave Man' to each other, at the further end of the room.

Surely there never had been such harmony among these people before.

Tea was served; after it Mr. Damer became pensive; he walked about, and finally stood still near the mantelpiece, leaning against it in an off-hand way. Lights were not yet brought; the dusk of evening, crept over the landscape, fleeting rays of glaring red shot fitfully into the room, and the faint twitter of the robins and tom-tits, the single notes of the nightingale, and the call of the cuckoo, enlivened the magnificent elms near the house; the *still* soul of nature, with its *busy* tones, pervaded that Suffolk home, and sent its glory into the morning room of Newstead Hall.

'Jane,' began Mr. Damer; 'wifey dear! could you bear the idea of my being a poor man?'

'I don't understand you, Robert.'

'Suppose I were to-morrow to make over my twenty thousand a year to our son Edward, under trusteeship, and begin life as my forefathers did, would you help me?' Mrs. Damer came nearer and nearer. 'I think the men in the government would give me some place again, because I'm a flag for them; I'm not a radical, so they need not fear me; yet I'm such a liberal that my name carries some weight among the ultra-liberals. Now, I want to find out my strength, and the worth of my position, *without* the twenty thousand pounds, and how can I do so, if I do not give them up? Jane, my grandfather was a working-man, and gained by skill and industry a middle-class position; my father was a middle-class man, and by speculation gained a first-class position. Now I, who inherited this first-class position, want to know its worth—its shallowness, or depth—and I want to stand there as I am, without actual property, and work for myself. You have something settled on you—*that* I won't touch; will you lend me a few pounds if I want them?'

'Robert!' Mrs. Damer had come quite close now.

'Ethel and Harry are gone, so I can speak out; it was God's mercy that that measure did *not* pass—it will be the making of me. Often defeats are better than victories—they lead to manly struggles and self-knowledge; ever since that night, when they turned me out of St. Stephen's like a bad penny, have I been thinking, and all my thinking has culminated to-day. When I came away from London—when I passed through that sea of houses—when I saw, gliding along in a first-class carriage, the backs of many miserable tenements; the patched up windows, the paltry bits of linen hanging on lines, the dirty children staring at the train as it passed,—then I thought "Is England represented and governed in all its phases?"—then I thought, "What a grand thing it must be to devise laws that would bring solidarity of life among these stray particles of our population"—yes, that is the word, *solidarity of life*. Till now, half the population has been hanging on, and has formed no integral portion of the nation. It is no use throwing the blame on single mem-

bers of the Government; they may be weak, they may be crotchetty, they may be supercilious—but they are honest, they *wish* to do their duty. It is the system that has been outgrown by the requirements; we want men to be the representatives and the guides of the country, that have studied 'politics' thoroughly, and have not become acquainted with them in an amateur way; we want men that do not owe their position to the halo of their property or their name. Now, I am going first, to do without the property; and am going, secondly, to study such things, both here and abroad, as will, in my mind, enable me to take a clear view of the country's political state; I shall not go in for a vast amount of extraneous and inferior work. I consider that men who are to guide the State machine, and are to propose the laws required by the development of a people, ought to preserve to themselves a large view over circumstances, and ought not to drown their power of vision in an amount of detail work which might be done by clerks. The thoughts of the brain in a governing man must be kept clear, and *he must not work too long or too hard*, but must refresh his mind continually by allowing it the free play of inaction. If I can get to a recognised position in *my* way, I mean boldly to propose, that no man become a legislator—whether governmental or municipal; that no man belong to the executive, who has not passed through some study, according to the governmental or municipal requirements, that will fit him for such a post. Legislating seems to me the only trade or profession that is carried on promiscuously, without due apprenticeship, that is apprenticeship in mechanical work alone; when even shoemaking exacts a thorough knowledge of its branches; and I mean to propose that political knowledge be taught at schools and colleges. Now, Jane, you are the only partner I want in the concern; *will* you help me?'

Mr. Damer turned round; there was Jane next to him, throwing her arms round him.

'Robert, let us work usefully for progress, not in that stiff, cumbersome way when you were cabinet-minister; Robert, this is the happiest hour of my life.'

And husband and wife were one in spirit.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

COMING HOME TO CASTLE FREIBERG.

CASTLE FRIEBERG *was* a beautiful place; June brightness flooded it with joy and life. Ethereal blue crowned the tops of the mountains, dark verdure clothed their base, and the full lights of an early summer day lit up every corner of the grey building.

Toll, toll, toll, rang the solitary castle bell; toll, toll, toll, came the sounds upon the still air; toll, toll, toll, spoke the death knell to the swarming creatures of Nature's rich home. Slowly and solemnly a long procession advanced to the castle gate. First, the schulze, or foreman of the village; then two coffins, borne by independent peasant yeomen of the surrounding villages; then the only mourner, faithful old Christian; after him, the pastor and schoolmaster of the village; hundreds of yeomen peasants followed, and hundreds more of women and children closed the train. The procession had reached the castle gates, where the agent received it; at the entrance to the chapel stood good, withered Mrs. Dornbusch, the housekeeper; and as the procession moved up to the altar, and the pastor stepped forward, two persons in black placed themselves by his side; they were Professor Holmann and Mary.

The schoolmaster began one of those impressive German hymns, that were wrung from the Reformers, centuries ago, in many an hour of their need; the hundreds joined; and at the close, the pastor had just said:

'Let us pray!'

when a tall commanding officer pressed through the crowd at the entrance, and said, loudly but respectfully: 'In the name of the king. I come here commissioned by His Majesty, to whom Major Zollwitz's death has been notified, to carry out the military burial due to him. The cannons are outside, the men of his regiment at the chapel door; permit me: March'—and in walked about thirty stout Prussian soldiers, their officer at the head. They uncovered, as had the first comer, the Prince, who had visited Holmann in Torgau. The glances of both met. There was no further interruption, the service proceeded; and as the words were pronounced: 'Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes,' a sign had evidently been given outside, for the cannon boomed in response; three times it thundered through the air; three times did the soldiers change their position; and three times did the clergyman lift his hands over the coffin.

The service was over; the soldiers marched off, the peasants, their

wives and children, streamed from the chapel, silently and demurely, the consciousness that one of life's sad dramas had been played out here to-day had imbued even these uncultured people. Awe impressed all.

The Prince remained; he went up to Holmann and the pastor:

'His Majesty wished due honour to be done to Major Zollwitz; it is a noble family—one of those whose integrity, worth, and valour, are coupled with the name of "Silesia," a name ever honoured in German history. I have one other boon to ask; may I be left for one quarter of an hour alone with these coffins;' the Prince bent over to the Professor, and said in an undertone: 'Do I presume right; one of these coffins holds the remains of Major Zollwitz, the other—*hers?*

Professor Holmann merely nodded; he was jealous still, jealous even of the dead.

They left. The Prince was alone with the coffins. The summer sun shone into the door of the chapel; what did *it* know of human sorrow? There it performed its task ever and ever;—for all the work in Fleet-street, for all the sorrows in Silesia, for all the human heaving, struggling, straying, striving, despairing emotions over the globe. The sun, it had its appointed task, and did it.

Carefully he shut the door, warily he looked round, then he went up to the coffins. He knew by the various insignia which was that of Frau von Zollwitz. He knelt by it and prayed; ah! prayed as only heart prays that has felt a great earthly heaviness press upon it, a great sorrow uplifting it towards the infinite;—such prayers as are heard in heaven.

'Mathilda Zollwitz, thou bright star of my youthful days, pardon me. I know, if I had not thy body, I had thy soul. They stole thee from me, in my absence. Mathilda, I would have made thee my lawful wife, I would have made thee a princess. Thou wert a princess in beauty, in nobleness of nature, in heavenly goodness. Ah! Mathilda, pardon that one kiss—pardon it. It wrought thee ill—it slandered thee—it was the expression of superabundant love; nothing else. I would never have led thee to guilt. Thou wert so sweet, so dear to me; how could I have sullied thy white bridal robe? Mathilda, pardon that kiss—pardon it. Thou didst expiate it by a life of grief, and I by a life of celibacy. No woman has been touched by these lips since.'

The Prince pressed a fevered kiss upon that coffin and left the chapel. Outside stood the Professor. They shook hands. That day all left again Castle Freiberg in solitude and summer splendour. The Prince and soldiers went, the cannon departed, and in the evening a solitary travelling coach left with Holmann and Mary; at the same time two coffins had been lowered into the vault of Castle Freiberg.

And Mary said, 'Professor, dear, when they bury *me* here, don't lower me into the vault; let me rest in the churchyard, where the sun shines, and where that lovely English verse may come true—

'The red-breast, oft at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.'

CHAPTER XXXV.

ZOLLWITZ MEETS SORROW.

Professor Holmann and Mary returned to Torgau, to that house on the Esplanade which, harbouring within its walls the memories of years of subdued suffering, had an exquisite charm of homeliness about it. Summer spread its sweetness over the old town and the comparatively young fortress; it warmed the Elector's castle into glowing outlines against the fleecy clouds of the sky, and softened with mellow rays the harsh angular streets and buildings near the market-place. Down to the river sloped the crooked streets, melting into the harmonious outskirts of a comfortable modern town on one side, and sharply abutting on the other on the golden-lit ramparts and bastions. What historical movements were hidden here in the womb of time? What would late prognostications of the change of German supremacy from south to east bring for Torgau? Faithful old place! thou hast recorded the steps of thy country's bright and sad pages; would that finger of thy people's rise or fall again rest upon thee in woe, sorrow, or joy?

The waving acacia trees in front of the house were bending their graceful branches in soft welcome when the travellers stopped before their home. They entered, ascended the stairs before the servant could well explain something she meant to say, and found, in the same room where we first met the Major and Mary—Hermann Zollwitz. He saw them, and started; the servant had told him nothing. Black clothes speak volumes, and Hermann Zollwitz saw those ugly black clothes for the first time in reference to himself; his mind sprang to but one conclusion, and it was the right one: 'My uncle is dead.' But with that conclusion came a host of other impressions, accusing him of want of duty, of ingratitude, of selfishness, and tearing his very heart-strings with loud crying reproaches.

'Brother! dear brother!' cried Mary; 'thank God, there is one more soul left to us!'

Her arms were round him, but Zollwitz was stunned; he did not even care to ask questions. Why? To know the hideous truth? The black clothes told that; and Zollwitz rebelled in his heart; sorrow did *not* humble him—it left him defiant, ready to meet it undauntingly.

'Not a word?' said the Professor, going up to him; 'not an enquiry about the dead?'

'Why?'

'*Why?* Hast thou nothing to ask?'

'No.'

'Oh, Hermann! Hermann! what has come to thee, my brother?' I do not know thee,' sobbed Mary.

'Mary, you will kill yourself with this false sympathy. To what use is it? Has it produced one jot of good to others? Instead of that, does it not diminish your own powers. Listen to me. Our uncle is dead; the very thought of it could make me tear him from his grave, that I might scream out my agony. Suffer? I suffer a martyrdom! I cannot bear suffering; it is not in my nature. I cannot and will not submit to overwrought feeling; it kills a man—it weakens him—it annihilates him! I always hated the howling Greek chorus, even at school. I must have air, breath. For heaven's sake, open the window!'

He rushed up to it, and fell head foremost on the sill, gasping for air. His extraordinary emotion was dreadful. Holmann and Mary hurried up to him; not a single tear gave him relief.

'Professor, sister,' he broke forth, 'I astonish you, I frighten you, I disgust you. I cannot help it; I must away from this house, this very moment, back to Halle. I am finishing my studies there; next term I shall pass my examinations, and serve my year of service in the Landwehr afterwards. Come to me there, and if you love me, never speak about my uncle's death again; I want to hear nothing. I know from my youth, from my childhood upward, some undefinable mystery about my parents has pursued me. Where are they, Holmann?' and evidently changing his mind, he stood threateningly before the Professor.

'Both buried in Castle Freiberg, with thy uncle.'

'Enough, enough—that is all; there is dark, revengeful blood in me—stir it not—I'll ask nothing, want to know nothing. Friend and sister, help me to live! I know but of two rules in life—to look boldly in the face of necessity always; never, never, never to be daunted—or, to die. Lessen not my energy or self-esteem; as surely as you do, my last hour has come. One kiss for you, Mary; one grasp of the hand for you, friend. Adieu! Let me go from this house; come to me at Halle.

Zollwitz came outside upon an old man, standing still and upright, his hair bleached to whiteness, his furrowed face contracted with grief.

'Christian, Christian, not a word; let me go; don't stop me, dear old Christian. I cannot weep now, as I did once on your arm—Ha! I remember well—take care of *them*."

Zollwitz rushed to the station, and went by the next train to Halle.

Evening came; at the open window sat Holmann and his child, as he called Mary; breathing the aroma of the acacias. Mary leant her head dreamily against the Professor's knee.

'Will you, to-night, tell me about those papers my mother left?'

'To-night? Yes, child, but no tears, no sighs, Mary; have courage, and learn to bear your burden patiently but bravely.'

'I cannot,' whispered Mary; looking the very picture of a mourning Niobe.

The Professor appeared not to notice her answer; 'I will give you the outlines of your mother's history, but I myself shall wish you not to allude to it again. A new life ought to begin for us; a life of hope.' The Professor said so, but he did not look like hope himself.

'In Berlin exist still the descendants of a French protestant community, that had fled there from Papist persecution; the evangelical clergyman of that community was your mother's father—a man of unusual culture; his wife was an English lady, who had resided some years in Berlin on her own property, and whose independent ideas had gained an immense influence over her husband; she was the elder of the two. They had two children, your mother and my most intimate friend at college, her brother. Your mother grew up to such extraordinary beauty, that she became in her youth almost a celebrity; her voice expanded to the most delicious organ; she resided during her early years for some time in England, with her mother's friends, and gained a peculiar bearing there, unknown in Berlin circles. She was eminently a lady, but frank, unreserved, and proud; only unbending to her father, her brother, and me. Her mother died about this time. The bond at home became stronger, and I shared in that close union of minds, to my cost; I became hopelessly enamoured of her; young officers would parade, in their fashion, on the opposite side of the street, to catch a glimpse of her; students toasted her enthusiastically; a Prince saw her and fell desperately in love with her. He gained admittance to our circle, under the pretext of tracing the history of the French Protestant community, and plainly showed his admiration of the clergyman's daughter. I am afraid Mathilda Cuvier began to feel her heart go; those evening visits, those unreserved conversations, in which his rank was forgotten, told on her. Her father's confidence in his daughter was

so great, that he did not even dream of danger, but could not help seeing a change in her. Her beauty increased to an angelic degree, something of a never-to-be-forgotten charm spread over her whole being, and when she sang, she transformed us all into enchanted listeners; she was indeed worthy to be a princess. Could it be? Such things had been! One day she came home a little excited from a short visit to the French Protestant School; a gentleman had persistently followed her home. It was but ten minutes' distance from the school. In the evening came a letter from Herr von Zollwitz, that he would do himself the honour of calling upon Mons. Cuvier the next morning. He came, and said in plain words, that he had seen Mademoiselle Cuvier three times, that he was madly in love, that he laid his fortune at her feet, that he *must* marry her, or die. Mons. Cuvier's lip curled. He could not give his daughter to any one in such a manner, and he declined the honour. Herr von Zollwitz never dreamt of being refused: he said, "Old gentleman, I pay you the compliment to ask your consent, but you have nothing to do with it, it is your daughter I want, and you must let me see *her;* when she refuses me, I'll go and blow my brains out. I've never been in love but with my good mother and old nurse, and I'm in love now; it is true manly sentiment, and no bosh. Do you know a Zollwitz never lies, and never varnishes matters over. I cannot go till I have seen her." Mons. Cuvier thought it might be the best, if his daughter saw this mad lover and gently declined his offer; he would, like other mad lovers, forget to shoot himself.

'The scene when your father saw Mathilda Cuvier before him, under the charm of home surroundings, took you back to mediæval times. He overwhelmed her with passionate devotion. Mathilda looked gently at him; the honesty and strength of the young nobleman's sudden passion moved her to gratitude, not to love; that was impossible. Mathilda looked at him earnestly, in her queenly way, and said:

'I am gratful for the honour, Herr von Zollwitz; call here to-morrow at the same hour, and I will give you my answer.'

'Thank you, Mademoiselle Cuvier; I'll come punctually.'

'Mathilda's father was angry; why encourage for a moment so crazy a passion? Mathilda smiled. "It's something to inspire such love in an honest man," she answered; and would mention the matter no more.

'I came in the evening. She drew me into the little garden, and asked me if I would be a true friend to her. Timidly, as I had never seen her, she said that the turning point of her life had come; with deep blushes, she owned that somebody was gaining ground in her heart, that if she could, she would not marry a man in so high a station, and lose her identity. She must forget the Prince, and for safety against herself she would accept that honest love offered her in rather rough fashion by a

Silesian landholder, Herr von Zollwitz. She never hinted at my modest, constant attachment. I was her other brother, the best beloved of the two. What could I say? I stammered something, and rushed away. It was too much, even for my philosophy! "Holmann, Holmann, you leave me," she called after me, "it is decided."

'Next morning came the ardent Zollwitz, and she accepted him; the name was known so well, that every one was well aware it was an honourable match. Mons. Cuvier objected. Zollwitz shook him by both hands and laughed:

'"Did Adam and Eve ask any permission? Bah, old gentleman, I am in heaven, and shall do my best to take you up with me."

The Prince was away on military service. Within a week Zollwitz had fetched his old mother from Silesia, had got all necessary papers ready, had prepared magnificent outfits, had married Mathilda Cuvier, and taken her off with him. When the Prince returned he was stunned, and upbraided Monsieur Cuvier for his duplicity. The sensitive pastor felt it, sickened, and died. It was Mathilda Zollwitz's first heavy sorrow, and boded ill for the marriage; but her husband's love was extreme. She took to her new grand duties, for there was no residing in Berlin. Zollwitz lived on his estate, and managed it himself. Somehow, after a couple of years, the Queen had a particular wish to see Mathilda Zollwitz; some old tie had existed between her and Mathilda's mother. The Zollwitzes were asked to Berlin, and came. The gracious reception enhanced their importance; Mathilda had grown more beautifull still; all Berlin *fêted* her; the Prince saw her again, so did Lord Wharnton, then the acknowledged Adonis of Berlin society; so did D'Alvensleben—they went mad about her.

'Zollwitz laughed. "I knew what a treasure I took home, and made haste about it," was his straightforward remark. Mathilda sought me; her brother had gone on an exploring expedition to South America; to me she was the same gentle friend, to others a little proud. Something had left a little harshness in her manner; to her husband she was goodness, kindness itself; his own love was so great, he fancied hers was the same. I saw them every day, and I imagined I saw that peculiar charm again come over her, which she had possessed before her marriage. She would often talk to me, and retain me about her, as if I were a stay for her; her husband trusted me like a brother. But the admiration of these men increased—there seemed positive madness in it; D'Alvensleben, who was in some way connected with the Zollwitz family, was constantly near her, spying and prying into every feeling of her heart, denouncing Lord Wharnton as a *roué*, and hinting that the Prince was not much better. The Prince had not married; he approached Herr von Zollwitz respectfully at first, later with more *empressement*; evidently there was

some underhand influence going on. Whose could it be? Lord Wharnton never disguised his admiration. Mathilda became a little nervous, your father just a little suspicious; they were going home. The Queen might come to them, he said, if she wanted his wife. A great *fête* was to be given; Zollwitz at first did not wish his wife to go, then altered his mind, then became morose; it was pitiful to see these alterations of temper. Mathilda remained the same, she only looked a little paler; "We shall soon be home again!" was her constant remark.

'Is there such a thing as fate,—as a combination of circumstances beyond our control?

'The evening of the *fête* came; the Zollwitzes were present; the Schlossgarden was illuminated—people promenaded in the alleys. I had been invited as a friend of Herr von Zollwitz. I was in one of the walks, with the Major, when I fancied I saw the flutter of Frau von Zollwitz's white gauze dress in the next, and next to her a military uniform; a violent scream from a man's throat rent the air at the same time. We looked round and hurried back, but saw no one; before us suddenly swept a white figure, we followed it—it was Frau von Zollwitz. She rushed into her house and met her husband, with dishevelled hair and white face; his unearthly love found vent in vile reproaches heaped upon her; she looked at him, said nothing, and disappeared into her room.

'We talked to Herr von Zollwitz and calmed him somewhat; he went to his wife's room, with an effort, and found it empty; no wife there, but a slip of paper: "You reproached me, I'm gone."

'God! what fiend had done this? Your father rushed out with the paper, cursed her, himself, his mad passion, cursed us all—drew a pistol and shot himself before our very eyes!

'Mary, shall I, can I ever forget it? Your uncle swore then an oath of vengeance, which he has kept, but not as I would have wished it. Berlin rang with the story. Lord Wharnton had disappeared, so had Frau von Zollwitz. What more natural, than that they were gone together? Herr von Zollwitz was removed to the vault in Castle Freiberg, after you two children had been taken away by Christian; the old lady lived on another smaller estate; she followed her son within a month. Castle Freiberg was shut up, and your uncle came to reside in Torgau, out of the way of gossip, to devote himself to your brother's education. You were left with some aunts of your father's.

'I had to return to Halle, where I had a position at the University. We did our best to find traces of your mother. Christian was sent to England. He searched; the old distant relations of your grandmother had heard nothing of your mother. Lord Wharnton was away, no one knew where; banker's drafts were cashed by a solicitor, who would dis

close nothing. Christian returned from a fruitless search. I did the same a year later, and all that time your mother lived a life of want and misery in that big store-house of human sorrows, London; maintained herself as well as she could, yearning for her little ones; faithful to her husband, of whose death she knew nothing; at last, driven to madness and into a pauper asylum by wretchedness and grief. Here she was much beloved. She took that little girl from a poor madwoman's family —poor little thing—we had to leave her in that self-same asylum, a mad child; it is horrible—this curse. And there also your mother saw that shabby German, who would bring her occasionally some help, when he had some to give; finding some comfort while listening to her songs. You know the end, the climax of seventeen years' unendurable repining. Your mother, it seems, was maligned by D'Alvensleben, that he might separate her from her husband, and be able to gain her for himself. The means for this dastardly act he found in the Prince's incautious remarks about his former passion for Frau von Zollwitz. He appears to have goaded on the Prince to follow your mother on the evening of the *fête;* and excited beyond measure, the Prince ventured to kiss her. At that moment appeared your father, whom D'Alvensleben had opportunely brought there by a note. That one kiss, that one Judas' kiss, betrayed poor Mathilda into life-long agony, caused your father's death, and the catastrophe between your uncle and D'Alvensleben.

'We thought your mother had gone with Lord Wharton; she had fled *because her proud heart scorned even being suspected.* The kiss had been a stolen one, and the Prince asked forgiveness for that one kiss by her coffin a few days ago.'

'Mary, you know the story; I am weary; those scenes were dreadful. Read me that passage in Zimmerman.'

Mary took the book and read: 'If one knows how to struggle with firmness and perseverance against misfortune, one finds in oneself unexpected resources.' She halted; the book fell from her hands. Surely something had snapped her cord of life. When Mary recovered from that faint, the aim of her existence was decided.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

GEORGE HARROWBY'S REPARATION COMES TOO LATE.

A PALE, thin young man sat on the steamer that plies between Newhaven and Dieppe. He looked down into the waves, as if they should solve the riddles of life for him. How could they? They did nothing but surge, and surge, and surge, in endless monotony—a monotony ever refreshing to the beholder—a monotony that told him to go and do likewise; to go and surge or struggle likewise in the ocean of life. That young man had just left a fever-bed to cross 'La Manche,' because his ugly dreams would let him have no rest—they were pointing for ever to a French curé's cottage in Normandy, and to the verdure-covered porch, under which the curé's only daughter was giving her first kiss to a handsome English stranger.

The steamer stopped at Dieppe; the pale young Englishman got out, and went to the railway-station; there he took the train to Rouen. From Rouen he started for a neighbouring village.

The June evening was so soft in Normandy, how could anyone have thought it lowered upon human sorrow? What has Nature to do with humankind—nothing or something? I wonder what?

The young man stopped at the village 'cabaret,' and asked for 'La dame de la maison.' 'La dame' came. 'Ah, Monsieur! c'est vous? je me rapelle bien—entrer donc.'

The Englishman entered, pale and thin. He refreshed himself somewhat, and went out. He went to the curé's cottage. It was shut. The creepers round the porch hung trailing to the ground, as if they meant to say: 'We have lost the kindly hand that nursed us.' The creepers spoke to that thin, pale Englishman in sad language, and made him feel uneasy. He looked around; he knocked at the door. No one answered. He went back to the cabaret.

'Madame, où est Monsieur le Curé?'

'Ah, Monsieur! c'est triste—le Curé il est mort—sa fille est partie—son petit garçon est avec sa tante. Ah, Monsieur! c'est triste—n'en parlez-pas. Ca fait frisonner.'

'Et sa fille?'

'Ah, Monsieur, pauvre fille, qui sait—ne faut pas juger la jeunesse. Monsieur, pardonnez moi; Jésus pardonne tous.'

The pale young Englishman guessed something; the daughter had left—the father had died of grief—the little brother had gone to relations. Where, oh, where, was the daughter?

'Eh, Madame, personne sait óu est la fille?'

'Personne, Monsieur. Ne faut pas juger. Pauvre petite, elle était si bonne, si gentille. Jésus pardonne tous. Ne me demandez pas Monsieur. Pauvre fille.'

La dame du cabaret wiped her eyes with her blue chequed apron.

And the pale young Englishman had come from Newhaven to Dieppe for nothing; The curé was dead, his daughter gone, and all since the last June sun shed its glory in Normandy. June and June, what may not happen between the two?

So the pale young Englishman went back to Havre, and to Dieppe, and to Newhaven, and to Portman Square, London, and said to himself, 'God help me! I'll go to Suffolk, and to dear Aunt Damer; perhaps she'll have pity upon me, for my heart is breaking, my heart is breaking.'

[*To be continued.*]

A CONQUEST.

I FOUND him openly wearing her token;
I knew that her troth could never be broken;
I laid my hand on the hilt of my sword,
He did the same and spoke not a word:
I bad him confess his villany,
He smiled, and said, 'She gave it me.'
We searched for seconds, they soon were found,
They measured our swords and measured the ground,
To save us they would not have uttered a breath,
They were ready enough to help us to death.
We fought in the midst of a wintry wood,
'Till the fair white snow was red with his blood:
But his was the victory, for as he died
He swore by the rood that he had not lied.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

On Crime.

'Am I my brother's keeper?' asked Cain, when he was to give an account of Abel. There are men who say that this question has been lying at the foundation of many of our social wrongs, and that we still suffer from that self-same neglect which Cain showed towards his brother at the formation of human society. The idea that there exists no positive obligation for us to become our brother's keeper, is deeply engrafted in mankind, and what otherwise would have become a necessary sequence of our existence, that is—'the mutual care of each other'—has degenerated into a self-sufficient virtue, when it is performed, and is called 'philanthropy.'

Philanthropy is an individual virtue, unacknowledged by society as a necessity—and therefore circumscribed in action; nor is it curative in tendency—only relieving the wrong momentarily and specially, proclaiming no principle that might act upon the recipient in stimulating his better impulses to stronger action; on the contrary, rather deadening them. Philanthropy is the exercise of self-sufficient goodness, reflecting upon the agent an agreeable satisfaction and upon the object no palpable or real benefit. In our sense of the word, it is often applied to those members of society, that have placed themselves beyond its recognised or lawful pale, by 'action in the wrong place' or *Crime*.

Action is the moving principle of existence, which, without it, would stagnate; but action must obey certain laws; if it does not, it becomes 'action misapplied, or out of harmony with existing conditions'—or, as we call it, 'criminal action.' To make good our assertion that philanthropy has no curative and therefore no useful influence on this misapplied action, we must further deduce the origin of crime from causes *inherent in man*, or *inherent in social combinations*.

The duties which man, as a member of society, has to perform, are threefold—to the community, to the individual, and to himself. Firstly, man has to understand these duties; secondly, to learn to perform them. But man is a selfish being, whose desires demand attention to himself;

and when these desires are not led into regulated channels, they become too much for him, and degenerate into active expression or positive action, such as will encroach upon the sphere of his fellow-man. Man may commit crime, either from the inability to understand sufficiently the importance that selfish desires can only be gratified in relation to the claims of others; or he may commit crime from an inability to subject his desires to such claims, even should he have understood their value.

Selfish desires are the causes *inherent in man* that lead to criminal action.

Society has laid down certain rules on relative social action, to transgress which places us beyond the pale of its recognised worthy membership; but society may have neglected to estimate the natural consequences of various social phases, and may, therefore, have rendered action in compliance with its rules a matter of more difficulty to some than to others, thus creating causes for criminal action *inherent in social combinations.*

To diminish crime, or 'action in the wrong place,' we must render man individually strong, by educating him to understand and perform his duties; and we must also advocate such a social development, and such legislative laws, as will take into just consideration the wants and relations of all phases of society, and diminish the difficulty to obey these laws.

The two-fold action; to render man individually strong by education or training to overcome his inordinately selfish desires, and—to encourage such a social development, and such equally just laws, as will permit every individual to follow their regulations; this two-fold action is true philanthropy. It is the origin of 'crime' we must avoid, not the consequences, in order to apply a thorough remedy; *it is no use to shut the stable when the horse is stolen.*

Our present method of dealing with crime is entirely the 'after-method,' represented by 'punishment.' Now, what is punishment? Punishment is a 'counter-action in the wrong place,' by which we think of impressing the individual that has done the first 'action in the wrong place,' that the disagreeable effects produced by it are to re-act upon himself in disagreeable effect. At the bottom of punishment there is no curative principle; it is a mere social '*tit for tat.*'

But all social action that is not curative, or progressive, or productive, is wasteful—wasting the powers that ought to be productive in the individual, and wasting the substance by which this unproductive individual is maintained. If we did not indulge in so much wasteful humanity, would that unproductive tail to our social system exist as it does now?

What effect has punishment, or the social 'tit for tat,' upon mankind? A curative one? No; to some extent a restraining one, requiring a con-

tinual reapplication, a continual vast machinery to keep it going; costing man dear, in misapplied substance, to keep those individuals in restraint that will indulge in 'action in the wrong place.' But the individual that has, by punishment, or counter-action, once been placed beyond the pale of 'worthy membership,' never can recover its pristine glory or innocence; and this feeling of conscious deterioration lies at the bottom with all such people as become 'habitual criminals.' Take from a man or woman the idea of worthy membership, and what remains to him or her? Despair, and consequent defiance of such membership.

When any one ventures to look a little deeper into the workings of the human heart, into the component laws of society, how virtuous and self-sufficient men laugh and sneer at him. 'Fudge and nonsense,' they say, 'hang a murderer, imprison a thief, transport a forger, cudgel a housebreaker, and destroy the whole brood, if you can. You may do something in reformatories with young flesh and blood, but the grown up criminal is incorrigible.' Then Philanthropy steps in, pats him on the back, and says: 'Repent, and look upward.' Why, the deteriorated creature does not know what that means; it wants first human help to guide it, the other it is always sure of; God requires but one sincere look upward to forgive; man wants years of sluggardly life in prisons, in convict colonies, in degrading work, and degrading associations, to forgive; and when he does forgive, and restores this deteriorated member to society, he makes quite sure that it should ever remember it never can regain its former place.

There are men who begin to look deeper into the meaning of the word 'Crime,' and begin to say a word for its wasted humanity, and that of 'Pauperism.' It may require much time and thought, before our ideas can become clearer and juster on the point: but what can we do now to fight those over-selfish desires, that 'action in the wrong place,' and to stem the current of wasted life? The only useful method is, an ever constant exertion to train men and women into regulated channels, and to make these channels wide enough for the more and the less successful, that they may get some gratification of desire out of them. As long as gratification only rests with the successful, as long as mankind will not take into account that it must form its judgment on grander principles than the 'accident of success,' so long shall we remain social muddlers, wasteful of human substance. In every institution—if we may call prisons such—now maintained for restraint and punishment, a curative, not only a religious method ought to be employed, to restore some pristine vigour and mental health to that deteriorated social member, who, unless received back into membership, *must* repeat the 'action in the wrong place.' We only require reflection to overcome many aversions towards sinning fellow men and women—they are all of our flesh

and blood, just a little removed from our own sphere, by the accident of birth, training, or social influence. The more we lessen pauperism and crime, the higher shall we rise in humanity, for the less will be the waste of that existence, which is of our own, and the more shall we cast off that first sneer of our forefather, Cain,—'Am I my brother's keeper?'

There is much crime committed, much selfishness exercised, that is *not* punished—either in the aggregate or individual—root that out, if you can; for it is at the bottom of that, which *is* punished, and for which we maintain a costly unproductive machinery.

AMELIA LEWIS.

MARIE.

THE roses and the roseleaves gleam
Amid your gold hair, love Marie;
Upon the shore we sit and dream
Beneath the castle by the sea:
The sun sinks 'neath the sea's last line,
The quiet world soft shadows fold,
I hold your little hands in mine,
And, sitting happy there, behold
The roses and the roseleaves shine
Amid your gold hair, love Marie!

The roses and the roseleaves die
From out your gold hair, love Marie;
We soon, too, white and dead shall lie—
This night, to-morrow it may be.
And rains will beat, and cold stars beam,
And winds rave, o'er us in the mould,
But heedless we shall sweetly dream
Of fair slain days, if we behold
Some roses and some roseleaves gleam
Above us buried, love Marie!

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

MUMAL AND MENDRA.

A LEGEND OF SCINDE.[1]

'Read it again, and tell me, who was she?'
'Well, wines are best to drink where they are grown.
And tales to tell where they are old and known;
But Mumal was a fair false sorceress,
Whose wiles brought half the East to nakedness,
Whom Mendra and the king set out to see.
Before her house what seemed a river ran,
And here they met a crazy beggar man
Who said "Ye soon shall be forlorn like me."
The king turned back, the river ran too high:
Mendra went forward, and he found it dry.
He passed the roaring lions, made of stone,
The seven couches, where her shadows lie,
Who stretched to clasp him as he hurried by,
And found the couch where Mumal sat alone,
Too idle to do anything but love.
So he went back and made his boast thereof,
Nor showed her to the envious king, save he
Would serve them at their feast on bended knee:
Who paid the scorn with bonds, yet nightly freed
In the dear prison of her arms he slept
Till once he found not whom her sister kept.'
'And lost his faith, but not his love; now read:'

In the seven-gated hold
Mendra sits, bound sevenfold
With the meshes of fine gold;
There they cast him to grow old.
And the hold hath seven eyes,
Where the king hath set his spies,
Set to spin the captive's sighs
To a deadlier web of lies.
There when night is at the noon
Mendra wails beneath the moon.

[1] Cf. 'Tuhfatu-l Kiram' in Sir H. Elliott's *History of India*, vol. i., pp. 345—347, and Captain Burton's *Sindh*, pp. 114—125.

'Where did she go when I could not follow?
Where is she gone whom I held so dear?
She is false and fair, and her heart is hollow;
I called her name and she did not hear.
If she had loved me she would have heard,
Though my voice were only the voice of a bird,
Singing far away as the flight of a swallow,
She would have heard me, called me to follow;
If she had loved me she would have heard.
Faster than any swallow can fly,
I came to her under the cloudy sky,
With neither moon nor stars above,
And never a guiding light but Love,
And the fleetest steed that would follow my track
Panting after me under the spur,
Should journey three days ere he turned back,
But I journeyed in three hours to her;
And all my magic was only Love.
She taught me Love's magic, I know it yet,
She taught me, and how could she forget?
She could have heard me, I know, far away,
If she could not hear she had only to stay,
To stay for her love where the roses blow,
If she loved me, what ailed her to go?'

In the garden at Mayapûr,
Where the magic lions of Mumal roar,
Sitting alone on the magic bed,
Mumal also made moan, and said:

'Seven weeks, and day by day,
I make the fountain of gladness play;
Seven weeks, and night by night,
I burn in my bower the lovers' light;
Seven weeks, and I always wear
The lovers' flower in my scented hair;
Seven weeks, and I watch and pray,
Saying, "Surely he comes to-day;"
Seven weeks and he is away.
Is Mendra dead that he comes no more
To the garden of love at Mayapûr?
If he lives, he can come if he will,
Yet I know while he lives he loves me still.'

Over against the prison tower,
Mumal hath spoken the word of power.
In heaven the Lord of lovers heard,
Before she spake it the mighty word,
And none of the seventy-seven spies
Beheld her palace of love arise:
But Mendra saw it with hungry eyes,
And he marvelled what Mumal came to do,
And he said, 'The false is seeking the true;'
And he waited a space while the palace grew
'Twixt the prison bars and the boundless blue.

When the palace builders went away,
Mumal stood at the window the livelong day.
Mendra looks forth every morn
To greet his love with a smile of scorn.
Mendra looks forth every eve
To see if his love still waits to grieve;
From morning to eve his curtains fall,
  Lest his beloved, who loves him well,
Should see but his shadow upon the wall,
  And all day the loveless laugh in hell,
To think that one night's fickleness
  Should have put her delight so far away,
That she might not find it in many years;
Though she never had loved her love the less
  For the night that her sister made her stay.
But every morn and every even
Tears are shed in the lovers' heaven,
And the tears of heaven are healing tears.

Over against the tower again
Mumal hath builded a palace of pain;
She watches there as she watched before
To lure Mendra home unto Mayapûr;
And Mendra also will never miss
The exquisite pain, the shuddering bliss,
To sit in his chains and to know that a queen
Is pining to see him, and he unseen.

About the seven-gated hold
She builded her palaces seven fold;
Seven moons she watched in each
To see her love and to hear his speech;

DRAWN BY E. F. CLARKE. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'MUMAL AND MENDRA.'

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

All her reward was, morn by morn,
To know that he watched how she brooked his scorn ;
All her rest was to know at eve
He had known she was there to love and grieve ;
While he did not forget, though he did not forgive,
He loved her enough to help her to live.

But when six times seven moons were past.
And she entered the fairest palace and last ;
She panted greatly in hope and fear,
Saying, 'I have done and the end is near ;
Will Love accept of me even yet ?
I have been patient and sorely tried,
There is only one night for Love to forget,
Only one little stain for Love to hide,
When he wraps me up into the light at his side.
O Love, accept of me even yet,
For the tears wherein I am purified.'
And the Lord of death who is Lord of love,
Who is over and under the souls of all,
Considered her voice when he heard her call :
And he strengthened her out of his house above.
And she walked to the window with steady pace,
And she looked her last with a quiet face.
She looked forth into the dewy dawn,
And already the curtains of black were drawn ;
She looked again through the noon-day skies,
And the sable curtains did not rise ;
She watched till she saw the golden moon,
And the curtains were drawn as at morn and noon,
'O love, there is nothing to see,' she said,
'O love, you will have me cover my head ;
If love hideth himself what is left to see,
Though I hide myself love shall discover me,
Love shall behold me, and only he,
O love, there is nothing to do,' she said,
And she bowed to her love, and she was dead.

And because of the love that had made them one,
Binding their souls in a band for ever,
That either might tangle, but never sever,
He understood that her watch was done,

That she had forgotten that love was pain,
In the land of the Lord who makes all things plain,
And he said, 'She is gone where I must follow,
She will guide me now, for she holds me dear,
To the land beyond the flight of the swallow,
To the far-off land that is always near.'

Now the spies had said, 'O king, we see
No sin in Mendra concerning thee;'
So the king commanded to set him free.
But ere they came to his release,
He also had entered into peace.

Long ago, and long ago,
Mumal and Mendra ceased from woe,
In the land where seven rivers flow,
Yet they, whose hearts are molten in one,
By the fire that burns beyond the sun,
Thank the Lord of lovers unto this day
For Mumal's and Mendra's love, and pray
To the Lord, who healed the pain and strife,
They had while they sought to the Lord of life,
Crying out, with short ecstatic breath,
To the Lord of love, who is Lord of death,
Laughing at life which is hard and hollow,
Till out of the prison of hope and fear
The fluttering spirit is free to follow
To the far-off land that is always near.

G. A. Simcox.

Browning as a Preacher.

SECOND PAPER.

The first part of this essay was occupied with an attempt to define some aspects of Mr. Browning's position amongst contemporary poets; and the tone and temper in which his poetry enters upon one of its functions—preaching—(this word I used advisedly as better befitting poetry than the term *teaching*). His art and his preaching are, indeed, inextricably interwoven in all his writings; and the result of an endeavour to abstract either one or other from the whole, must of course be unsatisfactory; nevertheless, in some measure I must aim at tracing one or two of his characteristics as preacher, to their expression in some of his sermons. Within a space so limited, I can only allude to a very few poems: a thorough analysis of any, would be, one need hardly say, useless to attempt. 'Easter-day' is perhaps of all others, the most strikingly illustrative of the Browning peculiarities, the one which least of all could have been the work of any other man. Viewed side by side with his 'Christmas-eve,' it is, one feels, the more difficult of apprehension: it seems more complex in meaning, and full of subtle transitions of thought and mood. It *is* possible to a certain extent to content ourselves with an interpretation of 'Christmas-eve,' but the other poem seems to grow with each successive reading; and by newly perceived connections of thought or feeling, to modify our old exegeses. One feels that one is admitted more immediately in this, into the mysterious presence of a human mind. The impression one gets from comparison of the two poems is that the whole of the vivid artist and man-consciousness of which the 'Easter-day' is a product, is not brought into action in the formation of the poem of 'Christmas-eve;' and in this latter there is less absolute demand than in the other, that his readers should have some degree of intellectual and moral affinity with the writer.

Granting that there *is* this difference in the poems, we may perhaps

discern a reason for it in the difference of the subjects which occupy them; the subject dealt with in 'Christmas-eve,' belonging to the region of matters practical—that of 'Easter-day' extending into the speculative.

Vigorous and clear-sighted though Browning is in his dealings with these former, it is in a speculative region only that the full force of his nature seems to develope itself in that passionate pressing on after substantial reality of *some* sort or other—whether good or evil, at least *truth*—which is the ultimate attitude of all his intellectual and emotional action.

'Christmas-eve' starts from beliefs, which it takes for granted concerning the relations of humanity to an unseen spiritual world. It belongs to the world of intercourse with our fellow men, a region where our beliefs are certainties, or as good as certainties. The question it treats of is one *within* the Christian Church. The lesson it gives is a practical one of broad charity and tolerance, a tolerance which, resulting out of the love to be learned by contemplation of the Human-Divine love, is to be able to overcome all intellectual variances and fastidious repugnances of taste. There is wrought out in the poem the grand feeling of a brotherhood, including within its comprehensive hold the manifold varieties of human lives. Browning by his deep digging into humanity, finds essential root-union, where Matthew Arnold with his languid scratching at the surface, finds only dissimilarities forbidding sympathy. He unites himself and us with the men and women of the Zion Chapel meeting, whose portraits he places before his readers in terms so grotesquely graphic,—omitting no offensive detail to render them thoroughly life-like; and effectually preventing any mere æsthetic sentiment from being the basis of our Christian charity. The absence of sweetness and light, and the presence of certan repulsive characteristics (there is a vein of humour akin to Dickens's, in the way in which these are individualized), in the 'preaching-man,' alike, and in the flock that sat under the 'pig-of-lead-like pressure,' of his 'immense stupidity,' are things that Browning insists on our realising to the full. Then, over the disgust awakened in us, he gains and makes us gain, as the poem proceeds, a victory sublime, both as ethics and as art. (I said in the earlier pages of this essay, that Browning had no *pathos*—no sense of grand incongruities; I retract:—this is what one might call an *inverted* pathos. The unlooked-for discovery that the reality is nobler than the appearance, is the pathos belonging to Browning, and, to Christianity; just as the finding truth to be smaller and meaner than illusion, had been the pathos of Paganism). 'Christmas-eve' unites us, also, with the crowd of ignorant worshippers in Rome at the 'raree show of Peter's successor,' who (typical of a multitude in all sections of the Church), remain in the days when the 'world's eyes are open'

Peevish as ever to be suckled,
Lulled by the same old baby prattle,
With intermixture of the rattle;

and with the Göttingen professor who, with an inconsistency nobler than his logic, retains the *feeling* of faith in and love for what his reason has reduced to a myth. (Were it not that this paper must abstain from viewing Browning as an artist, I would notice as a specimen of his power as a portrait painter, the way in which with a few vigorous touches he sets before us the whole '*personnel*' outer and inner, of this 'virgin-minded studious martyr to mild enthusiasm.') The poem has its culminating idea in the grand trust that can say—

'— Subsisteth ever
God's care above, and I exult
That God, by God's own ways occult
May—doth I will believe—bring back
All wanderers to a single track.'

Browning lets us see clearly what the nature of this feeling of brotherhood is; and guards jealously against any possibility of confounding it with 'mild indifferentism' or 'lazy glow of benevolence over the various modes of man's beliefs.' He makes no attempt to harmonize the different creeds and tempers of religious feeling, by the modern method of eliminating the peculiarities of each as non-essentials. He, on the contrary, insists that what constitutes each man's earthly care, is to 'strive—to find some one chief way of worship, and contrive' that his fellows 'take their share.' His tolerance is only the result of his confidence that here where man's care ends, 'God's, which is above it and distinct,' begins. He cannot take the philosophical bird's-eye view of the different creeds, which is possible to men who are sufficiently impersonal to themselves to contemplate at their ease, and compare impartially, the various religious systems and cults spread out before them. All conclusions taking as their premises only the aspects of men in masses, are unsatisfactory to him. All problems of life, social or ecclesiastical, are unintelligible to him until he have gained a solvent for them through the solution of the problem of the life individual. The unit from which his reasonings start is neither Humanity, nor the portion of it included within a church, but the ego (the only ego he knows as a basis for argument being his own). And it is only through his individual realisings, attained through the toil and struggle of personal faith, that he gets his hope for the destinies of other men: it is only because of what he has himself discerned, that he is enabled to reach—by a leap, not by a logical process—to the trust that the discernings of his fellows, though varying from his own, are not illusory. The ratio of his power of sympathy and tolerance is exactly that of the strength of his own dogmatic beliefs.

It is in the 'Easter day' that we have to look for the record of how an earnest human soul attains to that faith in the unseen, which in 'Christmas eve' is assumed all along as the basis of the argument. The poem concerns itself with no questions of the ecclesiastical life, but of the individual Christian life, which includes within itself the idea of the objectively-including ecclesiastical life. Here Browning's especial faculty —the strong venturing of faith—finds exercise. There are men (and many amongst the highest orders of men) whose motions of thought and feeling gain in firmness and freedom by the consciousness of belonging to and acting with an ecclesiastical organisation or great public movement of opinion. But Browning's mind has no place amongst minds of this class: it is equally unfitted to move in an army organised under a definite church system, or in an irregular force banded together by 'the spirit of an age;' its victories must be won in single combat, if won at all.

Here, parenthetically, we may notice this isolated working of Browning's thought, as the source of two characteristic imperfections—or, more properly, limitations—in it. 1st, owing to this, his conception of Christianity lacks the solidarity that arises out of the corporate feeling and consciousness of historic permanence. It has never the broad firm grandeur of the mood of the Ambrosian hymns, for instance, or the 'Te Deum.' According to his view, each generation of men have just the same sort of work to do which they would have to do were all the work of their ancestors to be blotted out, and leave no vestige of itself or its effects. The objective creed is not placed by him ever in any secure independence of our subjective hold upon it. 2ndly, though from this mental aloneness comes the chief glory of his work as truthseeker,—his way of getting face to face with his beliefs, and seeing whatever he sees, directly and through no medium of languidly accepted traditions,—yet from the same source there comes one characteristic, which limits the range of his helpfulness, and makes his teaching incapable of influencing more than one class of minds. His own view of the immeasurable expanse of truth makes him, indeed, profoundly tolerant of the views of other men whose standpoints are not his: but is he wholly free from exclusiveness in his notions as to what should be accounted the lawful organ in human nature for truth-discerning? Does he not seem to make his very peculiar self the measure of other men, and become sometimes intolerant of varieties of *ways* in which variously constituted men arrive at and hold their beliefs? In himself two natures are met in rare combination; each of these natures being of heroic size and vigour. There is the union of intellectual strength and subtlety, with a vividly imaginative and emotional temperament. He is at once a hard thinker and a passionate feeler—a logician and a poet; and is, for his own part, able

to work in whatever engages him, with the faculties that belong to this two-fold nature, and choose to which set of faculties he will entrust the work he cares most about. His poems portray or suggest mental processes in which progress into scepticism and out of it takes place usually thus:—the keen dialectic intellect first takes up the question in hand, and works at it until it has made visible all the difficulties that are to be found in it;—then, at the point where all objections have been fairly brought into notice, the ego does not set the part of its nature—the intellect—which began operations with them, to the further task of attempting either to find explanation and answer to them, or to relegate them beyond the province of things explicable; but with a sudden change of mood, the consciousness (leaving all these as and where they are) flings itself with a passionate leap away from them, into the emotional part of human nature, and seeks its faith in a refuge from, rather than in an encounter with, intellectual difficulty.

Whatever imperfections there are in Mr. Browning's power of sympathy, are to be found on the side that is turned towards the class of thinkers incapable, from mental constitution, of reaching faith by such methods. His Christianity seems to exclude men born to belong to what Mr. R. H. Hutton (in a somewhat 'hard'-mooded essay—out of tune with the others in his two recently-published volumes,) styles the 'Hard Church.' From these,—the men feebler in imagination and emotion, than in intellectual power,—men whose feelings flow only as after-consequences from beliefs which they in no way helped to form—men who for doubts of reason must find either satisfaction by reason, or find by it good cause for the impossibility of such satisfaction—from such men Browning holds aloof. His preaching rejects with somewhat of contempt the evidences which are *their* faith's *all*. He casts impatiently aside the evidence, *e.g.*, of the 'greater probability'—which to many a man *must* be the sole ground of his belief in Christianity, and a ground which would seem to melt from under him, if emotion or desire intruded upon a mood dispassionately judicial. Browning's mind, itself able instinctively to feel out the 'mightiness of love inextricably curled about' all 'power and beauty in the world;' and able to transcend, in the strength of these intuitive perceptions, the chasm intervening between Nature and the Christian Tale; refuses to recognise the existence of any logical footway of historical evidence, whereby alone a mind such as, *e.g.*, Archbishop Whately's could arrive at belief in the truth of the story.

The failing to behold 'lover' written 'on the foreheads' of the men who must lovelessly *know* before they can love, is *the* imperfection discernible in the great fraternal-hearted poet-thinker.

It happens often that men far more rigidly exclusive as to the 'what' of other people's beliefs, are less so than Mr. Browning with regard to the

'how.' This sort of tolerance results from their accepting the creed of a church as handed down, and not making religious truth a matter of individual investigation. The creed of a church represents the aggregate action of varieties of minds; it is the centre of agreement where opinions meet, irrespective of how they have travelled. Whoever, therefore, takes this already-arrived-at creed as his own starting-point of thought or feeling, acquiesces thereby in the lawfulness of roads (be these what they may) which have brought other men to it. Keble, for instance, though a man immeasurably narrower in inherent sympathies than Browning, has in some ways a larger toleration for minds of a different order from his own, and holds in honour modes of thought such as Bishop Butler's. This is made possible to him (though for his own part his faith would rest upon feeling only), by his having at the outset abstained from individual truth-seeking, and merged his own life in the catholic life of a church.

In Browning's teaching there is in many respects a repetition alike of the perfections and imperfections of Coleridge's. In both of these men the same intense inwardness and vivid self-concentrated thought which fits them to accomplish—as their own peculiar work—the maintaining of the subjective evidences for religious truth, inclines them to the same sort of impatience towards all others, who, not able to trust the instinctive voices from within, have to seek faith through investigation and comparison of what is without.

'Easter Day' is all throughout illustrative of Browning's tendency to exclusive reliance upon the subjective evidence of the human instincts. The problem of the poem is the how

> 'To joint
> This flexile, finite life once tight
> Into the fixed and infinite.'

—the how to find, first, a 'fixed and infinite.' And for the problem's solution, his mind refuses to avail itself of all aids which the intellect, judging from things external, can offer. Meeting each answer of the interlocutor with freshly occurring objections, he gets down deeper into the difficulty, seeing ever more and more 'how very hard it is to be a Christian.' Then there comes to him, out of his great poet-heart, a means of escape from the throng of surrounding perplexities, in that strange, terribly vivid vision-dream, which brings in succession all earthly things accounted good—earth's exquisite treasures of wonder and delight —the waving of her woods, and flowing of her rivers, and all her vast exhaustless beauty, and endless change—art in its most perfect ancient and modern forms—knowledge, and the power to range Faust-like 'through all circling sciences, philosophies, and histories'—brings all these to the test of the human soul's hunger for satisfaction; until it

feels that none of them is sufficient to stay its cravings; and that its one final desire (to attain which it would let all else go in exchange) is for love. And then there comes the mighty leap up of the human instincts, regardless of intervening intellectual obstacles, towards the love of God as told of in the Christian story,

> 'What doubt in thee could countervail
> Belief in it— ?'

and in 'it' he feels that he has found the substance of the gleams that, blending with all the displays of power and beauty on the earth, have been the essence of the brightness and good in her, which men have rejoiced in. The scene which the dream tells of is placed in the after-judgment state; the whole poem, however, is in its scope not illustrative of a belief in a spiritual world, and of man's probation for it, but tentative of the grounds for such belief; and taking the judgment sentences of condemnation, merely as hypotheses in order to have in them the most searching tests to apply to human instincts.

Characteristically, too, in his 'Saul,' Browning makes the Messianic prophecy evolve itself to David from his instincts introspectively perceived. The 'Caliban upon Setebos' gives us his views (strikingly un-Paleyan) of the utmost that natural theology would amount to, argued out without the aid of the intuitions of human love. These he illustrates in this (which is one of his most powerfully executed poems), by showing how Caliban, the loveless creature, who is either devoid of human affections, or in whom they have not been called into activity by fellowship with men, can bring no key from within to unlock the meanings of the universe; and therefore all that he can find in it, everywhere, all around, by those shrewd bitterly ironical reasonings which his intellect alone gathers from external things, is only merciless power, and capriciously used strength. And the horrible loathsomeness of this idea is drawn out with a minute perfection curiously fascinating.

Preference for internal evidence is shown, too, in the whole tenor of Pope Innocent's monologue in the 'Ring and the Book.' Here, though truth is sought not through the mere instincts of the heart, but with long patient reasonings of the head, it is still the introspective glance into the human mind which supplies the starting point of the whole argument by which the old Pope, finding therein ideas of strength, intelligence and goodness, larger in conception than in human fulfilment, and finding in the *natural* order of the world, actual fulfilment corresponding to two only of these ideas, arrives (by the necessity of finding some instance of the third) at belief in the Christian story of limitless love and sacrifice.

From within, too, Innocent gets his very beautiful answer to the doubt

that inevitably suggested itself to a man living in days when the earth had become very evil, and lust and cruelty such as Guido's 'had their way i' the world where God should rule,' lest haply Christianity's visible failure should disprove its truth. The query,

> 'And is this little all that was to be;
> Where is the glorious decisive change?
> The immeasurable metamorphosis
> Of human clay to divine gold, we looked
> Should in some poor sort justify the price?
> * * * * * *
> Well, is the thing we see salvation?'

is answered by the guess which is supplied by his own heart instincts, that this very weakness and failure may be, after all,

> 'But repetition of the miracle,
> The Divine instance of self-sacrifice
> That never ends, and aye begins for man.'

and are characteristics necessary in a religion corresponding to the requirements of our truest humanity.

> 'How can man love but what he yearns to help?
> What but the weakness in a faith supplies
> The incentive to humanity, no strength
> Absolute, irresistible, comports?'

Thoroughly Browning-like is the Pope's mood, when in his forecast of the age succeeding his own, his hopes of world-regeneration are placed in his expectation that it will 'shake the torpor of assurance from men's creed,' and compel them, when they shall have grown to disbelieve report, to look inwards for truth, and

> 'Correct the portrait by the living face;
> Man's God, by God's God in the mind of man.'

A noticeable exception to Browning's usual attitude of thought occurs in the closing pages of the 'Paracelsus.' The speech of the dying knowledge-seeker contains a passage (too long to quote, and whose immeasurable poetic beauty must not here be spoken of), where the argument extends over the whole known aspect of our world, viewing man *objectively* in his chronological place in Nature, as an appearance illustrative by its 'supplementary reflux of light' of all foregoing appearances: as the counterpart of anterior creations, a mirror consciously reflectant of the whole.

Mr. Browning is an optimist: and all throughout his poetry his optimism is as the life-blood, circulating through and giving colour to every part of it. Some notion of this element in his creed must be defined in

all criticism of him, either as teacher or artist. The features distinguishing his optimistic theory, are, I think, first, his never at any time ceasing to behold evil as evil, and to hate it as such: and secondly, his seeming not to feel the *oppression* of its mystery that has lain as a burden so heavily on the minds of generations of thinkers.

Moral evil he beholds as a thing in no way resolvable into mere *imperfection*. Where he finds it in the human world it retains for him its old meaning of sin, and is viewed as something wholly distinct from a stunting of the beautiful development of men's natures: by unfavourable outward circumstances, such as the absence of knowledge and culture. His own favourite theory of the position of human impulse, and the homage due to it, never leads him into letting that homage be of a blind indiscriminating sort. He recognises that there is a principle working internally, and sending forth impulses which must not be mistaken for those which are men's lawful guides. With him holiness and healthiness are not quite convertible terms. Caponsacchi and Guido have both acted according to the promptings of impulse, obeying laws which were part of the nature of each: yet between them a difference is set. Rejoicing praise is bestowed by the Pope, in the 'Ring and the Book,' on the obedience yielded to instincts by one of these men;

> 'Well done!
> Be glad thou hast let light into the world
> Through that irregular breach in the boundary,—see
> The same upon thy path, and march assured,
> Learning anew the use of soldiership,
> Self-abnegation, freedom from all fear;
> Loyalty to the life's end.'

And on the other—Guido—whom he images to himself as pleading in self-justification that his course of action has been only the same as that commended, inasmuch as he too has guided his steps according to the tune of impulse, the old man's righteous anger smites the blow of the sentence of temporal death. Wherein does Pope Innocent account this difference just? In this—that there has been a probation for both; each of them having within him a something to follow, and a something to resist. Count Guido he beholds as

> 'Furnished forth for his career,
> On starting for his life-chance in our world,
> With nearly all we count sufficient help.
> Body and mind in balance—a sound frame,
> A solid intellect; the wit to seek,
> Wisdom to choose, and courage wherewithal
> To deal with whatsoever circumstance
> Should minister to man—make life succeed.'

and fortified in his surroundings with 'great birth, good breeding, and the Church for guide.' He accounts that such a man's trial lies in the having *within*, evil impulses balanced more evenly against the good than they are in the man less favourably circumstanced for resistance to evil. He condemns (justly, he feels) him who, if he had so *willed*, might have made the good outweigh the evil,—might have used stumbling-block as stepping-stone; but who has chosen rather to love and believe in—

> 'Just the vile of life,
> Low instinct—base pretension.'

Caponsacchi, too, Innocent views as having undergone trial by urgings of two kinds of impulse; and as having followed the noble and resisted the base,—as having, while yielding to instincts of 'healthy rage' against cruelty and oppression, retained self-government, and kept himself pure in thought, and word, and deed. In his praise there is involved the idea that evil has been present as—

> 'Temptation . . . for man to meet
> And master, and make crouch beneath his feet,
> And so be pedestalled in triumph.'

So, too, in the 'Easter Day' (as elsewhere) we find the same doctrine of a probation for all human life by instincts good and evil. To each human soul has been shown—

> 'The earthly mixed
> With heavenly, it must choose betwixt.
> The earthly joys lay palpable,—
> A taint in each, distinct as well
> The heavenly flitted faint and rare
> Above them.'

Far on, indeed, in the hereafter, Browning looks on to there being no longer this two-fold and contrary working of impulse. His expectation is that human nature will take its perfection in a grand one-ness. When it shall—

> 'reach the ultimate, angel's law
> Indulging every instinct of the soul,
> There where law, life, joy, impulse are one thing.'
> —'A Death in the Desert.'

But he does not confound his hope for the future with his teaching for the needs of the present.

An optimist Browning is *not* in the sense of rejecting or explaining away the dogma that humanity has inherent tendencies to moral evil dark and foul; or proclaiming a freedom to all impulses from any bar save that of physical or social inexpediency; yet an optimist he *is*—and

that not falteringly, but with the conviction of his whole heart—in the sense of being able, all the while he sees the evil which he will not disguise by any other name, to look steadily into its dark hateful face, assured that its ultimate significance is good. He does not conceive that it has come as some unlucky accident to spoil a harmony of order in a world which but for it had been perfect; he holds, rather, that it is through it that a higher perfection is attainable. Feeling this, he does not need that shuffle into a real though unacknowledged Manichœism, which is the refuge of so many men from the perplexities and contradictions of a creed of mingled pessimism and optimism. He believes that the antagonism between principles does not extend beyond the world of finite being; and ventures to refer to the same source the placing in this world of ours the two contrary principles which we call good and evil. Here is some of his doctrine, spoken by the Pope in the 'Ring and the Book.'

He says (having reached the point of acknowledgment that the Christian story is true, and that therein 'God shows complete'):—

'I can believe this dread machinery
Of sin and sorrow, would confound me else
Devised,—all pain, at most expenditure
Of pain by Who devised pain,—to evolve
By new machinery in counterpart
The moral qualities of man—how else?
To make him love in turn and be beloved,
Creating and self-sacrificing too—
And thus eventually, God-like (ay
"I have said ye are Gods"—shall it be said for nought?)
Enable man to wring from out all pain
All pleasure for a common heritage.
* * * * * *
The moral sense grows but by exercise,
'Tis even as man grew, probatively
Initiated in Godship, set to make
A fairer moral world than this he finds.
* * * * * *
Life is probation, and this earth no goal,
But starting-point for man, compel him strive,
Which means in man as good as reach the goal.'

Evil he beholds as the immediate bringer to humanity of our chief and peculiar glory—progress, as a messenger sent to institute a race for men, from less to more, from lower to higher. The one thing of which he feels a shrinking horror is 'ghastly smooth life' in which man should be left 'dead at heart;' and his whole spirit leaps up to behold purposes of goodness in the appearance of anything as a deliverer from that.

Browning's is a creed including within it the hope that where during

the earthly probation, men's moral wills have been too feeble to enable them to use temptations by evil as 'points that prove advantage for who vaults from low to high;' the work neglected or failed in here, may yet elsewhere, though under harder conditions, be ultimately done. Even Guido Franceschini, the abominable, he will not allow to depart from our sight unfollowed by words of hope. In the forgivingness of Pompilia, the victim of the murderer in her life and death, there is a gospel of a far-off healing and restoration for *him* even, albeit by God's shadow instead of the light of His face. And the Pope, Guido's judge, thinks of the criminal on whom he pronounces sentence of temporal death, as going forth—

> 'Into that sad, obscure, sequestered state,
> Where God unmakes but to remake a soul
> He else had made in vain; which must not be.'

And the same hope comes out, in vaguer expression, in that last phrase of 'Easter Day' (without adding which, the human heart of the poet will not suffer him to let go his vision of the close of the earthly probation):—

> 'Mercy, every way,
> Is infinite—and who can say?'

Very faint, by comparison with Browning's, is Tennyson's trust in the 'larger hope;' though *he*, too, seeks to hold the creed that 'somehow good will be the final goal of ill.' All that Tennyson attains to is an infant's blind crying after it—a groping for it, with 'lame hands of faith.' He looks for his theory of optimism in a direction whither Browning, an idealist in his metaphysics, does not turn in his quests of objective realities. And looking for it all throughout the material world and her analogies, he finds nothing to be a reliable guide to it; and can only fall in the darkness upon that 'great world's altar-stairs;' not feeling assured as to what ultimate law and purpose he should find above them, could he see up their heights.

However, in speaking of the Tennyson and Browning optimisms, it is not fair to make the quality of *vigour* the point of comparison—nor, indeed, any other quality either. The aim of the two poets, in their search, is essentially different. Tennyson's colder and more symmetrical mind looks to find truth as harmony and proportion; and is always suspicious of the parts unless it can see the whole. What Browning seeks is truth absolute, not relative; and if he thinks he has got hold of the minutest particle of *that*, it is to him as a thing indestructible by any mass of contradictions; and it suffices to him as a sure earnest of the rest. His own heart's instinctive conviction of a law of love is out

of the reach of whatever 'evil dreams' Nature may lend, and does not need to concern itself with analogies of her waste and destruction—with appearances such as that 'of fifty seeds, she often brings but one to bear.' The optimistic creed of Tennyson is the result of an effort, very noble, to *comprehend:* that of Browning is an effort to *apprehend.* The one seeks a superhuman solution to the problem, and fails: the other, grasping with a human passion, succeeds in finding satisfaction.

At this part of Browning's creed there is one of the many doors of entrance, from the question of his work as a truth-seeker, into the question of his Art. Into this we may not now trespass, further than to observe that the character of his work, as poet of external Nature, seems to be determined by the negative influence of his optimism, and his method of attaining thereto. His seeking and finding his satisfaction as to the world's purport, in another quarter than in the material world, leaves him free to derive from that world, art of a peculiar and very valuable kind. Browning's poetry of external Nature has some characteristics so rare, that (though in quantity it is much less than what most other great poets have produced) its loss would leave a gap in our literature. It is nowhere mystical, like Wordsworth's, nor æsthetico-scientific, like Tennyson's Nature-poetry; but it is simply full of a noble sensuousness. It is not the product of moods of intellectual and moral tension. It is glad acceptance of the physical influences of external Nature—not truth-seeking in and through her mysteries. The contact of the phenomena which we term material, in ourselves, with the so-called material phenomena outside us, is rested in, for the time being, without endeavour to pursue a further significance. Beautiful art, as well as teaching not a little wholesome, is given to us in Mr. Browning's poems of Nature; of which the speciality is their being *sensuous,* yet restrained by a manly dignity from ever becoming a voluptuous self-abandoning to enslavement by her beauty. We have the same sort of thing only from one other modern English poet—A. H. Clough. (See 'The Bothie.') There is a certain amount of positivism in both Clough's and Browning's acceptance of the material world, which results, in both cases, in a similar sort of purely physical enjoyment of it (the latter's poetical expression of this being, however, by far the superior in varied richness). Their positivisms are, of course, alike in their *effects* only, and are *essentially* different. Clough's is the positivism of a strong mind, sternly setting aside truth-seeking in this direction as bootless, and with a resolute temperate cheerfulness, accepting whatever certain good it can find. Browning's is the positivism of childlike trust—so confident in the truth which it has found elsewhere, that it can afford to pause here from restless searching, and take the earth's beauty as beauty—joys of sense as joy. For illustration of Mr. Browning's poetical feeling for external Nature, we might refer to his

'Pippa Passes,' to his 'Saul' (specially to the passage in it beginning 'Oh, our manhood's prime vigour'), to parts of the 'Paracelsus,' and to other passages, which cannot here be enumerated. Though none other of our poets is so perpetually on the watch to discern transcendental significance, translucent through the facts of mind, yet he, more than most others, is content to behold the facts of matter as (so to speak) '*opaque*,' and to describe his impressions from them, directly and unsymbolically. To Wordsworth it would be impossible to tell simply of 'the sense of the yellow mountain flowers.'

This paper must hasten to conclude, leaving with only a passing mention, one of the aspects of Mr. Browning's preaching—its stern moral lessons, and its peculiar downrightness of enforcing them. As poet of the Will, he has words of unsparing condemnation to bestow on such sins as failure 'through weak endeavour.' There is an earnest severity in 'The Statue and the Bust,' and in his 'Sordello'—terriblest of tragedies, inasmuch as it depicts the deterioration of a soul. The miserable life-failure, of which this latter is the history, is looked on by him as resulting from the man's irresoluteness to overcome and banish his probation-spectre (Do not many of us know something akin to it?); of his haunting double consciousness—fourfold consciousness, rather; of, at the same time, an ego divided by impulses diverging towards two ways of utterance —Art and action; and of another two-fold spectral ego—reflexion of the actual ego—contemplating, as if from some view-point in nowhere, *it* and its work, in their place in the All-of-things. The real self and its reflexion keep on, like opposite mirrors, reflecting each other backwards and forwards, *ad infinitum;* each becoming alternately subject and object, until there is produced in Sordello, as the result, a wretched paralysis of all working-power, either artistic or practical. And all for lack of the vigorous effort of whole-hearted obedience to either impulse, by which his will could have freed him from the thing that wrought the ruin of his life. Sternest of sermons this! on the text, ἀνὴρ δίψυχος, ἀκατάστατος,' &c., &c. (St. James i., 8.)

Need one say anything with reference to one charge which we sometimes hear brought against Mr. Browning—of being, in 'The Ring and the Book,' too open—offensively coarse, even, of speech? I—a woman—feel that he needs no apology in this matter. Those of his readers who are capable of, and willing to take the trouble of entering into the spirit of his poetry, do not fail to find in it, moral saltness enough to keep its purity untainted by the ugly words which his grave truthfulness sometimes uses in indicating ugly things: and to mere criticism from *without* —from those who neither learn from or sympathise with him—I imagine that Mr. Browning does not greatly care to commend himself and his poems.

Wholly unsatisfied by what these two papers have been able to say as to some of the characteristics noticeable on one side of the most many-sided of contemporary poets, I gladly cease from the attempt to write little definitions of the poetry which I would rather *feel* indefinitely, and grow into increasingly.

E. Dickinson West.

Mr. Browning's latest work, 'Balaustione Adventure,' lets us see, in its whole tenor and purport, the same characteristics of his preaching. There is no slight significance in his choosing for his theme, a Greek play not ranked by critics amongst the finest; but having peculiar attractions for the poet of the will, on account of its being the story of the victory of a will—a half-*human* will—over death and fate.

For nothing human or divine, does Browning recognise an iron law of necessity. He cares not for the grand Greek lifeless virtue of endurance of the inevitable; and would find his own poetical feeling wholly unsuited to reproduce utterances such as the Æschylean:

Τὴν πεπρωμένην δὲ χρὴ
αἶσαν φέρειν ὡς ῥᾷστα, γιγνώσκοντ' ὅτι
τὸ τῆς Ἀνάγκης ἐστ' ἀδήριτον σθένος

of Prometheus in his majestic passiveness.

There seems to be a curiously personal sympathy in Mr. Browning for Herakles, the labour and effort God, whose strength is a thoroughly human strength of conscious toil. Browning's enlargement of Euripides' portraiture of the hero, has been criticized as exaggerating the idea of joyous helpful strength; and making him too much of a 'muscular christian.' I think that this objection to it fades out of sight, when we view the poem as tinged and explained by the luminous Browning consciousness that indefinitely appears all throughout it. Struggle—and joy and hope in struggle, and all things that he holds to be the portion best suited for the spiritual part of our human life, are connected by him in a deep dim suggestiveness, with his representation of Herakles. It is a *spiritual* truth—and not mere admiration of thews and muscles, and good use of them, that he preaches to us.

In Browning's suggested new version of the story, 'New Admetos new Alkestis,' we may notice his characteristic way of penetrating through all surface appearances. Deep underneath these, he finds a connection between human and infinite truths, and sees there a beautiful 'how,' by which Admetos might worthily let his wife die that he might live. In harmony with all his other teaching, too, is Browning's idea of making the undyingness of Alkestis come to her, not as a mere salvation given from *without*, but as worked out from *within*. The principle of life which cannot be holden of death, is viewed by him always as a thing given to be IN humanity.

Sketches of Travel in Germany.

By Professor Blackie.

PART III.

Having learnt at Berlin that the grand triumphal entry of the troops returned from the late war, was not to take place till about the middle of June, I made a short excursion to Russia, and on my way thither passed through the good old Prussian town of Königsberg, known to corn merchants by its flourishing corn trade, but to me interesting chiefly for very different things. Here, first I called on Professor Lehrs, and found in his powerful eye and strong well-chiselled features exactly those evidences of fine Roman strength which I had derived, at a distance, from the perusal of his 'Aristarchus;' a work which for soundness of view, and masculine vigour of expression, will maintain its place in the libraries alongside of the great Latin masterpieces of Wolf, Hermann, Ruhnken, and Wyttenbach. After being ciceronized by this excellent scholar through the stately and commodious new buildings of the University, I passed through the small narrow street which contains the house once inhabited by Immanuel Kant, a metaphysician, who had the singular merit of teaching European thinkers to believe in their souls, after my subtle, self-puzzling countryman, David Hume had fairly lost his identity in a whirl of unstable impressions and ideas which he had spun out of the juggling phraseology of the schools. Rounding the corner of this little street, I came suddenly, at the top of a short descent, called Kant Street, on the bronze statue of the venerable thinker. Here he stood, with his cocked hat under his left arm, and bag-wig on his head, peering out curiously into the unsympathetic world of merchants, corn-dealers, and ship captains, in the midst of whom it was his destiny, for so many years, persistently to philosophise. But Immanuel was too wise a man to complain of this want of sympathy, as a mere technical metaphysical professor might have done. As not only a thinker, but a really wise man, he knew that nothing is so prejudicial to sound thinking as habitual confined intercourse with only one class of men. 'Nothing,' he said, 'is so intolerable

as a company consisting only of learned men;' so he dined every day at the common table of the principal inn, with sailors and ship captains, and in this singular way added to the narrow limits of his solitary thinking the large range of experience which belongs to the mercantile and commercial classes. After taking off my hat before this most reputable philosopher, I proceeded to make an inspection of the old Schloss, Castle, or Palace of the Prussian kings. I had in my memory the humorous picture drawn by Carlyle of the coronation which took place here of the first King of Prussia, in the first year of the last century, on which august occasion, his philosophical spouse, Sophia, solaced her soul for the extreme weariness of the prolonged ceremonial by publicly injecting a familiar pinch of snuff into her nose, beneath the sublime frown of her royal lord. So what fixed itself in my memory principally was the room in which this coronation took place, with the very throne on which self-created majesty placed the crown (like the Czar of Russia) with his own hands on his own head, and a significant environment of royal portraits hung on the walls. But my eye was also attracted by a splendid dining hall or reception room, nearly three hundred feet long, or as long as some of our finest cathedrals, which, with a necessary addition to its height (expected to be realised when the present Crown Prince becomes kaiser-king), will certainly be one of the largest and most imposing halls in Europe. So much for Königsberg. Want of time prevented me from an intended visit to the battle-field of Eylau, which lies some considerable distance to the south-east of the town; so I proceeded on through a grey and grim monotony of sand, and bogs, and blasted pines, for a space of nearly six hundred miles, to the city of the Czar, and on the road, according to my custom, amused myself by spinning into verse my meditations on Immanuel Kant, as follows:

Who's here? a strange, old-fangled German Herr,
With hat three-cornered and bag-wig behind;
Who peers with curious gaze, as if he were
New wafted from the moon by some stray wind
On the strange earth! Ah! now I know the man,
The sage who from this outmost Teuton station,
Marked their just bounds to all the thinking clan,
And pruned their wings to sober speculation.
Happy who, humanly, with human kind,
Works human work, well pleased from day to day,
Nor dares with high-plumed venture unconfined
Through trackless voids to push his plunging way!
God laughs at lofty thoughts; but whoso proves
His ponder'd path, and walks by faith, He loves.

After a fortnight of very magnificent panoramic views of a great country, and very suggestive glimpses into social states, very far removed from British, I returned from Moscow and St. Petersburg, through Warsaw, to Berlin. At Warsaw, the whole style of architecture, and the long rows of poplar trees along the turnpike roads, declared plainly enough that, though still under Russian sway, I was no longer in a Russian atmosphere. The civilization of Poland comes from the west, that of Moscow from the east; and this contrast spoke plainly out from every house-top, and from every street corner, notwithstanding the forced Russian appearance given to the signs of the shops, which, by police order, are printed first in Russian characters, and then in the native Polish, as of inferior dignity, below. But my business here is only with Germany. A railway rattle of about fifteen hours' duration brought us to Berlin, early on Wednesday morning (the 14th), two days before the great military entry, and in time to learn that apartments in the best inns had risen from a dollar a night—their usual rate—to a Frederick d'or. I, of course, had expected this, and, by travelling second class (contrary to Murray's advice), all through Russia, had left my pocket in a comfortable flow of cash, quite up to the need of the great foreseen pressure on the hotels. But I am a *Sonntagskind*, as the Germans say, and always fall on my feet. A kind friend took compassion on me, and opened his door for my shelter; so that a week's stay in Berlin cost me nothing in the way of cash, and was a great gain to me in the way of balmy and brilliant sociality. Now, no one, of course, expects that I am here to attempt a detailed description of the grand patriotic display which we call the *Einzug:* the newspapers have done the thing to satisfaction, and even to satiety; and *actum agere* is as little my business at any time as it can be anybody's pleasure at this time; so with regard to this matter, I will only set down one or two remarks with regard to the general tone, effect, and significance of the affair, as it struck me. My German friend had kindly procured for me a seat on the platform or gallery raised in front of the University, and looking into the grand open place, circled with palaces and monuments, into which the Unter den Linden opens at its east end: certainly the most pictorial point in the otherwise somewhat monotonous and wearisome stateliness of Berlin architecture. From this post—for which I paid only three dollars—I had a broad unhindered view of the different regiments of the Guard, that to the number of between forty and fifty thousand came spreading forth their steely ranks from the comparatively narrow line of the Linden; and unquestionably, for the eye of a grey civilian accustomed only to sober sights, this was a grand spectacle to see. For nearly three hours the mighty palatial space filled and emptied itself again with

close-packed glittering rows, now of the severe blue infantry, now of the bright mailed Cuirassiers gleaming in the sun, now of the rapid-trotting Uhlans, with their black and white pennons fluttering on their long lances. These last were not only the most picturesque, but the most loudly cheered: cheers well merited, as anyone who has even hastily gleaned the newspaper history of the war will understand. If in the first decisive battles of the campaign the Germans knew what they were about while the French did not, it was all owing, after Moltke's admirable geographic and strategic studies, to the dexterity and daring shown by their reconnoitring horsemen. If this, thought I, be only some forty or fifty thousand men, what a spectacle must the military array of a great battle be, such a battle as that at Leipzig in October, 1813, when Napoleon, with 150,000 men, stood in an inner circle, with 400,000 Prussians, Russians, Austrians, and Swedes in his front. Nevertheless, as a mere spectacle, one could not but say that the *Einzug* was deficient in two important respects—in colour and variety. I have seen not a few more brilliant shows. But the real show, perhaps, was not the march of the military, with their arms glittering in the sun, but the pomp of festal decoration in the town, the endless rows of flag and banner and historic picture, patriotic sculpture, significant device, and suggestive motto of every kind. This really was a burst of vivid gaiety well calculated both to please the eye and to satisfy the mind anywhere, but especially in the grey and grave regions of the frosty North. Of the illuminations which closed the great festive day I will say nothing; they were good, very good, perhaps, of their kind; but I am Stoic enough to think there is something childish in this cumbrous attempt to light up the night with an artificial imitation of the day. But what chiefly moved me in this affair of the *Einzug*, and will remain with me among the deepest and most fruitful experiences of my life, was the moral and political significance of the display. Many shows are mere shows, with emptiness or even hollow false pretence behind; mere gilded lies, beneath which the scratch of a pin will expose the depth of foulness and rottenness which such rare varnish was necessary to conceal. But the Berlin show was all reality, and the sign of a greater reality. The reality before me was effective military strength; the reality of which it was the sign is the solidity, firmness, and systematic consistency of the German people and the Prussian Government. There rode the stout old soldier King, preceded by his three mighty men, all dressed in the white livery of his favourite Cuirassiers, Bismark, Moltke, and Roon, the one the eye of his policy, the second the brain, and the third the arm of his soldiership. What a reality was there! What a speaking commentary on the famous words of Bismark (which some hasty people were forward to misunderstand), that great social revolutions of a certain kind are not to be

achieved by mere talking, but that the obstinacy of the tough old material can be moulded into a new shape only by the stern compulsion of 'blood and iron.' Now everybody admits that Bismark and the King, or rather the King and Bismark (for if the King had been a weakling in the 'conflict of 62' Bismark would have had no game to play), were right in keeping up the strength of the army against the peddling economies of the Berlin Liberals; the success of the war, therefore, and the glory of the triumphal entry, were the legitimate fruit of clear counsel, firm will, and manly consistency of purpose on the part of those who had the guidance of public affairs in Prussia. Whatever other excellencies the champions of the French in this country may see or imagine in their petted friends, they must at least confess to two great faults—their fretful irritability took high offence from no sufficient occasion, and their hasty insolence made war without adequate preparation. But no faults of this kind can be laid to the charge of the Germans. They knew they had an insolent and treacherous neighbour to contend with; they had known him in this character for four hundred years; and they were determined that, so soon as the real outbreak of his itching vanity and imperious insolence should take place, it would not find them, as in 1806, unprepared and divided. The outbreak did come sooner than even Bismark's astuteness had anticipated; he was taken by surprise no less than his European enemies, who accused him of complicity; but he was surprised in the midst of his earnestness, as the French in their insolence; and backed by the firm resolve of a serious, honest, and laborious people, the whole character of the war on his side was as satisfactory to the moral as to the intellectual nature of the impartial observer. The same attitude of reality and honesty was presented in the person of the stout old King, a monarch in all points the antipodes of the French Emperor, who was driven into an unequal war by the necessity of a position which his own unscrupulous ambition and utter want of political conscience had created. Only continued success could seem to justify a rule which every one knew was founded on a crime; and the dramatic necessity of getting up some glory, to titillate French vanity and gratify French ambition, sent him with a light start and boastful parade into the midst of a struggle, of which the issue, even with the most complete preparation and most thoughtful circumspection, was extremely doubtful. How different the moral position of the King of Prussia! The hereditary holder of a throne firmly rooted in the loyal allegiance of a sober-minded and intelligent people, who knew how to value the strength derived from a firm central rule, even when it pressed a little severely sometimes on individual liberty, he neither needed to cater by unworthy means for a popularity which he already possessed, nor if a storm of adverse fortune should seize the state, was

he in danger of being thrown out as a Jonah to propitiate the wrath of the sea-god. He was known to be a soldier and a lover of soldiers; but he did not require to pander to a fretful appetite, either in his army or his people, by aggressive acts upon the territories of his neighbours. The wars in which he had been engaged were purely matters of domestic arrangement between Germans and Germans; the changes which, by the instrumentality of 'blood and iron,' he had effected within the limits of Fatherland, if violent, were absolutely necessary for the restoration of that imperial unity the loss of which had been historically identical with the humiliation of Germany beneath the fraud and force of unscrupulous kingcraft in France. To this firm political position King William added the weight of a personal character such as the solid and sober-minded Germans knew how to respect. In 'the conflict' with the Parliament in 1862 he showed a firmness of will which, whatever else may be wanting, must ever be held as a prime requisite in a ruler of men; in his habits, like his excellent father, he was plain and unostentatious; and, like his father also, he was sincerely and unaffectedly religious. This element in his character I am, of course, aware it has been the fashion in this country to deride; but there is not a man in Germany, to what ever party he belongs, who would insinuate that the devout expressions of thankfulness used by the King in his despatches were anything else than the genuine utterance of a natural and unaffected piety. It is indeed a vulgar habit of the English mind to honour the expression of devout feeling only when it appears in the stereotyped forms of the national Liturgy; and beyond the conventional homage of a Sunday forenoon service, or the questionable zeal for church paraded on the political platform at an election, many an Englishman seems more than half ashamed of his religion, and carries no more natural fragrance of piety about him than a cold tulip does of warm vegetable aroma. Hence the uncharitable judgments passed upon good King William: judgments that only prove, if not the absolute ungenerousness and ungentlemanliness, certainly the frigid narrowness and formalism of the persons who made them. The real fact of the matter is, both that there is a fundamental vein of devout feeling (a portion of their characteristic *Gemüth*) in the German mind, and that the late war, in its motive and occasion essentially a repetition of the great national struggle of 1813, was inspired by the same fine combination of devout and patriotic feeling which distinguished its prototype. The sure instinct of this led the King at the outbreak of the struggle to re-establish the Order of the Iron Cross, a decoration which symbolises in the most chaste and significant way that combination of manly endurance, public spirit, and active piety by which the campaigns of 1813 and 1870 have been so prominently characterised.

Sitting in the railway carriage one day, between Göttingen and Halle, I had before me a young soldier decorated with this expressive symbol, which, if widely distributed, is so only because, as Bismark said, it is widely deserved; and, as I am not a smoker, I amused the tedium of the road by articulating the following lines:

Prussian, that iron cross upon thy breast,
Which thou with manhood's modest pride dost wear,
I ask not by what deed above the rest,
Dashing or daring, it was planted there;
I know that when the insolent heel of Gaul
Tramped on all rights to thee and Deutschland dear,
Thou rose regenerate from thy plunging fall
By vows devout and discipline severe.
Thus blazed thy bright noon from a tearful morn,
Blessing from bane sprang, and great gain from loss,
While in thy hand the avenging steel was borne,
And in thy heart was stamped the patient cross:
Thus Spartan pith and Christian grace were thine,
Born in one day, and bodied in one sign.

And now, what more have I to say? I might tell Mr. Bull not only that he ought to believe reverently in the moral grandeur of the Iron Cross, whether as symbolical of the great struggle of 1813, in which himself took a prominent part, or of the yet greater struggle of 1870, in which he took no part; but I would tell him also that the universal arming of the people, however Lord Derby might call it a retrogression, is a part of social organisation equally congruous with Spartan discipline, Athenian freedom, Roman strength, and Christian grace; that, in fact, it is a grand nursery of national virtue and patriotic devotion, more powerful than schools and churches, because it deals in deeds, and not in words. But I know well that Mr. Bull would not listen to me in this matter. If I had M.P. after my name, perhaps he might be willing to lend me a respectful audience for an hour; as it is, I am silent.

Preservation of the National Health.

It is not difficult to figure to ourselves the thrill of horror and indignation that would run throughout the country if we were to be told that an English commander, by recklessness or apathy had sacrificed an army of 120,000 men. When the fatal retreat from Cabul resulted in unparalleled disaster, and Dr. Brydon rode into Jellalabad the sole survivor of some thousands of British soldiers and their camp followers, the national pride was deeply wounded, the national heart not less deeply touched. And at a later period, when during that terrible winter that followed Inkermann we heard that our gallant army was perishing ingloriously in the snow, unhoused and unfed on the bleak heights above Balaclava, we remembered how England raged, how an administration fell, how the whole system of party government lapsed into almost fatal discredit. Nor did we hesitate to make sacrifices to recover the ground we had lost; we sent another army beyond the Himalayas to redeem the disgrace of the first Affghan War, and we did not relax our grip on Sebastopol until the Russian fortress surrendered. It strikes one as strange, therefore, to read that those who rule this country, fail to prevent, nay, sanction in their inexplicable apathy, a yearly holocaust of 120,000 English lives. This is not done in ignorance, for we had repeated warnings, repeated lessons how to avoid this outrage on humanity. Science has preached and prayed to Parliament year after year to save the victims of our neglect, but Parliament has been too busy with party squabbles to attend to so trivial a matter as the health of the people.

The progress of physiology within recent years having thrown light upon the causes of epidemic disease, preventive or prophylactic measures have been a recognised branch of medical science. 'Sanitation,' as it has been rather clumsily called, has been taken up by successive governments and its principles have been amply affirmed in many statutes. But one insurmountable obstacle has hitherto impeded the practicable

advance of sanitary reform in England. We have entrusted administrative functions to local authorities too ignorant to appreciate the importance of enforcing preventive measures against disease, too obstinate to be led by the advice of the medical department of the Privy Council, and too rapacious to care about anything except a reduction of the rates. The position of the medical officer of the Privy Council has meantime been one of painful impotence for useful action. Mr. Simon and his subordinates have been doomed to see their warnings unheeded month after month, and their instructions set at nought by stupid and greedy vestrymen, the very worst production of our vaunted system of local self-government. Yet the medical department has been unable to enforce compliance with the plainest requirements of sanitation. They are only able to do their work of inspection and admonition as it were by accident, discovering casually some outbreak of epidemic in an ill-drained town, investigating its causes, warning the local authorities, and waiting powerlessly to see whether these worthy board-room Dogberrys will see fit, as they seldom do, to take the precautions that have been pointed out to them. Whether action be taken or not, the department is only empowered to register its disgust and disappointment in reports. The inspectors report to Mr. Simon, Mr. Simon reports to 'my lords of the Privy Council,' my lords duly present Mr. Simon's reports to Parliament. And there heretofore the matter has ended.

The matter has ended, that is to say, so far as regards official action; but disease will not wait upon the tardy revolutions of red tape, or accommodate its developments to the normal rate of parliamentary progress. Epidemics that might be crushed out in their early stages, or at all events restricted in their ravages within the narrowest limits by the adoption of simple and well-known preventive measures, are allowed to gain ground until they sweep away their victims in thousands, and strike at the rich as well as the poor, at men in the prime of life as well as at ailing childhood and decrepit age. Then ensues that contemptible and mischievous fever of soul, in itself a dangerous disease, which is called a panic; and, a panic producing that condition of nervous exhaustion which is favourable to the reception of the germs of contagion, the mortality is at once increased. We begin in hot haste spasmodic endeavours to cleanse our towns, to purify our water supply, to smother up the seeds of disease in masses of disinfectants. These late and often misdirected efforts may sometimes help in the long run to stem the current of death, but as a rule they are of no avail to combat the pestilence which runs its course until atmospheric changes or the effect of habit in the population begins to diminish its virulence.

The actual result of this system is the loss to the nation of 120,000

lives every year. This is no wild sensational conjecture; it is sober fact, attested by the highest official and scientific authority. In his last report to the Privy Council Mr. Simon records his belief, founded not on any rash guesses but on statistical evidence, that 'the deaths which occur in this country are fully one-third more numerous than they would be if our existing knowledge of the chief causes of disease were reasonably well applied throughout the country.' One hundred and twenty thousand human lives sacrificed every year to that deaf and dumb, blind and crippled Fetish, Local self-government! When will England echo the cry that rent the heart even of a Roman despot —'Varus, give me back my legions!'

The bare statement of this enormous annual depletion of the lifeblood of the country ought to be enough to arouse the attention of every man who looks on politics as anything more than a mere game of factions to the importance of sanitary reform. We profess sometimes to be alarmed at the swelling of the waves of emigration, and when we hear, for instance, that 50,000 people have left Ireland in half a year we look dismayed at such a national loss. But these emigrants after all are not lost to the service of the world, their energies are not abstracted from the forces which make up human progress. In America and Australia they are creating new civilisations in harmony with ours. But death leaves us no compensation for what he takes. The 120,000 lives swept away yearly by preventable disease are subtracted finally and absolutely from the active powers of the community. Yet we subsist as a nation by the exercise of those powers; our commercial and industrial pre-eminence depends on their full development. In the lowest material calculation of the elements of national wealth those hundreds of thousands of wasted lives must occupy an important place. Has it never occurred to any of our statesmen to count the cost of local self-government in this regard, to estimate how much the nation is losing year by year by the inhuman policy of indifference which is allowed to prevail, when it is only the health, the life, of the people that is in question? Statisticians would calculate the ultimate loss in millions of hard cash; but who can calculate the value, or in what coinage will he make his estimate, of desolated homes, broken hearts, aspirations cruelly cut short? Pestilence spares neither fathers nor mothers, neither the young man in the pride of his vigour, nor the happy wife with her little ones around her. War brings sorrow to many a peaceful home; but an epidemic is more wide-spread and unrelenting in its ravages.

Nor is the loss of life the sole evil that we suffer by our neglect of sanitary laws. For every single fatal case of epidemic disease we may calculate that we have four or five cases which are 'not fatal,' which result only in such minor ills as deformity, chronic disease, organic

disease, physical and mental deterioration. We cannot regulate, as some glowing worshippers of physical well-being seem to imagine, the union of human beings in marriage, according to the principles on which horses and bulls are bred, at least in communities where it is admitted that men possess some intellectual capacities not possessed by horses and bulls. But there is a practical obstacle to the physical improvement of the race that we may very easily remove. An immense proportion of inherited weakness and disease has its origin in maladies in the first instance preventable, but if unprevented leaving in the constitution of the sufferer permanent debility and vicious changes of organism. These effects are capable of transmission either directly or in modified form. To the effects of febrile disorders—typhus, small-pox, scarlet fever, and the like—may be traced countless cases of inherited disease or debility. The impaired state of health following such disorders in a parent appears deeply seated in the constitution of the child, and the 'sting' left in the national health by an epidemic continues to propagate its poison in the next and succeeding generations in the shape of consumption, scrofula, and kindred constitutional diseases.

Thus we have to add to the direct abstraction of 120,000 lives from the sum of the national energies, the dissemination amongst us to a still more alarming extent of morbid changes in the living, of transmitted germs of diseases, of inherited debility, and consequent progressive degeneration of race. We have to add to the extravagant waste of productive power entailed by death and disease, the cruel suffering inflicted on hundreds of thousands of homes, misery which, as Mr. Simon urges in his eloquent appeal to 'my Lords of the Privy Council,' falls with immense over-proportion upon the most helpless classes of the community—upon the poor, the subordinate, the ignorant, the immature; upon classes which, in great part through want of knowledge, and in great part because of their dependent position, cannot effectually remonstrate for themselves against the miseries thus brought against them, and have in this circumstance the strongest of all claims on a legislature which can justly measure and can abate their sufferings.' We have to add, moreover, to the wastefulness and cruelty of our present apathy the indirect effects of our neglect, the obstruction thereby thrown in the way of civilised progress, moral and intellectual. Epidemic disease, the conditions that surround and foster it, the mental and physical abasement that follow its ravages, are fatal to the growth of finer feelings, of loftier aspirations, of more active intelligence, of more firmly-strung principles among the masses of the people. Parliament may spend millions of money and years of work of successive education acts, school-boards and school-masters may labour

zealously and patiently, religious organisations may toil on at their Sisyphean mission-work, in the fetid fever-nests and stifling pauper-warrens of our great cities; but until we have swept away the thick jungle of disease, and its predisposing conditions—ignorance, pauperism, and vice, will elude and defy the efforts of education, religion, and law.

But while most persons will admit that the facts of the case as stated, and the conclusions drawn therefrom, demand, if they be correct, the instant and energetic interference of Parliament, it will be contended by many that indignation would be misplaced and legislation useless, because we cannot, in fact, hope to control or eradicate disease. To many minds, disease, especially of the epidemic type, appears a kind of incomprehensible and unavoidable visitation, like a thunderstorm or a hurricane. It is their belief, I suppose, that the function of medical science is to expel the disease and to mitigate the suffering of the patient. The preventive service of medicine is little thought of, yet it is here perhaps that its greatest value in the future will be found. Physicians are becoming more and more chary of meddling, by drugs or otherwise, with the human constitution; their method of treatment tends more and more to give the recuperative energies of nature full play to remove the causes which disorder the system. But the most obvious and effectual method of removing the causes of disease is to prevent their origination, and here it is that preventive medicine or sanitation has an inexhaustible field of action.

Epidemic diseases belong to the class which has been conveniently but inaccurately designated 'zymotic.'[1] They are generated, according to the most modern physiological doctrine by a specific poison, introduced into the body from without, which is capable of causing morbid changes in the blood, and of destroying life. The poisons of various epidemic diseases are distinct *inter se*, the contagion of typhus, for instance, being altogether different from that of small-pox, and the contagion of cholera from that of diphtheria, and yet it is plain that they are all somehow related, and capable of gradual transmutation from one type into another. Some ancient types have died out—the black-death, the sweating sickness, and the plague; but new types, undescribed by the old physicians, have arisen. We are able to note remarkable 'waves of disease;' at one time the great mortality is from typhus, at another from small-pox, at another from scarlatina. In England we have recently had a succession of epidemic. The outbreak of cholera in 1866 was followed by typhoid fever, and as the latter began to abate in violence scarlatina appeared in the most malignant form, and attacked the metropolis. This disease had

[1] From ζυμωτικός, 'causing fermentation,' a word found in Athenæus, according to Liddell and Scott. In the active spread of contagion within the circulatory system there is no real fermentation.

begun a year and a half ago to decline in London, but at the same time it began to spread through other parts of the kingdom, where it has since raged destructive. A little later than the scarlatina, relapsing fever, which has been rare in these countries since 1849, broke out with great severity, also attacking London first, and when it had spent its force there, extending itself into the provincial towns. Lastly, we have been visited with an epidemic of small-pox more severe than any outbreak of that disease which has been recorded in England during the present generation. And no sooner has the small-pox begun to abate its violence than we are threatened with a return of cholera. This periodicity of disease is yet to be explained; but it is established that, given the same conditions for the reception and propagation of contagion, about the same proportion of lives will be carried away, whether the prevailing epidemic be scarlet fever or typhus, or relapsing fever or small-pox.

The blood-poisoning of the zymotic diseases, which is thus various and changing in type, is traceable, however, to the same class of causes. In some epidemics the germs of contagion are far more volatile than in others, but in all, we know by experience that, if we can isolate the patient and submit his immediate surroundings to disinfectant agents, we check the spread of the disorder. It has been contended by some that one or two of the continued fevers are spontaneously generated in appropriate conditions, that is to say, in the absence of pure air and pure water; but the evidence of this is wholly of a negative character, dependent on the fact, which is certainly not conclusive, that observation has sometimes failed to trace the connection between a particular outbreak, for instance, of typhoid fever, and a previous authenticated case. On the whole, however, it is pretty well agreed that direct transmission from one diseased person to another of the germs of morbid poison is the process by which an epidemic wreaks its mischief.

There are, however, some epidemics more straightened in their action, either by artificial preventive expedients, or by the limitation of the means of transmitting contagion. Small-pox may be robbed of all its terrors, or even utterly stamped out, by the vigorous enforcement of vaccination. This is a truth, established by inductions so broad and sound, that we should no more think of arguing it with the irrational opponents of Jenner than we should care to discuss the sphericity of the earth with the enthusiast for terrene flatness who lately lost a wager on this point to Mr. Alfred Wallace and then threatened the life of his antagonist. The experience of Ireland, where vaccination has been enforced with a vigour hitherto unattempted in England, seems to be conclusive as to the practical worth of Jenner's great discovery. But small-pox is not the only dangerous epidemic of which the action is

fortunately limited; cholera, according to the best accredited theory, is propagated almost exclusively by the infiltration of the *excreta* of persons suffering from the disease into water used by persons in good health. In a few cases the cholera poison may be disseminated, like the more subtle poisons of typhus and scarlet fever, through the air; but this can only occur when the sources of effluvia are permitted to collect in larger quantities without disinfection, and when there is no efficient ventilation.

So much it has been necessary to premise respecting the nature and transmission of epidemics. It only remains to note the methods of prevention at present acknowledged by medical science. These have in recent years been very considerably extended, so much so, that Mr. Simon in his last report to the Privy Council was able to say, in assailing the system of local administration: 'Since the resources which might be utilised for the better protection of life are with the progress of knowledge constantly increasing, so almost month by month, the contrast becomes more glaring between the little which is done and the very much which, with amended law, might be done to reform the sanitary circumstances of the masses of our population.'

Pure air and pure water are, as we have said, irreconcileably hostile to contagious disease. The first duty therefore of sanitary administration is the enforcement of effective ventilation, the supply of a fixed quantity of fresh air to every person in every house. This is an innovation which will of course be resisted both by ignorance and self-interest, but no infraction of real liberty will be committed in preventing ignorant or self-interested persons from doing mischief to the community by sowing the seeds of disease broadcast. The next step in the work of prevention is to insist upon a free and well-distributed system of sewers, to carry away at once from every habitation the impurities which poison the air, and which even when they do not directly propagate contagion insidiously weaken the constitution of those subjected to their influence and prepare them for the reception of the germs of disease. Most country villages and many small towns are almost wholly destitute of systematic drainage, and cesspools which are the commonest substitutions, are merely traps for infection. The inforcement of drainage and the abolition of cesspools are reforms which experience has shown will never be carried out by the local authorities, and is especially an improvement which ought to be and can be carried by pressure from a strong central executive office. A third precaution is systematic disinfection, not only of everything connected with and surrounding a person suffering from contagious disease, but of all places where dirt unavoidably accumulates and whence at any time effluvium can be perceived to proceed.

These precautions, however, though valuable in themselves and also as tending to effect the further object to which we are now able to refer, are quite unavailing unless supplemented by securities for a pure supply of water. Cholera, as we have seen, is held to be propagated almost exclusively through polluted water, and there is scarcely a form of epidemic that is not to some extent disseminated in the same way. But here we are met by a difficulty with which it is not easy to deal. We have no means of getting an effective control over this water supply, which is of such vital importance to us. In the metropolis the business of furnishing the people with water has been handed over to eight companies, who necessarily enjoy a monopoly. Free trade in such a matter as water supply is of course out of the question; but at least the monopoly should be administered under stringent regulations for the protection of the public health. Notoriously this is not the case, for practically the water companies do pretty much as they please; nor does the wretched fragment of a Water Bill which was passed at the tail of last session greatly mend matters. A constant supply, which is one elementary condition of purity, is still withheld from the people of London. The large provincial towns are in this respect better off, but nowhere are there effective and watchful guarantees for the purity of the water. As for the small country towns and villages, their condition is too abominable to be analysed: for the most part the inhabitants are drinking nothing more nor less than diluted sewage.

There is no authority then that, under the existing law, can secure us a constant supply of pure water. Here is a necessity for legislation demonstrated. Again drainage, ventilation, and disinfection, though they may be enforced to some extent under the existing law, have not hitherto been enforced, and for a very simple reason. The authorities who have got the power—Town Councils, Improvement Commissioners, District Boards, Boards of Guardians, Select Vestries, Common Vestries—have not got the will; the authorities who have got the will—the medical officer of the Privy Council and his staff—have not got the power. When unfortunately the initiative in sanitary reforms was vested in these local bodies, the wretched system of permissive legislation was introduced, the boards and vestries were not commanded to do certain things, but allowed to do them, and as doing those things caused trouble and cost money, worrying the vestrymen and raising the rates, they were and are systematically left undone. And that is the way we are killing one hundred and twenty thousand innocent people every year in England.

Is there a remedy? Of course. Let us put aside our irrational distrust of 'centralisation,' let us invest the medical department with large powers of coercion and punishment, let us inaugurate a crusade against

uncleanness of every kind, let us tear-down the fever-nests and open up the pauper warrens to the free light and blithe air, let us sternly treat as public crime the avarice that distributes poisoned water to swell dividends, and that which refuses to drain villages lest the rates should rise. Resolute war against dirt, waged under the conduct of scientific enemies of disease, would soon make this a different country for the poor at least to live in. If we decline to accept this issue how shall we justify ourselves to the helpless masses whom we are allowing to perish like rotten sheep?

EDWARD D. J. WILSON.

It is just to say here that though the common theory of cholera and its propagation is popularly summarised above, it does not pass unchallenged. Dr. Chapman, in a very ingenious work, with the logic of which no fault can be found, but which may be thought to rest on too narrow an induction, has endeavoured to show that cholera is generated not by any morbid poison but by hyperæmia of the nervous centres distributed along the spine. He maintains that the disease can be controlled by modifying the temperature of these nervous centres, and cites some remarkable cases in which he has recovered patients far gone in choleraic collapse by the application of ice to the spine. The method may be useful, even though Dr. Chapman's theory be unsound, and as medical science is confessedly powerless to cope with cholera when once it has seized on a patient, it will be worth while to give the proposed treatment a fair trial in the public hospitals in case of another cholera epidemic.

A Study of Walt Whitman,

THE POET OF MODERN DEMOCRACY.

By the Hon. Roden Noel.

PART II.

We will now consider briefly Walt Whitman's position as prophet and teacher.

From the very extraordinary and powerful poem called 'Walt Whitman' (not reprinted by Mr. Rossetti, but a part of which is quoted by Mr. Buchanan, and is therefore accessible to the general reader) we may get a fair notion of its general character. Mr. Buchanan gives an excellent description of it: 'Whitman is here for the time being, and for poetical purposes, the cosmical man, an entity, a representation of the great forces. And here he expresses with immense power the infinite culminating worth of personality—how all natural influences have been and are ever working up to constitute and develop a man, a woman, a person. It is the broad dignity of a man, as a man, he preaches: very little the special privileges of distinguished men, or favoured classes of men. This is the very spirit and truth of democracy:

Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me;
A far down I see the first huge nothing—I know I was even then;

I waited unseen and always, and slept through the lethargic mist,
And took my time, and took no hurt from the fetid carbon.

Immense have been the preparations for me,
Faithful and friendly the arms that have helped me;

Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen;

For room to me, stars kept aside in their own rings,
They sent influences to look after what was to hold me;
Before I was born out of my mother generations guided me;
My embryo has never been torpid—nothing could overlay it;

DRAWN BY W. J. HENNESSEY. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'WALT WHITMAN.'

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

For it the nebula cohered to an orb,
The long slow strata piled to rest it on,
Vast vegetable gave it sustenance,
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths and deposited it with care;

All forces have been steadily employed to complete and delight me;
Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.

In a poem of extraordinary vigour, though one of those where he puts down innumerable items—yet here for a great and distinct pervading purpose—'Salut au Monde,' after passing in rapid review, and addressing with graphic characteristic epithet or two almost all conceivable inhabitants of the globe—great, refined, small, vulgar, bad, good—he says:

Each of us inevitable,
Each of us limitless, each of us with his or her right upon the earth;

Each of us allowed the eternal purports of the earth,
Each of us here as divinely as any is here.

My spirit has passed in compassion and determination around the whole earth;
I have looked for equals and lovers, and found them ready for me in all lands,

And, in 'Starting from Paumanok,' he says:

Creeds and schools in abeyance,
I harbour for good or bad—I permit to speak at every hazard—
Nature now without check, with primal energy . . .
. . And sexual organs and acts! do you concentrate in me:
For I am determined to tell you with courageous clear voice, to prove you illustrious . . .

This last determination he carries out in a series of poems (not reprinted by Mr. Rossetti) called 'Children of Adam.' Again he resolves:

I will sing the song of companionship,
I will write the evangel poem of comrades and love,
For who but I should understand love, with all its sorrow and joy,
And who but I should be the poet of comrades?

And this he does (as I think most nobly, and with real originality) in a series called 'Calamus.' Some of these, under a different heading, Mr. Rossetti reproduces. Thus we have 'The Friend,' 'Meeting Again,' 'Parting Friends,' 'Envy,' 'The City of Friends,' 'The Love of Comrades':

Come, I will make the continent indissoluble;
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever yet shone upon!
I will make divine magnetic lands
With the love of comrades,
With the life-long love of comrades.

I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the rivers of America, and along
the shores of the great lakes, and all over the prairies;
I will make inseparable cities, with their arms about each other's necks,
By the love of comrades,
By the manly love of comrades.

'Fit Audience' is another of these, and the charming 'Singing in Spring.' One is called 'Out of the Crowd':

Out of the rolling ocean, the crowd, came a drop gently to me,
Whispering *I love you; before long I die!*
I have travelled a long way merely to look on you, to touch you,
For I could not die till I once looked on you,
For I feared I might afterward lose you.

Now we have met, we have looked, we are safe,
Return in peace to the ocean, my love;
I too am part of the ocean, my love;
Behold the great rondure—the cohesion of all, how perfect!

But it is, perhaps, too much to expect that this series of poems will ever be liked here. With us, men friends must like each other from a very long distance, with many a formal grating between—may, indeed, without gross impropriety, touch the tips of each other's fingers; any warmer sentiment or demonstration of such—any love, for instance, into which a sense of beauty and grace should enter, would be greeted among us with a storm of most virtuous execration and horror. This, of course, is a matter of idiosyncrasy—a question of national temperament: moral axioms, indeed, are mostly founded on men's temperaments; their reasons (or no reasons) being invented as an after-thought. But those who cannot quite go the whole length of the British Philistine in this respect will admire Whitman's ideal of manly friendship—warm, faithful, founded in mutual love as well as mutual esteem—and will believe with him, that if there were more of it, States and peoples would be nobler and stronger.

Atomism; solitary, self-supporting, self-seeking, competing, contending isolation—each for himself—is our ideal; our ideal in private life, our ideal in political economy. It is not the ideal of Christianity, as understood by Christ and His disciples, and the early Church. But—

John P.
Robinson, he
Sez they didn't know everything down in Judee.

And the most orthodox Christians now, though ready to roast any honest person who says it, seem practically very much to agree with him. One's wife and children indeed, as part of one's family, as belonging to oneself; and sometimes even a poor relation, as coming within the

enchanted circle—these may be regarded (in a married man's case) as one or two satellites revolving round that great centre of an Englishman's solar system—himself.

'To Working Men' is a very characteristic poem. The great catholic, all-yearning heart of the man who shrinks from no one, however deceived and degraded; who longs to take each and all into his brotherman's heart, solace and succour, and bring him nearer, not to his (the lover's) individual standard, but to his,' the beloved man's, own ideal manhood—comes out finely here. Does it not breathe the very spirit of Christ?—

> If you become degraded, criminal, ill, then I become so for your sake;
> If you remember your foolish and outlawed deeds, do you think I
> Cannot remember my own foolish and outlawed deeds?
> If you carouse at the table, I carouse at the opposite side of the table.

Then he continues to expound his central conviction of the supreme worth of manhood—personality:

> We consider Bibles and religions divine—I do not say they are not divine;
> I say that they have all grown out of you, and may grow out of you still;
> It is not they who give the life, it is you who give the life.
>
> Leaves are not more shed from the trees, or trees from the earth, than they are shed out of you.
>
> . . . The sum of all known reverence I add up in you, whoever you are,
> The President is there in the White House for you; it is not you who are here for him.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> All doctrines, all politics, and civilisations exsurge from you;
> If you were not breathing and walking here, where would they all be?
> The most renowned poems would be ashes, oration, and plays would be vacuums.
>
> All architecture is what you do to it when you look upon it;
> All music is what awakes from you when you are reminded by the instruments.

If we look for some one to lament over his age, how base, how lethargic, how vulgar and prosaic it is, and how no one can possibly get the materials of poetry out of it; evidently we must not go to Walt Whitman. If we have not great poetry, he would probably ascribe it, not to the fault of the age, but to that of the poets who despise and despair of it. There are low and grovelling and unbeautiful tendencies enough, God knows; but we need men to see what is good and great in us, and to urge us on to nobler and richer life—hardly to stand by and curse us unhelpfully, as Shimei did David. And though it is quite true that Whitman is not an artist primarily—he is too indifferent in shaping beautiful works of ark out of his rich materials; he does not care for art at all for art's sake—yet he does abundantly prove the *spirit* in

which a poet may look even at this present age, and lift it up into the regions of art, if he only will. Faith, Hope, need not be extinct among us; there is a Future; let us help to shape it. Whitman intimates that he looks to a wider, fuller life for all men, for average men and average women; when love shall prevail, and individualities shall be allowed fuller play; when each shall be reverenced and respected for what he is, his place in the harmonious community admitted; a richer community, made up from many types of person; when the dignity of flesh and its impulses shall be acknowledged, under due restraint from those principles which are yet higher in our nature—as, for instance, the sympathetic principle; when men shall reverence one another for what they are—not on delusive artificial grounds that afford no true reason for reverence, but serve only to confuse our truer instincts of veneration, to render us superstitious and idolatrous.

Robert Buchanan among Englishmen has produced some noble poetry out of these same unpromising materials, though shabby gentility and dainty academics may shudder at it as vulgar. And since Pope produced poems unsurpassable of their kind out of the analytic critical tendencies of his time, more unpromising than any, who shall pronounce, *à priori*, that Clough and Arnold must fail because *they* try to draw music from the mingled forebodings, foreshadowings, hopes, despairs, and speculations of our own? Surely this wondrous mysterious twilight over a world that has fissures opening into Hell and vistas that invite to Heaven, surely this twilight may have music of its own—music that shall be no frigid imitation of one that is no more.

Nothing, of course, can be easier, than to say, certain subjects are unpoetical, unfit for art. Railroads are, manufactures are, mysticism of any kind and philosophy—anxious questionings, wonderings, tremulous fears and hopes—these are. For they are not in Homer, or Pope, or some one else. I say it depends entirely on how they are touched, in what *spirit* they are taken up and treated, whether they are poetical or not; that we must judge honestly by poetical results, not judge the works given forth by preconceived theories, and utterly baseless idiosyncrasies; not even by the *ipse dixits* of a fraternity of critics: all that passes—good work remains, and another generation acknowledges it to be good. There is a *valet* way of looking at *every* present epoch; only the old poets and prophets had a way of their own. Men and women still live and love, and toil and suffer. Explorers and pioneers open up new continents, bring the people of to-day face to face with wonderful races of the past, isolated yet alive, or mummied in their tombs; vast human problems press for solution: science enlarges her kingdom, and opens out new worlds to the imagination: Nature is eternal around us: and while we wait expectant, as yet uncertain by

what Word the eruptive forces we hear rumbling, as they gather anew deep down in the very depths of our humanity, shall become articulate in human language, we can turn to Her, ever undisturbed, ever young, ever calm, and read in her countenance inexhaustible meanings by the glimmers of light shed ever freshly upon her out of restless, ever-complicating labyrinths of our own human spirits. Enough if there be among us an undercurrent of sterling life—a thankfulness for victories acheived, a looking for victories to come, a keen relish for life as it is, or a strong desire to make it nobler.

Now look a moment at the poem 'Whosoever.' Perhaps none serves to bring out Whitman's central doctrine of all personal worth so thoroughly as this :

None but would subordinate you—I only am he who will never consent to subordinate you ;
I only am he who places over you no master, owner, better, god, beyond what waits intrinsically in yourself.
Painters have painted their swarming groups, and the centre figure of all ;
From the head of the centre figure spreading a nimbus of gold-coloured light.
But I paint myriads of heads ; but paint no head without its nimbus of gold-coloured light.
. . . The mockeries are not you.
Underneath them and within them I see you lurk ;
I pursue you where none else has pursued you.
. . . The shaved face, the unsteady eye, the impure complexion, if these baulk others they do not baulk me.
. . . There is no virtue, no beauty, in man or woman, but as good is in you ;
No pleasure waiting for others, but an equal pleasure waits for you.
. . . I sing the songs of the glory of none—not God—sooner than I sing the songs of the glory of you.
Whoever you are, claim your own at any hazard !

All this is very striking, and is a vigorous proclamation of a great truth, of *the* greath truth which the time is beginning to see more and more clearly. Yet in this, as in the preceding passages quoted to illustrate Whitman's teaching on this score, there is (as is wont to be the case in the proclamations of most prophets), a certain one-sidedness, exaggeration, looseness of thought. When he says above that all doctrines, politics, civilisation, sculpture, poems, histories, 'exsurge from *you*,' (the average man, any man), the truth underlying this is that all these come out of human nature—out of individuals, indeed, but out of individuals who could not have existed, as they were without the help of all previous human and other history, without the moulding of their age, and of the average men and women from whom they spring, and who take their part in educating these more distinguished spirits. These last are the mouthpieces of their time, and help to mould the future man, even the present average man. But his nature, too, has a root identity with

theirs, has germs and rudiments of the same faculties; and the life of all great works derives continuous vitality from kindred spirits which comprehend them, and kindred creations are roused through the contemplation of them. Now Whitman thus proclaims that men are 'of one blood,' are kindred amid all their differences; so that a man, any man, may claim fellowship with the best and mightiest of his race, *may* therefore enfold within himself the principles of sublimest heroic and intellectual manhood; is anyhow and at worst a person, a self, in a higher sense than any other creatures are, and may claim from all his fellows to be acknowledged and reverenced as such! from his society, and all functionaries of his society (however powerful and dignified) may claim such possible facilities as shall enable him to make the best of himself and his special capabilities. Though, indeed, one would have fancied that something of this kind was precisely what our Lord Jesus Christ had proclaimed with some force more than one thousand eight hundred years ago. Only such truths take a good deal of proclaiming. His followers did not quite like them, and thought it, on the whole, for the advantage of the brute mass (and of themselves), if they could make out that He had in fact proclaimed precisely the opposite of such truths. They need, therefore, reasserting, and in a modern fashion. But the big people and the good people will not like them any better. What a chorus of pious horror, when some one said that Christ was the first Socialist! Yet for all that *magna est veritas et prævalebit.*

Notwithstanding, I do think, when we are making a study of these doctrines, we ought to point out where they seem to need considerable guarding and qualification.

Men are not individual only, but members of a community, of a body politic. And Whitman accordingly would supplement this bold uncompromising assertion of individual dignity by the inculcation of love, of the most ardent and self-sacrificing spirit of fraternity. 'Liberty, equality, fraternity.' Here again he is Christian enough. But is equality a truth in the manner in which he asserts it? I believe not; and if not, it must be so far mischievous to assert it. That common manhood is a greater, more cardinal fact than any distinctions among men which raise one above another I most firmly believe. Still these distinctions do exist, and so palpable a fact cannot be ignored without very serious injury. If great men could not have been without average men, and owe most to the grand aggregate soul of the ideal unit, humanity—which is a pregnant truth—yet, on the other hand, this grand aggregate soul could never have been what it is, could never have been enriched with the treasures it now enjoys, without those most personal of all personalities—prophets, heroes, men of genius. If these men need to be reminded, as they do, of the rock whence they are hewn, there is yet a

danger of average men mistaking such a message as that of modern democracy through so powerful a spokesman as Whitman, and insisting upon paring down the ideal superiority of their great ones too much to the level of their own chaotic uniformity, rather than acknowledging and venerating what is verily superior in these; taking them for leaders in regions where they are appointed by nature to lead, and generally aiming to raise themselves so far as possible to the standard of a higher excellence thus set before them.

In order to satisfy this law of *inequality* among men, I do not believe that the mere proclamation of friendly love as between comrades (any more than of sexual love and equal union between man and woman) is at all sufficient. Veneration, reverence, also must be proclaimed, as equally necessary; and the great point we ought to aim at, in helping to solve the momentous question of the social future, seems in that respect to be this—that mankind be taught, and gradually accustomed, to place their reverence where reverence is indeed due, and not upon mere idols of popular superstition. It is said (and, alas! with some truth) that if you tear people from before one false shrine, they may only grovel before a baser one. Bnt I say this should be *the end* kept steadily in view—to stir up that which is noblest in ourselves, in order that we may be able to venerate that which is most venerable in others, and may ourselves be raised more near to their standard. That every man, *whatever he be now*, is to be supremely satisfied with himself as he is now, is of course not in the least what Whitman means; but there is a danger of his sometimes vague and unguarded language being so understood by the natural average man, who is already well disposed to be satisfied with his lower habitual self, and make *himself* the measure of the standard to which the Universe on the whole will do well to conform. This may too readily result in the tyranny of a blind and prejudiced and ignorant majority; by no means selecting men in any department of the State or of private occupations for their special fitness to guide and manage in such particular positions, and to introduce a higher ideal of life or of work, but rather jealous, hostile, or indifferent to these, and basely suspicious of their higher manly worth, their larger knowledge, and their vaster power. We *must worship something;* and what we most tend to worship is any larger and more successful incarnation of our meaner, less noble selves. The average Briton, for instance, has a sort of complacent air about him as if he was quite sure, not only that the Deity is like an average Briton, but even that the Deity ought to be very thankful for being so. Utter individual freedom and self-assertion, unbalanced by any counterbalancing principle of deference, humility, and reverence, has far too much tendency to resolve itself into this, which just makes real progress impossible, and might throw humanity far back awhile, even in

the very midst of democracy and perfect political freedom. But what Whitman does see so clearly is that, even when men have themselves elected a ruler, or been concerned in the choice of a form of government, there is a sort of glamour of the imagination which immediately invests any actual depositary of power, and bows them in a kind of unreasonable stupor before it. He therefore reminds them—you, the people, are the source of such power, and government exists for you, not you for government. Obey it intelligently; modify it when reason requires.

Wealth, honour, and rank have the same way of casting a glamour over the imagination, so that men do not concern themselves with enquiring what the source of such wealth may be, or how far wealth and rank may involve personal qualities which are indeed worthy of some reverence. But these are accomplished facts on the surface, vague powers; and we are apt to be enslaved by them, because we have not been educated to enshrine a true God in the place of these usurpers—usurpers, that is, if they assume the highest place, as they so generally do.

It behoves, therefore, to look a little closer at such broad statements as those we have quoted from Whitman. Architecture, sculpture, religions, &c., *are a great deal more* than what the average man does to them when he thinks about them. They were much more in the creative genius of those who invented them, or at least gave the final and complete form they took. And as to their being ashes and vacuums now but for the average man, this is far more than anyone may presume to say. There may be some persons who do comprehend them nearly as they were—one or two even may cause them to take on now a profounder and more general significance than they wore of old, though they are never again precisely the living foremost products of the moving world-spirit which they were then. But, at any rate, their significance must be quite infinite, and in proportion, moreover, to the place that they then filled in the history of the world. The pulsations that they caused may no longer be visible in the shape of circling waves, but their effect can never cease. That is a law in physics, and shall it be less a law in the higher spiritual sphere? Assuredly not. It is well to remind men that they may enter into all these things if they will claim their privileges; still it will be well to remember that every man does not, will not, and this verily because he cannot, enter into them. It is after all, and ever will be, the privilege of some. *Each has his function*, each is excellent, viewed from a higher standpoint; even the cruel and the base are. But certainly we must not suppose that we can all have the same place, and fill equally well the functions of everybody else. Such a principle can only lead to endless confusion and mistake. Rather does the true principle of human dignity consist

in learning and acknowledging the worth and necessity of every function, so that no one shall henceforth be ashamed of his post, however humble, and that no one shall foolishly look down upon him for filling it—look down on him only if he refuse to fill it, or fill it unworthily and carelessly. Society must see to it, indeed, that each man at his post be regarded as man, his other human claims not being disregarded. But his position as worker in any capacity is to be esteemed honourable; nor need everybody be in such a desperate hurry to become something which he is not, and which all assuredly cannot be, to the detriment and ill-being of those who do not succeed in this general scramble for pelf and consideration, but remain, as they must, a vast majority of condemned pariahs on the lower rungs of the social ladder. To wear a black coat, and win the estimable privilege of making one's workmen fight as fiercely with oneself for bread as one fought with one's own master before!—that is what political economy says we must all make haste and do. In this light, this unguarded proclamation of the absolute equality of man appears to be somewhat confounding and dangerous. An ideal social scheme would rather consist in every man claiming his own, and acknowledging the special aptitudes of his neighbour. And as to religions, poems, architecture, and civilisations, even supposing they did not live in their infinite proportional effects, they have lived, they have been, whether the average man knows to-day anything about them or not.

But it is fair to admit that Whitman does now and then distinctly acknowledge the claims of greatness to lead mankind, and insists on the supreme worth of *ideal manhood—strong mastering* personality; and these passages are to be set against the others. In the 'Song of the Broad Axe' he does this finely. And nothing can be nobler and more complete than his description of an ideal great city or state. In it he goes dead against the too prevalent worship of material resources and material power. It is where the most virtuous, most loving, most independent citizens are; where the fullest life of intellect, heart and soul is; where the happiness and good of *each one* stands sacred and secure, so far as the community can secure it.

That each person to himself is a centre of the whole as no other creature can be, that *to that person* the whole universe centres in himself, and that all really has worked up to me, and for me, with my marvellous consciousness, which creates not only a Me, but at the same moment creates over again in me the whole world so far as I know it—this most strikingly our author asserts. Only there is peril of our not remembering that there are other selves, and some selves much greater than ourselves, especially when we are assured that there is 'no better, no master, no god over us beyond what exists intrinsically in ourselves.'

From a poem called 'Greatnesses,' however, we may set the following against that :

> Great is Justice !
> Justice is not settled by legislators and laws—it is in the soul ;
> It cannot be varied by statutes, any more than love, pride, gravity ;
> It is *immutable*—it does *not depend on majorities—majorities or*
> *What not come at last before the same passionless and exact tribunal.*

So that we see the truth to be, Whitman believes the ideal manhood to be whole in each man, only waiting, hidden in some; and he calls men up to this, out of their baser everyday selves. In this again, he does not surely differ much from the teaching of the most illustrious Christian teachers. This is precisely what William Law and Mr. Maurice proclaim; only it is true their doctrine is otherwise put. Whitman says that the ideal man is in every man. Christian teachers more platonically assert that every man rather is in the ideal Man. Readers may think that makes not so very much difference. Still, there *is* a radical difference in the way of looking at the question; for it makes a great difference whether we are to look *into ourselves, and ourselves only*, for spiritual elevation above our ordinary selves, or whether we are to look *out of ourselves* to a possible source of higher self-hood, which yet at present is by no means present in ourselves. But to understand Whitman better when he says that he 'sets no god over anyone,' let us look for a moment at the most metaphysical or quasi-theological piece he has written, called 'The Square Deific.' If I rightly apprehend him, though the piece is none of the plainest, he makes the Divine All to consist, as it were, of a square, a four-sided figure. The first manifestation, which he calls '*God*,' appears to be in the character of natural laws as they incessantly, inexorably manifest themselves in time, in all phenomena. 'Relentless I forgive no man; whosoever sins, dies. I will have that man's life. Have the seasons, gravitation, the appointed days, mercy? No more have I.' Secondly comes '*the Saviour*,' of whom Christ is the most prominent embodiment. It is the spirit of love and self-sacrifice and mercy, as it exists among men. Thirdly comes *Satan*, 'Aloof, dissatisfied, plotting revolt. Crafty, despised, a drudge, ignorant, with sullen face and worn brow;' in short, the principle of ignorance, suffering, hatred, selfishness, baseness, as it appears among men. Finally comes *the Spirit*, 'including Life, God, Saviour, Satan, Essence of Forms, Life of the Real Identities, Life of the Sun and Stars, the general soul.'

Well, here all appears to me to be what we call phenomenal, with nothing positively transcendental in it. I mean that this simply *enumerates as divine and constituting God*—(1) The natural external laws of nature (whether of spirit or matter), (2) Love as it is in men, (3) Hate, and suffering, and ignorance, as they are in men, (4) The one essence

inclusive of all these, founding and giving them existence. Now I think with Whitman this latter principle is merely an abstraction; it is simply all the others, with the special characteristics of each left out. I doubt from the language if Whitman means here to assert a *transcendental ground, cause, principle of all that is in time*, itself away from time, not to be prisoned in the forms of intelligence, but by the very structure of intelligence demanding to be believed in and worshipped; worshipped as source of all life and power, as well as worshipped in phenomenal effects, personalities, and things. It may be otherwise; but he seems to me not distinctly to conceive and believe in such a divine principle: simply to deify men and nature as we see them—now regarding them as separate entities, now viewing them as partakers of one identical yet divinely manifested life. That is true, but to me it is not all—only half. And if he held the other half truth, why should he distinctly say that he places no god over any of us? Whereas the fact is, that the development of any personality (as of any other thing that begins to be and changes, while retaining a certain mysterious identity from moment to moment) were *absolutely inconceivable*, without admitting a principle of such successive existence entirely out of the sphere of antecedent or present phenomena. For when anything begins to be seen for the first time, it is evident that nothing whatsoever which was before (being by the very conditions of the case different and other) can possibly be accepted as its efficient, but only as its condition, or occasional cause. Yet the common sense of mankind and the consciousness of every man insist that there must be an efficient cause for all that begins. Invariable succession and order of phenomena have nothing whatever to do with this, though the common fallacy is to suppose that the antecedents are in an efficient sense causative of the consequents. Since, however, all phenomena in their actual order are necessary to any special effect, the special causes of all these must be co-operative with its special cause to produce it: but these causes are alike transcendental. While, on the other hand, if intelligence and will in a divine person were taken as the cause of phenomena, they would explain nothing, and fulfil the conditions of the problem no better, because phenomena as they are in time, are not identical with them, as they would be in the divine ideas; for else they would have existed before, whereas they now begin to exist; but it is this *very beginning to exist* which demands explanation, demands an *adequate cause*. It remains, therefore, only to admit that such ultimate cause cannot be prisoned in forms of understanding; yet since it is, it is the very source and essence of our, as of every other, life and power; and before this principle of special life and power comes forth to constitute ourselves (as it does every successive moment we exist, changing and modifying us) our special life and personality are to be regarded

as folded up in God; yet this is to be viewed only as a flexible adaptation to our varying intelligence.

One more word. Whitman, I think, not obscurely intimates more than once that he believes in personal immortality, but I do not think the doctrine plays any important part in his system. And what he says of death seems to me often very fine, quite independently of any such doctrine of immortality. His notion of what the future life of a person is to be, *how* that person can strictly be said to live again beyond death, is evidently of the vaguest; and so vague is it that nearly all he says on this subject can be adopted thankfully and admiringly even by those who do not see their way to holding a strictly personal immortality.

Thus, in 'Nearing Departure,' he says:

> A dread beyond, of I know not what, darkens me.
> O book and chant! must all then amount to but this?
> And yet it is enough, O Soul!
> O soul! we *have positively appeared—that is enough.*

In 'Wherefore,' too, he says, yielding for awhile to sadness, doubt, despondency, about the poor results achieved through incessant apparently useless struggle:—

> What good amid these, O me, O life?

Then he answers:

> That *you are here, that life exists and identity,*
> That the *powerful play goes on and you will contribute a verse.*

Such, indeed, is that of which at least we are certain. The least may know that the eternities centre in him. Now, he is—they could not possibly be without him, even as he is—and they diverge from him again; a seed he is of all Divine futurity. Surely, *if* we cease personally to exist after this—this is something to know; and we may make our lives a conscious contribution, after our measure, to the sacred cause of humanity, we may live out of the bounds of our own little selves, and so inherit the ages. But in truth no one can cease to be; for the essence of each is eternal in God.

Again, in a wonderful little bit, 'To one shortly to Die,' he says:—

> The sun bursts through in unlooked-for directions;
> Strong thoughts fill you, and confidence—you smile!
> You forget you are sick, as I forget you are sick;
> You do not see the medicines—you do not mind the weeping friends—I am with you,
> *I exclude others from you—there is nothing to be commiserated;*
> *I do not commiserate—I congratulate you.*

Again, elsewhere, he says:

> You are *henceforth secure whatever comes and goes.*

And why? Surely any one may say it.

We are, we have been, what can change that? And, moreover, the efforts of us must continue, infinite, immense, in precise proportion to what we are and have been. We cannot, even to-day, identify ourselves with the human creature that is popularly called ourselves in the cradle. No self-consciousness now can unite the selves we are conscious of with that life. Scarcely can we identify ourselves with the intelligent children that we dimly remember ourselves to have been; we may completely have shifted personality; and we may regard what others call *ourselves* as more strange to us now than those persons of a bygone age, who are dead indeed, but in whose souls and spirits we find to-day more communion, more sympathy, than in any with whom, though living, we are in contact of mere proximity. There shall be a continuous consciousness not unlike ours; and other persons in the future may obscurely, yet rejoicingly, identify themselves with us.

In Mr. Lincoln's Funeral Hymn, Whitman sings:

> Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring,
> For fresh as the morning—thus would I chant a song for you,
> O SANE AND SACRED DEATH.

I suppose what will shock the majority most is Whitman's admitting evil and misfortune as part of the necessary order, entering as integral elements into the *Square Deific*. Wherein he follows the small shoemaker, and great philosopher, Jacob Behmen. Yet, after all that has been said about it, thus it is. It affords, as imperfection, the necessary stepping-stone to spiritual and moral progress; it affords the opposition necessary to call out goodness, and kindness, love, virtuous strife, and victory. All goes in this universe by a play of contraries, or where would be the life, the advance, the infinite and harmonious variety?

Without Satan, where would be the Saviour?

TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.

By Compton Reade.

CHAPTER XXV.

VULTURES AT PLAY.

Miss Smith—or, as we know her better—Lady Montresor's Poodle, played her game of deceit with much pluck, and some little skill. Like every woman under the sun she believed in the infallibility of the medical profession. Sir Joseph Toadie had advised her privately that Lady Montresor's chances of life were exceedingly small. This dictum of the learned physician formed the major premiss of Miss Poodle's line of action. She speculated on being her mistress' heiress in default of anyone with a superior claim. Should that lady happen to survive her husband the amount she would have it in her power to bequeath would be almost of fabulous quantity. In any case, however, valuable pictures, jewellery, &c., &c., represented a sum well worth scheming after. Perhaps, even such a gay Lothario as her friend Mr. Barwyn might cast a more favourable eye on one who became seized of much personal property. Besides, she could devote a portion to the well-being of Mr. Barwyn's numerous progeny, in whom, strange to say, she took a warm interest.

Day after day—twice or three times, indeed, *per diem*—did poor Ralph call. The answer was the same. 'Lady Montresor very ill, could see no one.' Then Miss Smith herself interviewed the ardent lover, and proved well equal to the occasion. 'Did Mr. Ralph wish to kill Lady Montresor?' No? Then he *must* forego the pleasure of seeing her just yet.' To which mandate he could but be obedient; so he relieved his mind by writing to her reams of love which were duly read, laughed at, and burnt by Miss Smith and Mr. Barwyn. As for the poor lady herself, when she was informed that her lover had neither called nor written, she suffered a relapse, and in her turn wrote in the language of love, sending many missives and messages, which never were allowed to reach their destina-

tion; until at last her astonishment, anger, and doubt, reached a climax, and she vowed that should it cause her instant death, she would see him, and demand an explanation.

Here was an unexpected difficulty. My lady was self-willed enough to disobey Sir Joseph Toadie, or any other doctor. That Poodle knew by experience. In haste she consulted her confederate.

Barwyn was a man not readily foiled. Within a few hours he had packed off Ralph to Manchester to supply the place of a tenor in an oratorio; said tenor having telegraphed that he was voiceless from cold. Then Lady Montresor, at once, was driven to Ralph's lodgings in Westbourne Park Terrace.

'Mr. Ralph,' said the landlady, 'was gone out of town that very day. She didn't know when he meant to return. It might be a week or so. It might be more or less. Mr. Ralph had not left word. She believed that he had gone to Manchester.'

Feminine curiosity was not satisfied. Lady Montresor, as an excuse for a reconnoitre, declared she must lie down. The jolting of the brougham had brought on palpitations. So, by permission of the landlady, she was taken indoors, and deposited on Ralph's sofa. Eagerly did her eyes scan the room to see if there were any traces of her own handwriting. But no! There was but one letter lying about, and that unopened. At her request Poodle placed it in her hands. It was from Adine, who had begun to regret that words, spoken with the best intention, had been productive of a rupture. She really liked Ralph, and he was their one friend in London; so that she hoped a soft letter might turn away his wrath, more especially if she ceded a small point of morality.

The moment Lady Montresor caught sight of the monogram A.L., she, I am ashamed to say, tore open the letter, which ran as follows:

'Dearest Mr. Ralph,—I don't think old and true friends ought to quarrel for the sake of a total stranger. Let us agree to differ about Lady Montresor; and as I shall be all alone to-morrow evening, Mr. Lovett having to go down after office hours with a City gentleman to Coldhole, I hope you will come to a *tête-à-tête* supper, and console,

'Yours most sincerely,

'ADINE LOVETT.'

'Poodle,' faltered poor Lady Montresor, as she hastily crumpled up the letter and thrust it into her pocket, 'I'm ill, dear—very ill. Take me home—and—let me die. I thought as much. A fresh-faced country-girl—married, too. Oh! my heart, my heart.'

The suffering on that beautiful face would have melted the soul of a stone. For a second, Poodle thought how she would feel had she lost

her own lover; and this thought evoked just enough pity to cause a few tears to flow, which of course Lady Montresor misinterpreted as being shed for her.

'Poodle, dearey,' she gasped, 'no one in the whole world cares for me but you. Bless you for it, my friend—my dear, kind friend.'

Whereupon Poodle's tears flowed all the faster.

On the morning following, Lady Montresor, bag and baggage, accompanied by faithful Miss Smith, started for Spa, leaving behind her the following note for Ralph, which, strange to say, did reach its destination:

'Dear Mr. Ralph,—The insufferable heat of the last few days has forced me to take refuge in flight to an airier locality than this Mesopotamian region; nor do I contemplate a speedy return, believing that an entire change of habits and scene will do much towards erasing memories which had better perhaps never have been occasioned. With every best wish,

'I am, yours truly,

'Rosa Montresor.'

'Ha, ha!' sneered Barwyn, on the Sunday following. 'So, Mr. Ralph, my lady has given you the slip.'

'I've heard that's she's gone abroad,' faltered Ralph, very crestfallen.

'And dropt you like a red hot poker. Eh?'

'Who told you so?'

'A little bird. Cheer up, my boy, it's her way. She has always got a new pet animal about her. After a time, she get's tired of him, and, *presto*, another reigns in his stead. Poodle is the only permanence in that establishment, and even her tenure of office is at times insecure.'

Ralph was in no fighting humour, so he sighed and turned away from his victorious opponent. He seemed to have lost heart. His life appeared corroded. Everything had changed from gold to grey. For her sake he had injured his conscience, broken with his oldest and truest friends, perhaps lost something of repute among his own circle. And for what? To be toyed with, fooled, deserted, perhaps ridiculed. His thoughts were indeed bitter; nor must we cast too heavy a stone at his young head for the sins which a great grief prompted him to commit. For the nonce, however, we must leave him; an altered being; no longer the art-student *sans reproche*, but a wild soul, not perhaps so much demoralised, as reckless of a life which had lost to him its one mighty charm.

DRAWN BY W. J. HENNESSEY. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.'

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER XXVI.

DROPS A CORNER OF THE VEIL.

THE next two months were employed by Theodore Lovett in an endeavour more vain than that of Sisyphus. Mr. Priest settled terms for him with the Peculiar Advance Co., at a sufficiently exorbitant rate of interest, and for the nonce Coldhole advowson was his, to sell with immediate possession. But neither Mr. Priest nor Mr. Lovett knew till long afterwards that, simultaneously with this arrangement, Mr. Plumley had sent round to every clerical agent in London, to warn them that there were 'difficulties' in respect of the transfer of Coldhole advowson. The result of this manœuvre was, that man after man went to see Coldhole, liked the place, thought the price equitable, and then consulted an agent, who choked him off. Time rolled on, despair advanced.

To raise money, they had pawned their furniture. Soon even the cheap lodgings in Portobello Park appeared to be too dear for them, for Sunday duty is not easily obtainable in London, and the whole week was employed by the unfortunate clergyman in dodging from agent to agent, from office to office, and in attending the beck and call of various purchasers, who never purchased.

'We will ask Mr. Chowner to take in nurse and baby,' said Adine, with a rueful face at the idea of parting from her little one. 'The country air will do him good, and Mrs. Chowner is always kind. Besides, now that her poor husband is so completely *hors de combat*, it may interest her to have a child in the house. Oh, Doré! if only Aunt Effler were sane, I would fall down on my knees, and pray her for God's sake to help us.'

'And I would become the slave of any good Samaritan who would give me half such a pittance as I enjoyed at dear old Mudflat,' echoed her husband.

Three days afterwards away went baby, the light of his mother's eyes, and then the mother began to fret—not in words; she was as brave as good; but inwardly,—during the long hours when her husband was tramping all over London in his fruitless but determined efforts to save himself. On the same evil day that they lost their child, a writ was served by Mr. Bulps for the lien of six hundred pounds still due on St. Mary's Chapel. Mr. Priest advised his client to accept judgment; then, unless he could obtain a written promise from his suitor not to act upon it, and he was of opinion that such a promise could not be obtained, to hide.

Mr. Priest's judgment proved to be sound. Mr. Bulps, furious at the loss of his money, refused to answer letters, referring Mr. Lovett to his solicitor, Mr. Petifer. Nothing, therefore, remained but to go into obscurity, and with this view they slipped away one dark night, unobserved, to a quiet lodging in Kensington. Adine's jewellery already had begun to be put in request to provide food; the wolf was at their door, and the sudden alteration in their circumstances was beginning to tell on both.

At length the precious three months drew to an end. The morrow being positively the last day, Mr. Lovett called on Mr. Plumley to suggest that he should be appointed to Coldhole himself until a purchaser could be found, when he would vacate.

'The nomination,' observed that gentleman, 'for this turn to Coldhole is in the hands of Mr. Blackley senior, who certainly will not act in so hostile a spirit towards us.'

'Towards you?'

'Certainly, sir. If you should be instituted, you might remain incumbent for your life. No one could eject you.'

'But I would bind myself under a penalty.'

'Illegal. Such penalty would be waste paper.'

'Is there no hope?'

Mr. Plumley could not reply to this; nor could he give Mr. Lovett more of his time. So with the coldest manner he bowed his victim out.

Scarce had he reached the end of Bedford Row when Mr. Plumley's clerk served him with a writ at the suit of the Rev. Horace Blackley.

The utter villainy of this proceeding so totally absorbed all other considerations as to raise the lion in this meek-spirited man. He resolved to act, and act with determination. Marching to the nearest pawnbroker's, he pledged his watch, and sending Adine a telegram to tell her that he was gone down to Mudflat, took the next third-class train, arriving at his journey's end about dusk.

With what terrible emotions did the poor soul view his old home. There it stood out in the grey among the trees. The lights were burning cheerfully through the crimson curtains. Men returning from their work touched their hats, and tried to engage him in conversation; but Mr. Lovett had no words. He dashed up to the door, and administered a knock pregnant with meaning.

'Is Mr. Blackley at home?'

'Yes, sir—but—but there's a dinner party just begun!'

'Never mind. Show me into the study. I must see him.'

There was evidently a flutter in the dining-room as this message was delivered. Instead of the Rev. Horace, Mrs. Blackley stalked into the study, attired majestically.

'Could you not see Mr. Blackley to-morrow?' said she very pale. 'I hope Adine is well. I hope nothing is the matter. Won't you come in and join us? Only the Rural Dean and his wife, and one or two neighbours.'

'Thank you,' responded he. 'I cannot eat, Mrs. Blackley, least of all your husband's food. I am in too great distress. Still I have no desire to disturb your party.' He could not make up his mind to be rude to a lady. 'Perhaps Mr. Blackley could be spared in an hour's time?'

'Yes; I think so,' faltered she. 'Will you wait here? Shall I send you some refreshment?' To speak the truth Mrs. Blackley was woman enough to feel for his obvious unhappiness. Of the cause she was in profound ignorance; she did know of undefined differences, and had been lectured into a belief that Mr. Lovett had behaved very badly.

Mr. Lovett could not wait. He strode into the village, and eagerly wended his way towards the abode of Farmer Roper.

The door was opened by a gruff-looking man, rather drunk than not. 'Farmer Roper? Hey? He's gone this month. Don't know where to. Don't care. Last parson sold the living to master—'

'Who is your master?' cried Mr. Lovett.

'Parson Blackley. I came along with him out of Essex.'

'Did you? Then don't propagate such a falsehood as the one you have just uttered. I am the last parson, and I did not sell the living.'

'I don't know who you are,' grunted the man. 'Master said as he had bought the living, and he told me to tell the people so, and they all says as it was a great sin of you to ruin poor Farmer Roper.'

'I ruin Roper! What do you mean?'

'Well, you got him to spend all his money on the land, on the understanding that you were going to stop here, and then you go and sell the living over his head.' With which the man, Mr. Blackley's bailiff, shut the door in his face.

More angered than ever, Mr. Lovett walked back to the vicarage. Mr. Blackley met him, slightly flushed with wine, a very evil look on his face, as of triumph hardly suppressed. 'Look, you villain!' cried Mr. Lovett, brandishing the writ in the face of the sender.

'Yes, Mr. Lovett. I perceive that Mr. Plumley has already acted on my instructions. You surely don't imagine that I am going to abandon my claim?'

'Sir,' cried Mr. Lovett, tremulous with passion, 'it is in vain to appeal to Christianity, or indeed humanity, with such a rogue as you. Had you one spark of honour, you would try to rescue me from the hideous ruin in which I am involved through you, and you alone.'

'I have a letter in your own handwriting to assert that I have acted by you honourably.'

'A letter forced from me—a letter I now retract——'

'Mr. Lovett, I beg you will not shout in my house. You forget that you have selected as an occasion to intrude upon me an evening when we entertain our friends.'

'Blackley, this is no time for idle *punctilio*. I have come here to tell you that I am desperate. I verily believe that you intend to consign me to prison.'

'If you dare to make this unseemly noise, I—I shall leave the room.'

'What matter? I will tell my story to your guests—I will proclaim your infamy to this neighbourhood—I——'

'Stop—an end, if you please, to this. I conclude you have come here to induce me to stay proceedings?'

'That is part of my errand—only part.'

'Ah! I can guess the rest. You think to bully me out of hush-money. Mr. Lovett, a few words in reply; and then, by your permission, I will close this painful interview. You are aware that, from my point of view,'—shrugging his shoulders in insolent contempt—'you have not meted me good measure from first to last. You have, in short, not only returned evil for my good, but have also aspersed recklessly my fair fame. It cannot be, therefore, that *you* deserve my mercy. To this, I have to add an old score, of which I presume you are ignorant, for wives do not, as a rule, make confidants of their husbands.'

Mr. Lovett paled. His tormentor smiled horribly, as he proceeded, with provoking slowth of utterance:

'I was curate of St. ——'s, at Brighton, and there first made the acquaintance of Miss Adine Sinclair. She was then a school-girl—young, impetuous, very lovely. We—ah!—had a sort of love affair, which began with flirtation, and ended—in earnest.'

'What can you mean?' Mr. Lovett's face expressed some little surprise, mingled with obvious incredulity.

'Just this much—that that same Adine Sinclair played me false. Ah! you smile. You imagine, in your innocence of heart, that I proposed, and was refused, in the ordinary society style. Nothing of the sort. Had such been the case I should not regard your wife as my debtor. No—the fair young lady acted differently. She accepted me as her lover. She did more, too, than give me her heart—she—— Why, what is the matter? Are you going to faint?'

Well might he ask that question, for the lips of his auditor blanched in a trice, whilst the clenched teeth scarcely repressed a terrible emotion, as Mr. Blackley proceeded, in a lower tone:

'*She eloped with me!*'

'"Tis a paltry lie!' shrieked the agonised man—a righteous indignation fairly conquering his apprehensiveness.

'You can interrogate *Mrs.* Lovett at your leisure,' was the retort.

'Certainly not. I am not the man to hear my wife slandered calmly, without——'

'Some kind of bravado, no doubt. A breach of peace, committed by late Vicar on present Vicar, would be a pretty bit of clerical scandal. However, seriously, Mr. Lovett, I am not inventing; *ergo*, all things considered, you need not expect me to forego one item of advantage which the law allows.'

If you were able to watch narrowly the features of these two men, as they fronted each other, you would perceive that the one who was pale and trembling was not the coward; for the other, whose words were so brave, was quailing before the eye of honesty, whilst his legs showed symptoms of edging towards the door.

Mr. Lovett perceived the movement.

'Stop!' he cried; 'you have said too much or too little. I demand proof of these unmanly insinuations of yours.'

Thus brought to bay, Mr. Blackley advanced to his desk, unlocked it, with well-affected composure, and tossed across to Mr. Lovett his wife's letter, imploring him, by their old friendship, to advance money. Then he watched him read and flush crimson, and bite his lip for sorrow at Adine's foolish deceit. Then he remarked, sarcastically:

'Am I to suppose that Mrs. Lovett wrote thus with your knowledge and approval?'

'No—it was unwise of my dear wife. Nevertheless, I read here of nothing but friendship. You, Blackley, have given the matter a very different colouring. This letter does not justify you.'

And Mr. Lovett looked very much as if he meant mischief.

'You had better ask your wife.'

'No, I prefer to compel you to substantiate your words.'

'Suppose I were to decline?'

'Then I shall administer to you the chastisement you so richly deserve.'

Horace Blackley paled. There was something in his opponent's manner which warned him that he was capable of executing this threat, irrespective of all consequences. He reflected for a moment—then an idea flashed across his brain.

'I have stated,' he said, 'that Miss Sinclair eloped with me, from Brighton. The affair was hushed up; and, evidently, care was taken to prevent its coming to your knowledge—perhaps otherwise you might have been less eager in your suit. Now, am I to understand that you demand proof of this fact? Yes? Well, you are somewhat unreasonable; however, it does so happen that, by a strange accident, I have a witness close at

hand—in fact, in the village. We put up at "The Langham;" and one of the chambermaids of that hotel was a Mudflat girl. Follow me, and you shall hear from the daughter of Poacher Nevis——'

'A tissue of falsehoods. Do you suppose that I should credit such a witness?'

Mr. Blackley shrugged his shoulders, impatiently.

'At all events,' he said 'you can hardly believe that I am in collusion with such a person, more especially as your visit here is most unexpected. Go yourself, and ask the woman Nevis whether I have spoken the truth.'

'No,' replied Mr. Lovett, 'I shall not. My confidence in one who has been so true to me from the first shall not be thus shaken. You have spoken of my debt to you, and of my wife's debt to you. Believe me, Horace Blackley, there is a heavy debt you owe us both; and the day will come when that debt shall be paid in full. As a Christian, I can forgive personal injuries, however great; but, as a gentleman, I cannot pass over an imputation on my dear wife's honour. For that you will have to answer.'

Baffled of the revenge he would have satiated on the spot, Mr. Lovett turned on his heel, to the intense relief of Horace Blackley, who, as soon as he heard the hall-door slam, gave strict orders that that person was on no account to be re-admitted. Then he rejoined the Rural Dean, and his clerical guests, and openly lamented that his old friend Lovett was such a bad man of business. He averred that he was a heavy loser by his unjustifiable imprudence, and thereby contrived to secure the condolences of all.

Mr. Lovett, angry-headed, but heavy-hearted, stalked forth into darkness, resolved to push for the nearest railway-station, and to return to London by the night mail. He had already got as far as the end of the little village, when, as ill luck would have it, he espied a light in the cottage of Poacher Nevis.

Thought he: 'I am so convinced that I have heard a lie, that I have a great mind to refute it by this woman's witness. Let me only cross-question her, and I shall arrive at the truth. Then I will return to the Vicarage, and beard this slanderer before his guests.'

Perhaps, if he had not been over excited, he would have reflected that such a course was hardly fair to Adine. Make, however, what allowances you can for a brain over-wrought—for a soul ground down by adverse circumstance.

He had passed the cottage, but he turned back, and, with a loud rap, demanded admittance. The door was secured fast, for Mr. Nevis was engaged in the manufacture of certain snares, which would eventually yield a profit in the shape of so many hares, or in a loss of liberty—owing to the laws regarding game, which are still in force, and interfere uncomfortably with the romantic profession of a poacher.

'Be that you, Bill?' growled the old man, from the inside.

'It is Mr. Lovett,' responded that gentleman.

'Muster 'oo?'

Whereafter followed a considerable amount of whispering between father and daughter, who were clearly disagreed as to what course to adopt.

'Is it Mr. Lovick?' cried the woman, whose ears were sharper than her father's.

'Yes. I wish for a few words with *you*.'

In an instant the door was opened, and the bold-faced, bad woman faced him, smiling. She could not guess the purport of his visit; but it did so happen that she had often discussed with her father the propriety of extracting money out of Mrs. Lovett, by a threat of making mischief. They had had, however, no means of ascertaining her address. This important item might now be obtained from her husband.

'Hope you're well, sir, and the young missus; and where be you a-preaching of a Sunday now-a-days?' she exclaimed, all in a breath, as she offered him a seat, which he declined. The old poacher shuffled his wires into a canvas bag, keeping an uneasy eye on the clergyman, lest he should detect them.

'Thank you! thank you!' exclaimed Mr. Lovett, in a hurried, strange manner, which, with his flushed face, did not escape the keen eye of the woman Nevis. 'I believe you were formerly one of the chambermaids at the Langham Hotel, in London?'

'That I were, for three 'ears,' answered she, glibly enough.

'Mr. Blackley has just made a very strange and incredible assertion concerning my wife, and——

'Oh!' cried the woman, jumping hastily to a conclusion that money might be made by traducing Adine; 'so you've found 'er hout, and wants to know all about it?'

Mr. Lovett stared hard at the speaker, turned to the door, for support, and, with one deep groan, fell prone at her feet. She had dealt a blow heavier than her imagination could have conceived, for he lay like one dead, whilst the woman, stooping over him, rifled his pockets to her heart's content.

'Run to the vicarage, father!' she cried. 'Ax for the parson, but don't go for to tell no one of the neighbours.'

CHAPTER XXVII.

VICISSITUDES.

How detestably misfortunes dove-tail with each other! Scarce had Mr. Lovett left the wretched lodging in Kensington, on his ill-fated errand to Mr. Plumley, when down came sheriff's officers at the suit of Mr. Bulps, and swept away every article they could lay their unholy hands upon. Of course, as soon as the landlord (a drunken Irishman), discovered that his lodgers were in difficulties, he became so grossly insolent to Adine, that she literally fled out of his way, resolving, if possible, before night to establish herself in some other quarters.

The question was, how? Something less than one pound's worth of silver—all that her purse contained—would not even pay the rent due, and her husband, she now learnt by telegram, would not return to her until the day following. Tears, flow fast as they would, were neither relief nor aid. Hastily she put on her bonnet and mantle, resolving to borrow of Ralph, who, she felt sure, would act as a friend, although she could but own to herself, that he had behaved with most unaccountable rudeness in never vouchsafing a reply to her missive of peace.

At the door of Ralph's lodgings, in Westbourne Park Terrace, she encounted Captain Hawder.

'How d'ye do, Mrs. Lovett? Lovett quite well, I hope? Thank you, we are flourishing. Where are you located now?'

Poor Adine blushed for very confusion. She could but reply that they were not settled yet, but hoped sooner or later to go to Lingeville.

'Indeed,' cried Captain Hawder. 'You surprise me. Why I was told only yesterday, that Lovett has sold St. Mary's to McGrady, a man who used to be in our regiment, and has lately gone into the church.

Adine was genuinely surprised. She said simply that Mr. Lovett was out of town, and that she was therefore in ignorance of his business arrangements.

Captain Hawder perceiving that the subject was painful, and guessing that Mr. Lovett's affairs were complicated, immediately offered Adine luncheon by way of changing the subject. But the poor down-trodden soul could not bear the thought of meeting the quondam Miss Block, who as Mrs. Captain Hawder, had developed into a very grand lady, with her tear-stained cheeks, and half-broken heart. Prosperity would be sure to insult adversity by pity, if not by actual satire. She declared

she must just see Mr. Ralph for five minutes. and then go to the City, and to Westminster and to all sorts of places. In short, her apology was of the lamest.

'But,' interrupted Captain Hawder. "Mr. Ralph is now at the rehearsal of his grand performance.'

'Grand performance?'

'Yes, surely you have heard that he is to make his *debût* in "Elijah" to-morrow, at Exeter Hall?'

'No. This is news. I'm very glad indeed.'

'Would you like tickets? I have some to spare; the fact is, I took a dozen, and we only can use five. Please favour me by relieving me of three or four.' And he positively pressed them on her, so that she could hardly refuse, even had she been so disposed, which was not the case. An omnibus passing at that moment, she hastily accepted the profferred tickets, and took her place for the Strand, leaving the gallant captain not a little amazed that the quondam *belle* of Blankton should demean herself by riding in a vehicle so very unaristocratic.

She had heard that lodgings were to be had cheap in the neighbourhood of the Strand, and resolved to search that quarter of the town. Away lumbered the omnibus at the rate of two miles and a half per hour, affording her by its slow locomotion more than ample opportunity for reflections of a very sorrowful nature. She thought with pain of how suddenly and how awfully her life had changed from good to evil, of the desperate character of her husband's fortunes, of the separation probably for some considerable time, from their infant. She could but contrast the affluence of the Hawder's, and so many of her old acquaintances, with the miserable poverty which was the lot of herself and husband, and the only future for their little one—and as she thought thus sadly, the tears coursed down her cheeks, and the sobs could not be repressed.

She was beginning to feel very ashamed and horrified at this loss of self-control, when the 'bus stopped, and she perceived through her tears Farmer Roper stagger through the passengers to a seat right opposite to her.

There was no help for it, she could not refuse to recognise their old tenant and friend.

'What's the matter, ma'am, if I may make so bold as to hask?' he said.

'We are in trouble,' she half whispered.

'Parson beant ill, I hopes, nor the babbee?'

'No, no, Mr. Roper. It is not that.'

Very awkward did the good yeoman feel. He guessed quickly enough what was wrong, but with instinctive delicacy shrank from making enquiry. He begun instead to fumble strangely in his pockets, the result being the extraction of a large leathern purse.

'Lucky I met 'ee, ma'am, for I be indebted to thy master a small trifle, and I'd as lief pay up and a done with it.'

'I'm sure,' faltered Adine, 'the debt is on our side. You have lost, Mr. Roper, fearfully by us.'

'Not so sartain of that, Mrs. Lovick. The old farm—there—well, I loved the old farm; but ever since I been doing business in the corn-dealing line I've made moor in a month, than I should ha' made out of farming in a 'ear. I baint so sartain but it may be for the best.'

'Oh, Mr. Roper. I hope God will prosper you!'

'And you, too, ma'am, and the old parson, and if you'll both on you honour me with a call, my missis 'ull be allers glad to see 'ee at Clapham Rise. "Finstock Villa" they calls the 'ouse.' With which Mr. Roper put into Adine's hand two sovereigns and five shillings, being in fact nearly every coin in his purse.

'But,' she said, 'I don't understand—'

'It's all right, ma'am; if you gives it to Muster Lovick, and tells him it's on account of the small tithes of Mudflat, he'll comprehend. Good day to 'ee, Mrs. Lovick.' And the stalwart form of Farmer Roper suddenly disappeared from the omnibus, treading *en route* on the corns of all passengers, right and left.

After a vigorous search, Adine found a bedroom sufficiently clean for habitation, and being fairly weary she borrowed necessaries from the landlady, thereby saving herself the pain of returning to the abuse of the Kensington Irishman before that her husband should be able to protect her. Wearied out with such a day of woe, she was asleep before the sun, and awoke on the morning following with strength adequate for another of the battles of life.

Quite imagining that Mr. Lovett would run up to town by the first train, she was at the Kensington lodgings in good time, and, having disbursed Mr. Roper's two sovereigns to the ruffianly landlord, contrived to get her room for the nonce to herself. It was with a very tremulous heart that she awaited the arrival of her lord, for well she knew how cruelly he would feel the loss of their few household goods, and how bitterly he would appreciate the disgrace. She was employing the time in collecting the few articles of raiment left by the merciless vultures of law, when a loud rap at the door brought her heart into her mouth, and caused her to run hastily and eagerly to meet——

Not Theodore Lovett, but, with a very strange expression on his face, Horace Blackley.

He had come to London by the first train, with what motive the sequel will show.

'Where is my husband? How did you discover our address? What

can be the matter?' She looked very anxious, very careworn, as she greeted her unexpected visitor with these enquiries.

'I am not aware of anything being the matter,' returned Mr. Blackley, coolly enough. 'As for Lovett, he is at Mudflat, enjoying the charming society of Mr. and Miss Nevis.' And he positively grinned at her perplexed expression of countenance.

'I don't understand,' she faltered.

'Must I explain? Well, the fact is, that last night, in the middle of dinner, I was surprised by the honour of a visit from your husband. I observed that he was in a very excited frame of mind, and in fact he threatened me with personal violence. Subsequently, it appears, in consequence of a report which had reached him relative to a strange little episode in your life years ago, he proceeded to the residence of Miss Nevis, I conclude, to obtain such information as he might require.'

Adine hid her face in her hands. Could another misfortune be in store for her? Could it be that her love would listen to a gross perversion of facts by a low creature like Nevis, and believe such testimony against her? She could hardly believe it.

'This is an enigma,' she said after a pause. 'Perhaps you will condescend to explain?'

'Certainly, as far as my information will allow me. Mr. Lovett having heard for the first time of our excursion together from Brighton to London, would seem to have cherished an unworthy suspicion concerning yourself. With his usual wisdom and far-sightedness, by way of arriving at the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, he goes to a person who would tell any lie in the world for a bribe.'

She regarded him suspiciously. His constrained manner betokened some kind of *arrière pensée*.

'If such be the case, Mr. Blackley, you owe it to me as a matter of honour, no less than to yourself as a clergyman and a gentleman, to make the fullest explanations.'

'I have done so—that is, as far as he would listen to reason.'

'That cannot be, or he would dismiss all suspicion.' Adine spoke as one who had read her husband's heart, and Mr. Blackley for a second was posed by the very beauty of her simple trust.

'I have come,' he answered, 'as your friend. You should have told your husband the whole story long ago. After all, except the sin against Mrs. Grundy in a young lady accepting the escort of an unmarried gentleman, there was no great harm. Concealment, however, has given an ugly look to the story, and you will find that Lovett will be as incredulous of you as of me.'

She sighed. Perhaps but a little time ago her whole soul would have risen against this man, who had proved so thoroughly an enemy,

but as it was, the spirit within her was broken. She could find no words.

May I venture, Mrs. Lovett, to offer my advice?' He spoke in a very respectful quiet tone, as one who was really solicitous for her welfare.

She bowed coldly. Then as he was silent, she murmured 'Yes.'

'It is only advice, and you will rate it at its value; still, as your husband is evidently prejudiced, I think it is as well to offer it. I should, if I were you, take your stand on your own innocence. No husband has a right to listen to words disadvantageous to his wife.'

'Of course I shall,' she answered, simply; 'and I won't believe that my dear husband will discredit me.'

'I wish, for your sake, I could share that belief. Your husband is, as far as I know, at present at Mudflat. Why not leave this wretched place, and travel with me as far as Blankton? Mrs. Chowner will be delighted to offer you hospitality, and under her shelter you can brave the unjust wrath of a man whose mind has been poisoned against you. My purse shall be at your disposal, and——'

'Mr. Blackley,' replied Adine, rising, 'thank you for your offer, which, however, I must decline positively. I shall await my husband's return; and if you wish to do me a kindness, you will end this interview, for I do not think that he would wish it to have occurred.'

Mr. Blackley bit his lip. He was foiled.

'Besides which,' she continued, 'I cannot forget, Mr. Blackley, that you have hitherto acted towards us both in a very hostile spirit. It is owing to you that we have suffered many privations. You occupy our old home, and we are, through you, all but destitute. No; I am wrong to hold converse with you in the absence of my husband, and especially on the delicate subject you have mooted.'

'You should remember,' he replied angrily, 'that your husband is in my debt, and that if I abstain from asserting my rights it is solely on *your* account.'

But she fixed her eyes on the ground and refused to answer.

Dumbfoundered he gazed long on that beautiful face, which had been the dream of his young life. At length, actuated by a sudden impulse, strange but potent, he seized the white little hand which had fallen despairingly by her side, revealing by that one action the one motive which from first to last had been the mainspring of all his evil.

Like a victim in the grasp of a serpent she was struggling to wrench herself from his grasp, when suddenly the door opened, and Theodore Lovett, leaning on a thick ashen stick—he had bruised his knee on the stone floor of Nevis' cottage—limped in.

With streaming eyes his wife rushed to his bosom. 'This fellow, she cried, 'has insulted me.'

In a trice the villain was in the grasp of the angry man; fast and strong the blows of the ashen stick descended upon him, so fiercely, too, that Adine begged her husband to desist.

'He is your enemy,' she said; 'he will injure you.'

But in spite of her remonstrances the powerful arm continued to rain punishment till Horace Blackley cried aloud for mercy, whilst his limbs writhed in terrible agony.

[*To be continued.*]

GARDEN POEMS.[1]

BY PROFESSOR DOWDEN.

I.—THE GARDEN.

ON the town's edge there is a garden full
Of loneness and old greenery; at noon,
When birds are hush'd save one dim cushat's croon,
A ripen'd silence hangs beneath the cool
Great branches; basking roses dream, and drop
A petal, and dream still; and summer's boon
Of mellow grasses, to be levell'd soon
By a dew-drench'd scythe, will hardly stop
At the uprunning mounds of chesnut trees.
This garden next my heart I bear by day,
And know all night in dusky placidness
It lies beneath the summer, while great ease
Broods in the leaves, and every light wind's stress
Lifts some faint odour down a verdurous way.

II.—VISIONS.

HERE I am, slave of visions. When noon heat
Strikes the red walls, and their environ'd air
Lies steep'd in sun; when not a creature dare
Affront the fervour, from my dim retreat
Where is cool shadow, and a beechen seat,
With chin on palm, and wide-set eyes I stare,
Beyond the liquid quiver and the glare,
Upon fair shapes that move on silent feet.

[1] Two of these poems do not agree in the number of rhymes with the regular form of the sonnet. They were written a good while since, before I felt, as strongly as I now feel, that the regular recurrence of the rhymes is one special source of the peculiar charm of the sonnet.—E. D.

Those three strait-robed, and speechless as they pass,
Come often, touch the lute, nor heed me more
Than birds or shadows do: that naked child
Is surely Psyche slumbering in deep grass;
And here, ill chance! in leaps the sylvan wild
Munching a russet apple to the core.

III.—THE BIRD.

'THAT was the thrush's last good night,' I said,
And heard the soft descent of summer rain
In the drooped garden leaves; but, hush! again
The perfect iterance, unsolicited.
Freelier have never woodland breezes shed
Their viewless gifts; yet seems the lavish'd strain
To poise, self-charm'd as chaliced waters, fain
Ever to circle in one dusk well-head.
Full-throated singer! art thou thus anew
Voiceful to hear how round thyself alone
The enriched silence drops for thy delight,
More soft than snow, more sweet than honey-dew?
Now cease; the last, faint, western streak is gone;
Stir not the blissful quiet of the night.

IV.—A PEACH.

IF touch of sense in mortal dust remains
When mine has been refined from flower to flower,
Won from the sun all colours, drunk the shower
And delicate winy dews, and gained the gains
Which elves who sleep in airy bells, a-swing
Through half a summer day, for love bestow;
Then in some warm old garden let me grow
To such a perfect, lush, ambrosian thing
As this. Upon a southward-looking wall
Basking, I feel my juices dimly fed
And mellowing, while my bloom comes golden-gray.
Keep the wasps from me! but before I fall
Pluck me white fingers, and o'er two ripe-red
Girl's-lips, O let me richly swoon away!

V.—EARLY AUTUMN.

If as I sit here now in the warm sun,
Death came to me, and kiss'd my mouth and brow,
And eyelids, which the warm light hovers through,
I should not count it strange. Being half won
By hours that with a tender sadness run;
Who would not softly lean to lips which woo
In the earth's grave speech? Nor could it aught undo
Of Nature's calm observances begun,
Still to be here the idle Autumn day.
Its leaves would circle down, and lie unstirr'd
Where'er they fell; the tired wind hither call
Her gentle fellows; shining beetles play
Up their green courts; and only yon shy bird
A little bolder grow ere evenfall.

VI.—A MORNING OF LATER AUTUMN.

This is the year's despair: some wind, last night,
Utter'd too soon the irrevocable word,
And the leaves heard it, and the low clouds heard;
So a wan morning dawn'd, of sterile light,
The few flowers hid their faces out of sight,
The cattle drowsed, and one disconsolate bird
Chirp'd a weak note; last came this mist, and blurr'd
The hills, and fed upon the fields like blight.
Ah! why so swift despair! There yet will be
Warm noons, the honey'd leavings of the year—
Hours of rich musing, ripest Autumn's core,
And late-heap'd fruit, and falling hedge-berry—
Blossoms in cottage crofts, and yet, once more,
A song not less than June's, fervent and clear.

The Training of the British Officer.

By MAJOR KNOLLYS.

Few subjects are at the present moment more deserving of consideration than the training of the officers of the army. We have in the art of war entered on a new era. More fortunate than many nations, we have been taught the necessity of totally recasting our military system by the experience of others instead of by our own misfortunes. That a total reorganisation of our army is absolutely necessary, is admitted by all well-informed and dispassionate persons. Up to the present moment, however, little beyond preparatory disorganisation has taken place. There is, however, in this state of things one important advantage, namely, that the ground is tolerably clear for the operations of the organiser, who is, moreover, almost uncommitted to any definite course of action. It would be difficult to point out in any army at any period, a braver, more honorable, more manly, more upright, and more devoted set of officers, than those who have so often led British troops to victory. These qualities have not, however, been properly directed, and moreover under the changed conditions of modern warfare, something more than the qualities named are required. We have passed out of the era of vast human machines, and must in all future campaigns rely in great measure on the trained intelligence of individuals, and the skilful independent action of comparatively subordinate officers. Unfortunately, few of our officers, whatever may be their rank, have received such a professional education as to render it prudent to rely on their independent action. Lord Strathnairn, one of the best generals in the British army, has publicly asserted in the House of Lords that the large majority of our officers are entirely ignorant of the application of drill to tactics, and that though they execute manœuvres with precision, they do so without a due conception of their meaning, or appreciation of their

probable consequences. As to what may be termed military accomplishments, such as field engineering, military topography, military history, geography, organisation and administration, few, save those who have passed through Sandhurst or the Staff College, have any acquaintance with them at all. Indeed, the Sandhurst cadets possess rather a theoretical and superficial than a practical knowledge of these important subjects. As to the graduates of the Staff College, their knowledge, though till recently the course was somewhat theoretical, is more complete than that of most other officers in the army. As regards the Staff College, we may here observe that since Colonel Hamley's appointment to the post of commandant, a considerable improvement has taken place, and the course of instruction is now thoroughly practical. In making the above remarks, we do not refer to the Royal Engineers, who have drunk science to the very dregs, but suffer under the disadvantage of being wanting in practical experience. In short, the Royal Engineers possess science without practice, while the line possess experience without science. The Royal Artillery to a certain extent combine science with practice, but are yet for the most part unable to apply the one to the other. To prevent an undue and unnameable extension of the consideration of the subject, we shall confine ourselves to the infantry and cavalry of the army alone. Of course the foundation of all training for officers is a good general education, and we are compelled to confess that, though during the last few years there has been a slight improvement, yet what may be termed the general education of officers is by no means what it should be. Indeed, the general education of the officer is below the average of the general education of members of the learned professions, of that of the civil servants of government, and of most commercial men. As to any comparison of the officers of the navy with officers of the army, in the matter of general education, it is quite out of the question. This is a humiliating and painful confession to make, but he is no real friend to the army who would seek to disguise the truth at such a critical moment in our military history. If we compare the educational attainments of the candidates for a commission in the British with those in the Prussian Army, the sense of humiliation becomes even greater. We do not hesitate to assert that not one in twenty of our young officers could pass the examinations which are required from every one in Prussia, before a commission can be obtained. These examinations are two in number, one being in general, the other, in military subjects. The general examination is one of considerable severity and comprises the following subjects :—

1. German, including some knowledge of German literature.
2. Latin, written translations from prose authors, such as Cæsar and Livy, into German.

3. French ; translation from French into German, and *vice versâ*.
4. Mathematics, comprising :—
   a. Arithmetic, up to compound proportion and partnership.
   b. Algebra, including quadrated equators, logarithmic equators, and arithmetical and geometrical progression.
   c. Geometry ; elementary plane geometry ; application of algebra to geometry.
   d. Plane trigometry.
5. Geography ; general principles of mathematical and physical geography ; drawing from memory the more important countries ; detailed knowledge of the political geography and statistics of European states ; general outline of the political geography of the more important states out of Europe.
6. History, ancient and modern ; special knowledge of the history of Greece, Rome, Germany, and Prussia, including military and constitutional history of Prussia.
7. Drawing ; freehand and geometrical drawing, and some proficiency in the conventional signs of topography, and in hill sketching.

This examination lasts six days, and is partly on paper, partly *viva voce*. To pass, a candidate must obtain at present half the maximum aggregate of marks. There is no minimum in any subject except in German, in which half marks must be obtained. It will be observed that this examination is, with a slight exception as respects history and drawing, entirely on general subjects. This general examination may be passed either before or after entering the service, practically it is usually passed before admission to the army. It may be as well to give a brief outline of the manner in which commissions are obtained. About fifty cadets annually, from the highest class of the Berlin Cadet House receive their commissions direct. These, however, pass the general examination during the course, and the special military examination at its close. About twenty, who go through the extra year's course at the Cadet House, but who, have not reached the age of seventeen, either who are of weakly constitution, below the standard of height, or whose conduct has not been quite satisfactory, enter the army as ensigns—the grade of ensign being intermediate between that of sergeant and that of officer—and after six months' service obtain commissions without any further examination, provided that they are approved of by the officers of the regiment. As to the remaining commissions, they are obtained as follows. A young man wishing to become an officer, obtains a nomination from the colonel of a regiment. He then enters the army as a private, but with a recognition of the fact that he is a candidate for a commission, and with the title of 'avantageur.' As we have said above, he generally passes the general examination before

becoming an avantageur; but he may pass it after admission to the service. If he is in possession of the Arbiturienten Certificate of a Gymnasium or Real Schule, he is exempted from passing the examination in question. The same exemption prevails in the case of those who have been a year at a University. Those who have passed through the ordinary course at the Berlin Cadet House pass the general examination before quitting that establishment. These latter require no nomination from the colonel of a regiment. Returning, however, to the most numerous body—namely, that which consists of ordinary avantageurs, having passed the general examination and performed six months' service. During their service as avantageurs they perform the actual duties of privates, mounting guard; and in the cavalry, cleaning their horses. When off duty, however, they are treated by the officers almost as equals. In some regiments they even mess with the officers. At the termination of six months' service, the avantageur is qualified—provided that he has passed the general examination—for promotion to the rank of ensign; but as it is necessary to wait for a vacancy, he seldom obtains that rank in less than a year's time after joining. The avantageur, before being considered qualified for a commission, must pass the second, or officer's examination. As a rule, every avantageur must prepare for this examination at a War School; the only exceptions being made in favour of those who have gone through the advanced course at the Berlin Cadet House; of young men who have studied for a year at a University, before entering the army; and of Landwehr officers transferred to the Line. These War Schools are six in number, and the course occupies ten months. The subjects of instruction and examination are tactics, science of arms, fortification, surveying, knowledge of military duty, military drawing. The minimum is a general average of five marks out of nine. After passing this examination the ensign returns to his regiment, and waits for a vacancy in the commissioned ranks. Before, however, he can receive a commission, a majority of his future comrades must state that they deem him worthy to become one of them.

Thus it will be seen that from every Prussian officer—with the exception of about fifty annually from the Berlin Cadet School, who obtain their commission direct—three qualifications are required, viz., a good general education, a special military education, and a certain actual amount of service in the ranks. The combination seems to us most judicious, and secures not only a supply of men not only possessed of general mental culture, but also able at once to enter on their duties as officers. Surely in this matter we cannot do better than with certain modifications to follow the example of Prussia. Before, however, entering on a consideration of the advisability of so doing,

let us first endeavour to look a little forward, with a view to discover whether any great change is likely to take place in the description of candidates for commissions in the British army. We do not ourselves believe that the change is likely to be so great as some people imagine. We are convinced that almost the same classes who now furnish us with officers will continue to do so, notwithstanding any raising of the standard of qualification, the substitution of real for sham examinations for promotion, and a considerable increase of work. It is quite certain that henceforth the army will no longer be an easy, fashionable, lounging occupation, but a genuine hardworking profession. Probably, therefore, many of the rich and well-born young men who now enter the service merely with a view to passing in it a few years which they otherwise would not know how to dispose of, and quit it on the slightest excuse, will no longer care to obtain commissions. Many sons of wealthy commercial men, whose money has hitherto enabled them to gain rapid promotion, and have no real love for the profession, to which, as to a good club, they seek admission on account of the social status and introduction into society to be thus attained, will probably consider the price to be paid for these advantages too high. On the other hand, many sons of poor officers and clergymen, and of country gentlemen of moderate estate, who can afford to give their sons a small allowance but not to sink thousands in promotion, will hasten eagerly to embark them in a career which, from financial reasons alone, has been hitherto denied to them. The best of our aristocracy and squirearchy will, judging from the social position of naval officers, continue to seek admission into the army. Thus there will be scarcely any lowering of the social status of the military officers of the future; and what little change there will be, will be one for the better, for we shall only lose the *roturiers*, and the froth of the aristocracy, titled and untitled; while, on the other hand, we shall gain many men of gentle birth and education, who have been hitherto too poor to indulge in the luxury of serving the Crown in a military capacity. As to the non-commissioned officers, we doubt whether many more of these will obtain commissions than formerly, notwithstanding all the predictions to the contrary which have been so freely made. It is true that the abolition of purchase has removed one great obstacle; but, on the other hand, the pay remains as insufficient as ever—insufficient, at all events, everywhere save in India; and the educational requirements will interpose even more serious obtacles than purchases. It would be manifestly unwise and unfair to dispense in the case of non-commissioned officers, a qualifying examination on the bestowal of the first commission; but even if that privilege were accorded, the examination for promotion—an examination which will have a tendency to become daily more severe—can never be dispensed with;

save, perhaps, on active service. In reply to this, it probably will be said that, in future, the hope of obtaining a commission will attract a large number of young men belonging to the lower middle class. This we doubt; for well-educated, superior youths, of this rank in life, are precisely those in whom military ardour is most rare, and they would be much more likely to adopt a career which would bring in a better financial return than the army could bestow, even after a commission had been won by several years' good service in the ranks. Trade would be far more profitable to such men than soldiering, and the prizes of the former more immediate, less painful of attainment, and in every way more attractive than those of the latter. If, however, there be an earnest desire on the part of the authorities to bestow commissions on non-commissioned officers with a more liberal hand than hitherto, it will be necessary, in the first place, that either the pay of junior officers should be raised, or their necessary expenses reduced; and, in the second place, that means of education far superior to any they now possess, should be afforded them. Practically, however, we may—for the present, at all events—virtually dismiss promotion from the ranks from our minds. The question is, will officers such as we anticipate we shall obtain, be obtainable, if the standard of education, both general and professional, be raised? We have too high an opinion of the British gentleman to answer otherwise than in the affirmative; and had we any doubts, we could point to the navy as a case in point. The competition among gentlemen for positions suited to their rank is becoming daily more keen; and, in the case of the army, the prizes will be of sufficient number and value to fully reward the moderate amount of study and attention required to make a good regimental officer. We, therefore, confidently anticipate that if we do not ride the hobby too hard; if we carefully avoid that obstacle to all practical efficiency—theoretical competition; we shall, ere long, find commissions held by the very flower of our aristocracy and gentry; who, while perhaps less immersed in philosophy than Prussian officers, will be quite their equals, as regards physical and moral qualifications, and will combine a fair amount of general culture with a thoroughly practical knowledge of their profession.

In considering what course should be adopted to attain so desirable a result, we must first consider what is our precise aim; secondly, how we should seek to gain it; and here again we may learn a useful lesson from the Prussians. Our precise aim is, as we have already stated, to secure in our officers a combination of fair general culture with a practical acquaintance with all the duties which a regimental officer may at any time, and under any circumstances, be called upon to perform. Let us deal with the former first. In Prussia, the military authorities seek to raise the standard of general education by gradually increasing the

severity of the examinations to which candidates for commissions are subjected. We have hitherto adopted a course the exact reverse of this, and consider that the military education department should not exact more from candidates than an amount of knowledge not much inferior to that possessed by the average of civilians. The Prussians assume a standard for officers, and hope to raise the standard of civilians to it. We are contented to raise the military to an approximation with the civil standard. General Von Holleben, President of the Supreme Military Examination Commission in Prussia, gave the following advice to the commissioners who were in 1856 deputed to investigate the system of military education for France and Prussia. He recommended that in introducing a system of examination into an army that at first a low standard should be adopted, but that it should be gradually raised, being of opinion that if such a plan were adopted, civil education would in time adapt itself to the demands of military education. This seems to us thoroughly sound advice, within certain limits, but we should take care not to carry the principle too far, or we might find that our officers were rather bookworms than soldiers. We must remember, also, that in England military service is unfortunately at present voluntary, whereas in Prussia every man must serve, either in the ranks, or as an officer, and consequently the government can raise the standard of education to an extent, that, even if desirable, would be impracticable with us. Much, however, might be done to raise the standard of the general education of our candidates for commissions, and we can see no reason why the military officer should not, on the whole, be as well educated as the embryo physician, surgeon, clergyman, and lawyer. It would not, perhaps, be wise to exact quite as much knowledge of either classics or mathematics as is required from the members of the learned professions for a soldier; modern are more useful than dead languages, and many a clever fellow is quite incapable of mastering the science of mathematics. In compensation, however, we should require thorough knowledge of one foreign language, a fair knowledge of ancient and modern history, especially of English history, and a complete acquaintance with geography, including an acquaintance with the climate, mode of government, resources, products, modes of transport, rivers, mountains, and populations of the principal countries of the world. As regards mathematics, we consider that the elements of geometry and trigonometry would suffice. Indeed, the general examination which a Prussian has to undergo before commencing the military course might be adopted entire, with the exception of the mathematical examination, which is, we think, higher than is required for an ordinary regimental officer. We would particularly draw attention to the advisability of allowing candidates to select the modern language in which they are to be examined. There will be

always a large number of officers in every regiment acquainted with French, and a few possessing, more or less knowledge of German; but it is comparatively rare to find anyone acquainted with Spanish, Italian, modern Greek, Russian, Danish, Swedish, Arabic, Turkish, or Persian. Were the plan we suggest adopted, we should experience no difficulty in finding officers able to communicate with the inhabitants of any country which might be the theatre of a campaign. The question, then arises, when should the examination in general education take place, and is there to be one and a final examination, or several successive examinations. There can be no hesitation in replying that, except in the case of promotion from the ranks, there should be only one examination, and that it should take place before entering the army. We now come to the special or military examination, and first, as to its nature and severity. Considerable confusion seems to exist at present on this point, and an endeavour appears to have been made to inflict on officers, the large majority of whom will never do other than regimental duty, the education of staff officers. Our object should not be to make them either engineer or staff officers, but to teach them how to throw up simple field works, to defend and attack posts, to cross a small body of men over narrow streams, to make a sketch of the ground occupied by a battalion, or a skeleton sketch of a road, and, above all, to apply drill to tactics. Of course a knowledge of military law is very properly included in the present course, but it is in such a disgraceful state of confusion and obscurity that it is a positive cruelty to expect officers to master the subject. Indeed, all our regulations, warrants, and circulars, together with the Military and Enlistment Acts, and the Articles of War, should be simplified and condensed. To return to our subject, we should like to see the fortification course a little simplified, much of the surveying course altogether eliminated, and instruction in minor tactics, and the application of drill to them, added. Strategy is the province of the general and principal staff officers, but every officer should be acquainted with tactics, so that he may know the object of the drill, which is at present such blind mechanical and uninteresting work. The next point to be considered is, when should this special professional instruction be imparted? before or after entering the army? Now, we think that there can scarcely be any doubt but that every officer, as soon as he receives a commission, should be able to perform the duties attached to it, otherwise a regiment is only nominally complete in officers, when there are no vacancies in the army list. On the other hand, it is absurd to teach the science of war to one who is ignorant of its very elements. Hence it follows that there should be an intermediate stage between admission into the service and the grant of a commission. It does not, however, follow that all military colleges should be abolished. These institutions afford a good education

at a moderate cost to the sons of poor officers, who have few enough privileges as it is, and, moreover, inculcate those habits of discipline which cannot be easily acquired, save by the very young. We should not, however, like to see all officers of the army pass through a military college, for the tendency of such an institution is, as has been found in Prussia, to narrow the mind, and confine it to a mere military groove. A certain leaven of militarily educated youths would, however, be rather beneficial than otherwise, provided the system of education were recast. Before, however, pursuing this subject further, we purpose to shadow forth what, in our opinion, would be a judicious system to adopt with regard to the majority of candidates. Our position is, that before a candidate receives a commission he should be compelled to prove that he has received a good general education, that he has acquired a practical knowledge of a soldier's duty, and that he possesses a thorough acquaintance with the elements of the art of war.

The first, *i.e.*, the general education, might be tested by an examination before the civil service commissioners before admission to the service. As to the second, we would render it obligatory on every candidate to do duty in the ranks for at least eight months. Of this period, the first three months at least would be taken up in learning drill, during which time he might hold the rank of lance corporal, When dismissed drill he should receive the rank of corporal, and perform all the duties appertaining thereto. At the expiration of two months he should, if qualified, be promoted to sergeant, which rank he should hold at least three months, being employed in all a sergeant's duties, such as the command of a guard, orderly duty, &c. He should also drill a squad of recruits, and assist the pay-sergeant in his accounts, making out returns, &c. At the end of that time he should undergo a strict practical examination to test his knowledge of drill, the interior economy of a company, and the routine of a regiment; and should further be examined in the theory of musketry. If he successfully passed this ordeal, he should then receive the *warrant* of ensign, and be sent to join a war school, at which he should remain for at least nine months. At the war school, where not less than 200 pupils should be assembled at one time, he should receive instruction in riding, fencing, swimming, and gymnastics; and be practised in sword and bayonet contests. He should further be instructed in the application of drill to tactics, in the minor operations of war, in military law, administration, and organization, in the regulations and customs of the service, in military correspondence, in simple field-engineering, both practically and theoretically, and in the elements of military topography. At the same time, drill should take place daily, not alone the mechanical drill of the barrack yard, but drill with an object and a meaning, instruction being always preceded by a lecture illustrated by tactical blocks.

At these drills each ensign should in turn perform the different duties of subaltern, captain, adjutant, major, and colonel. On the conclusion of the course an independent examination should be held, and those who passed should be sent back to their regiments, still holding the warrant of ensign, but performing the duties of subaltern until the occurrence of a vacancy. Competition, that fruitful source of cramming and of devoting to mere facts the time more profitably employed in mastering principles, should be religiously eschewed. Those pupils, however, who displayed marked excellence might be allowed to select the regiment in which they might, on reflection, prefer to obtain commissions. To revert to the military colleges, we would pursue with the pupils educated there almost the same system as that which we have above described. The pupils should be admissible, on passing a qualifying examination, between the ages of fourteen and sixteen. The course should last from three to four years, and save during the last year, the instruction should be altogether general, partly special. The last year should be entirely spent in receiving special instruction which should comprise drill, including the bayonet and sword exercise, and musketry instruction, riding, swimming and gymnastics, and military regulations. During the whole course, however, the system should be entirely military, as regards discipline, and the practice of such an amount of drill as would enable the pupils to fall in, on, and march off from, parade. There would be a very great advantage in one part of the system, which is, that the riding master would be able to discover who were likely to make good cavalry officers. These might, if they wished it, be allowed to select that branch of the service. At the end of the course the general examination should take place, and the successful pupils should then be distributed among regiments with the rank of corporal, and the privilege, if qualified, of joining a war school after a minimum of only four instead of eight months' service in the ranks. All cadets, as they might be termed after joining regiments, should receive the pay of their rank as private or non-commissioned officers, the ensign receiving, after his departure from the war school, the usual fivepence or threepence a day of that grade. The cadets might be allowed, according to the discretion of the commanding officer, to mess together or with the officers, and three or four of them should occupy one room, with the privilege of employing a soldier servant for every half dozen. The servant, however, should not be allowed to clean the cadet's uniform, arms, and accoutrements, unless they had attained the rank of sergeant. That such a system is capable of application has been proved by the experience of Prussia, where class separation is far greater than in England.

It would be a little strange to our habits at first, but the strangeness would soon wear off; and after all it is not very unlike the old Penin-

sular system of attaching gentlemen to regiments as private volunteers till they won a commission. We should undoubtedly thus secure the three great requisites of, a good general education, practical experience, and a thorough knowledge of the elements of the art of war. The first examination, or that in general subjects, would prevent the admission of any but those who had a *prima facie* right to a commission, and a further safeguard might be secured by requiring the commanding officer to report before despatching the cadet to the war school, that in manners, temper, and disposition, he was calculated to fill the position of officer with credit to himself and the corps. As regards non-commissioned officers promoted from the ranks, they should be required as a first condition to pass the general examination, on which they should receive the warrant of ensign, and be despatched to a war school, and go through the same course as the cadets. The great advantage of such a system would be that every regiment would always be complete in thoroughly efficient officers; whereas at present, in every corps there is an average, even in peace time, of three or four, who are not capable of performing the functions attached to their commissions. In war time, when there is an augmentation, and numerous vacancies occur, matters are of course far worse. Were the system introduced, the war must be very long and sanguinary, during the whole of which, we should not have an ample supply of young men qualified at once to enter on their duties as officers.

In the above we have not touched on the question of the best training for the artillery and engineers. These corps are special, and a special and exceptional system must be applied to them.

With regard to the training of officers after they receive their first commissions, there is little to be said. Experience superadded to their previous theoretical teaching, is the best training they can have. At the same time, and though we consider that the officer and the schoolboy should not be united as one person, and that some term should be fixed at which regular education should cease, we would, notwithstanding, encourage, as far as possible, attendance on lectures on the higher branches of military law, administration, and organisation, and on fortifications and military history. Indeed, a certain amount of proficiency should be required as a condition of promotion, but attendance at lectures should be optional not compulsory. The great point is to ensure that officers are fit to perform the ordinary duties of regimental officers, from the moment they receive their commissions. The fear of being passed over in promotion, the desire of distinction, and the love of their profession and professional studies, will suffice to do the rest.

Revival of the Faculties at Oxford.

By Thomas Arnold.

PART I.

If there is one thing on which the Liberal party of the present generation more especially pride themselves, it is their achievements in the direction of what they are pleased to call University Reform. Twenty years ago the scholarships of Queen's, or Exeter, or Lincoln, or Jesus, were held by students from the northern counties, or from Devonshire, or from the diocese of Lincoln, or from Wales, for whose benefit the founders and benefactors of those colleges—with a stupid provincial bias, which your cosmopolitan, whose family comes from Scotland or from nowhere in particular, cannot sufficiently ridicule and condemn—originally established them. In the old days a Beveridge, or a Whewell, or a Musgrave, though from his parents' poverty he might have had no better teaching than the school of his native town could afford him, yet through the provident care of some townsman, or inhabitant of the same county, in times long past, might hope, in a competition limited to candidates similarly circumstanced to himself, to obtain in a scholarship a maintenance at the university, and therewith the necessary starting-point for an active and distinguished career. All this is now changed. Scotchmen were never famous for founding scholarships, but they are remarkably fond of holding them, and to do them justice, their natural sagacity, aided by a sound system of popular education, makes them always likely winners in a field where the competition is open. They, together with the multitude of persons that have no particular local ties—people of foreign extraction, or born in the colonies, or on the high seas, or in the metropolis—have succeeded in throwing open by far the greater number of the collegiate endowments originally confined to certain schools or localities. We do not deny that the change has been partly advantageous; a higher average intelligence distinguishes

the scholars of the present day, as compared with those of twenty years ago, and a certain number of respectable drones and mediocrities has been got rid of. But we doubt whether the loss, under the new system, of the occasional poor man of genius, does not more than outweigh the gain of a higher average of clever scholars; and one well-known and scandalous result of the change of system, that it tends more and more to accumulate endowments in the hands of the sons of rich men, since they only can command that expensive kind of previous training which tells in a public competition, seems to us to involve a misappropriation of funds far more serious than any which could be charged against the older system.

At least, however, it will be urged, that portion of the plan of university reform inaugurated by the Commission of 1854, which increases the number of thoroughly open fellowships, removing, or postponing to a later date, the previous obligation of taking orders, must be admitted to have been an unmixed improvement. Unfortunately, when we consider for what ends fellowships were originally founded, and for the sake of which they still, in theory, subsist, we cannot admit even this. That a number of brilliant young fellows, who twenty years ago must have taken orders shortly after attaining the golden prize, or else resigned their fellowships, are now at liberty to employ the bountiful provision of founders in supporting them during their early struggle at the bar, or while writing for the press, or in an amusing and exciting course of foreign travel, may be a subject of unfeigned satisfaction to themselves and their relatives, but can be of no real benefit to the university, or to the country at large. We ask for scholarly eminence or literary distinction, and we are presented with a successful *début* at the Old Bailey or the Chancery bar. We desiderate deep erudition, and are told to admire those eloquent leaders in the 'Daily Trumpeter.' We call for scientific analysis, for profound research into the causes and conditions of phenomena, and from his fools' paradise on the top of Mont Blanc or the Devil's Peak, the first-class-man and fellow of his college, radiant and self-satisfied, invites us to marvel at his athletic performances.[1]

The third great change which has been effected at Oxford of late years is one which we are by no means disposed to cavil at; it is a real reform as far as it goes. We refer of course to the institution of new schools, one for Law and Modern History, the other for Physical Science. A fifth, the Theological school, was added in 1869. These new schools

[1] It is at the same time true, and we gladly record the fact, that a small proportion of the fellows affected by the change in the statutes does remain in residence and devote itself zealously to study. But the want of organisation, and still more the condition of celibacy annexed to fellowships, as will be hereafter explained, prevents us from attaching very much weight to this hopeful feature.

have certainly diminished idleness, and provided many undergraduates who would otherwise have profited little by the university course with studies suitable to their bent. Nevertheless, a radical defect in the constitution of these schools—namely, that they were founded and exist more with a view to examination and competition than for the promotion of learning and science as such—has undeniably rendered them unfruitful in results. The school of Law and Modern History has been in operation for fifteen years; it has turned out in that time hundreds of first-class men; yet will any one venture to say that there is at Oxford, at this moment, a real historical school—that is, a body of historical thinkers and labourers such as every great German university possesses, continually attacking new problems, evolving new views, rising to new generalisations? It is well known that this is not the case; and we hope, before we conclude, to suggest an adequate explanation of the causes of this unfruitfulness, and to point the way to the only sure remedy.

With regard to the measures taken by the Commission for improving the constitution of the university, the same remark holds good as in the case of the new examination schools; whatever else they may facilitate and promote, they do not promote learning and science. The Hebdomadal Council is a better representative of the wishes and opinions of the entire university than the old Hebdomadal Board; and Congregation is a less unwieldly assembly than the old Convocation. Oxford is admirably organised for returning members to Parliament, or for managing its coporate property, or for passing High Church, or Low Church, or Broad Church resolutions, or for debating about athletic sports, or, in short, for any objects in which a mixed body of more or less cultivated gentlemen can feel a common interest. But if the object be to discover how classical, or philosophical, or legal, or medical studies can best be promoted in the university, and, when the discovery has been made, to take the necessary measures, then it is difficult to conceive any bodies more eminently unfit for such functions than Council and Congregation. That very mixed and parti-coloured character which constitutes their political and administrative, destroys their educational and intellectual efficiency. What likelihood is there of a rational and useful discussion in a mixed assembly of a hundred and fifty persons, mostly clergymen, of such questions as these; whether there ought to be a chair of Methodology, or of Pathology, or of Criminal Law and Procedure? whether the study of English literature ought not to be more encouraged than it is? in what proportions these and other subjects ought to enter into the academical course of students in the different faculties? About such matters as these, Congregation never troubles itself; and rightly so, for it is totally incompetent to discuss them. Such questions fall naturally under the

cognisance of the councils of the faculties of Arts (Philosophy and Letters), Medicine, and Law, on the old and sound principle, *cuique in sua arte credendum*. But no such bodies exist in Oxford? True, but they exist in every university in the world except Oxford and Cambridge. If they do not exist in Oxford, may there not be some connection between the fact and our notorious deficiency in profound learning and science? We hope to carry the reader some way with us by answering the question in the affirmative.

As to the latest measure of University reform, the abolition of tests, it is a matter which, relatively to the great interests at stake, is so infinitely petty, that we care not to discuss it here. That the M.A. degree ought to be entirely dissociated from any religious profession is a proposition about which men of sense have long been agreed, and one which, but for a series of parliamentary mishaps, would have before now been realised in fact at Oxford, as it has been at Cambridge. With regard to the admission of Dissenters to fellowships, it is a matter complicated with questions of property, wills of founders, and so forth, and not quite so clear as people generally imagine; still, if the State (which, as we shall presently show, is of right the supreme controller of the higher education) deems it expedient to extend the benefit of the endowments to Dissenters, it is unquestionably within its province to do so. Our business is with learning and science, and from that point of view, the election of a few Nonconformist fellows, more-or less, is a matter of no consequence. The higher culture is at a still lower ebb among the Dissenters generally than it is among Churchmen; and if admitted into the common rooms of our colleges they will receive more of it than they will impart.

We have now described all the more important changes that have been brought about at Oxford since the great impulse given by the University Commission of 1852. Nor is it our intention to decry them or underrate their value. That they have been commercially, and, so to speak, exoterically successful, is proved by the large increase in the numbers of the undergraduate body which the last ten years have witnessed. We have also admitted the beneficial effect which they have had in encouraging industry among the young men. But a university exists for something more than providing an agreeable social rendezvous for a thousand or two thousand undergraduates, who, while subjected to as much discipline as they will stand, may be taught as much in the way of liberal knowledge as they will take in. A university exists for training those capable of profiting by the higher education to perform all the works of life in the most perfect manner; and therefore, to fulfil this purpose, it must be a seat of the soundest learning and the most advanced science; otherwise its students will not be

trained to perform the works of life in the most perfect, but only in an inferior and second-rate manner. Now Oxford is unquestionably *not* a seat of the highest learning—a school of the most advanced science. It seems invidious to say much on this point, and there is a danger of being unjust to individuals; yet all Englishmen of enlarged and impartial conceptions, as well as foreigners, know that it is unhappily true. With the exception of the one great name of Newman, Oxford has trained no living theologian whose name is a passport to European respect. She has no school of scientific theology—no names to place beside those of Dorner, Döllinger, Nitzsch, and Tholuck. As to law, she has two or three able professors in certain branches, and too much praise cannot be given to the recent appointment to the chair of jurisprudence; but, since the faculty is itself totally dismantled, it is superfluous to say that Oxford has no school of law, and that, in the proper sense of the term, law is not studied there. With respect to medicine, the case is still worse. The University of Dublin has a medical school of no small celebrity; so has the University of Edinburgh; the faculties of medicine at Göttingen, Wurzburg, and Prague, are all so many centres of light and movement for medical science in Germany; Oxford, to her own shame, and that of the nation, has, practically, no medical school at all. Our able Regius Professor—the very Atlas of medicine—has to bear the weight, such is the dislocated condition of the faculty, of three different chairs upon his shoulders; but he would be the first to admit that Oxford, so far as medicine is concerned, is, in sad truth, a 'silent sister' among those eloquent interpreters of nature and experience, the medical schools of the universities of Europe. In classical criticism and philology, in philosophy, and in history, scarcely any work of recognised authority—recognised, we mean, outside of England—has come forth from Oxford during the last twenty years. She has produced no scholars fit to take rank with Lachmann or Klotz; no philologers of a corresponding order of learning and intelligence to Ebel, Max Müller, or Curtius. One excellent lexicon, and a Latin dictionary of less, but considerable, merit, are the chief philological performances to which she can point. In history her shortcomings are less signal; yet even here she lags behind the demands of science; she has yet to produce her Mommsen and her Guizot. With regard to physical and mathematical science, it would perhaps be unfair to pass any judgment on the present state of Oxford, since that state is one of transition. It is certain that great and laudable activity is being exhibited in this direction, and this activity may be expected to bear good fruit; but the want of organisation, here as in other subjects, must much impede the formation of a vigorous scientific school.

It is submitted for the serious consideration of our countrymen that the picture of inefficiency here presented is, when taken in connection with the circumstances of our time, truly appalling. We have been lately witnessing, in the elasticity with which every branch of Prussian organisation bore the tremendous strain laid upon it by the war, *the fruits of the effectiveness of the German University system.* At the German universities, the theory of every science, the rationale of every great and nationally important course of action, is always being profoundly investigated by a group of competent men; their conclusions are made public, sifted, and gradually cleared of error; the light thus obtained radiates from the universities through all the special, technical, and professional schools, or other institutions, and ensures that the operations of the men trained in them shall be commenced with forecast, carried on methodically and rationally, and shall, other things being equal, easily foil or distance the operations of an adversary, whose proceedings are less carefully *raisonnés*, less ably methodised. Our own breakdown at the Crimea is distinctly traceable to the ineffectiveness of our superior education, failing to illuminate the professions, and through them, callings subsidiary to the professions, with the light of scientific thought. Is it not time, then, while the air is charged with electric elements, and no one can tell from day to day whether we may not be suddenly forced by the call of honour and duty into a struggle of which it would be impossible to foresee the end, that the nation should take its universities in hand, and insist upon such a remodelling of their now obsolete structure as would make them furtherers instead of obstructors of the march of learning and philosophy?

We will here briefly state what in our opinion is the line on which such a remodelling, if it is to be effective, must inevitably proceed. The faculties must be revived. That which was the organisation of Oxford in the Middle Ages, and which is probably the organisation of every university in the world, except Oxford and Cambridge, at the present day, must be resuscitated from its long torpor. The colleges, which, with their narrow corporate interests and lower views of culture, have stifled the voice and paralysed the action of the university for so many generations, must retire within the limits of those auxiliary functions which reason traces for them, and leave the university free. The faculties are the immediate agents and special representatives of the university: if they flourish, it flourishes; if they dwindle or are in abeyance, the university is helpless and inactive—'*extincta corpus non utile dextra.*' Council and Congregation are merely, so far as the interests of learning are concerned, an extended representation of collegiate views—a battle-field on which the rivalries of different colleges are brought, more or less openly, into play. It is our firm conviction

that the great educational problem for England at the present day is how best to organise her universities (and we are speaking more particularly of Oxford) for the purposes of learning and science; and we maintain that the only sure way of doing this is by reconstituting the faculties as the vital and directing centres of the studies of the place. To establish these propositions, and, finally, to suggest a method by which the change might be safely and gradually carried out, will be our task in the remaining portion of this article.

[*To be continued.*]

'These to His Mem'ry since He held them Dear.'

The wise old gardener went through
His plants to give them light and dew,
And much he loved when green or gold
Their leaves or calices unfold;
  Oft wasted love on promising stem,
And lower in their being's scale
The tender plants must oftenest fail
  To feel what he had felt for them.

The few that with a swifter sense
  Were bless'd or curs'd, with silent praise,
Would vibrate, poor dumb recompense
  For his wise guidance of their days.
And when he pass'd away, a tear
  Stainèd one rooted flow'r, which wrench'd
  That petal with a pang unquench'd,
And the winds bore it to his bier.

Isabel Davis.

A Billet at Cloonbawn.

Captain Jack had retired, on half-pay, before some of us were born. He and our Colonel had seen service together, many a long day ago.

Last year we happened to be quartered in the neighbourhood; and recalling the Colonel's suggestion that we should hunt the Captain up, and draw him out about Ireland, we took care to do both.

He was a man who made himself at home everywhere, and with everybody, by dint of not seeming to feel that he ever was, or could be, a stranger. With us he was thoroughly at his ease, and evidently enjoyed himself vastly. It did him good, he said, 'to see a red coat again.'

But, after dinner, he was growing just a shade melancholy, as he ran over the names of those with whom he had served and fought, and began to count up how few remained of the old corps. I rallied him.

'The Colonel remembers you well,' I said; 'I have frequently heard him speak of you.'

'Ah! Tom Wilkins, by Jove! as good-hearted a fellow as ever wore uniform, and as brave. We were in many a brush together, I can tell you. He was low down on the list, though, when I retired.'

'Only an ensign, I believe,' said I.

Captain Jack nodded, and was evidently preparing to lapse into silence. This would never do.

'He served under you in Ireland, did he not?' I asked, coming very close to the point.

'He served under me in Ireland,' nodded the Captain again.

'You had to rough it a bit in those times, if report be true,' I continued. 'Ireland wasn't a soldier's paradise, according to the Colonel's account, some years ago.'

'No!' said he, bringing a fist down heavily upon the table, and making the glass jingle and dance upon the smooth mahogany (for the cloth had been removed according to the good old fashion). 'No, gentlemen—anything but; and what made it worse was that we were deucedly badly

treated by the authorities. Wilkins and I were there during old election times, when party spirit ran not only high, but mad. They took no steps towards providing for either officers or men; and by Jove! we were several times within an ace of being starved.'

We had him fairly started now. Solemnly lifting his glass to the light, he gazed at its contents for a second or two, and then as solemnly drained it.

'We were just simply turned adrift,' he went on; 'let loose in the wilds, to shift for ourselves, like a flock of mountain sheep. We had to go, by forced marches, right through Clare and Galway into Mayo—the most wretched country, by the by, that ever a poor devil had the misfortune to be sent into. Only for my servant Tim, I don't think I should ever have got out of the infernal place alive. He was a native. I picked him up somewhere in Kerry—from that time he stuck to me, poor devil, till a cowardly Chinaman put a bullet through his back, years ago. He was worth his weight in gold. I never saw his equal for readiness of resource. Put him into any difficulty and he'd contrive to get out of it. He could turn his hand or his head to anything. Not the least of his recommendations was that he was a born cook; for, certainly, he could not have learnt much about cookery from practical experience in his father's mud cabin. He had a very good smattering of Latin, picked up at a hedge school. He could speak Irish, too, which was of the greatest service to us, in some places through which we went, because the mountaineers couldn't speak or even understand English—or pretended they couldn't, which came to pretty much the same thing, as far as our comfort was concerned.

'The men had been for nearly three weeks half starved, fagged out, perished, and soaked through. We were going over a hostile country. The little we *did* get to eat we had great difficulty in obtaining; for—most unfortunately—we killed one of the mob at Ennis, and our bad name had gone before us with amazing rapidity.

'The people were against giving us anything, either for love or money; and, I verily believe, were fully persuaded that our silver and gold would burn holes in their pockets, and that they must, of a certainty, go to the devil for helping to keep a soldier alive.

'Fortunately, we succeeded in getting the start of our bad name, after we passed through Galway. To make up for this slight advantage, however, it began to rain, and it poured incessantly from the time we entered Mayo till we left it. It is a wonder to me if it has rained a drop there since. No human contrivance in the shape of oil-skins could possibly keep it out. I never saw rain, properly so called, before or afterwards.

'We started early one morning, in the midst of this downpour, to

march from the village of Doondarrig to Cloonbawn. They were ten miles apart—that is, Irish miles, which may mean any number of English ones up to, say, twenty.

'Our route lay, for the most part, over a dreary bog. Not a cabin, not a living creature could be seen, save, here and there, a dispirited-looking crow, hungry and crestfallen. There was literally nothing to break the monotony of the landscape, or to lend interest or variety to our march.

'Night came upon us, and still there was no sign of house or villa. The men were weary, footsore, and sullen. We calculated that we must have gone over at least fifteen miles of ground, and began to suspect that we had been fooled by the inhabitants of Doondarrig, and would have to spend the entire night without shelter and without food.

'At last, just as we began to despair, lights broke out here and there through the darkness, and glistened in the rain, winking at us through the dim darkness, like feeble and disconsolate stars. The haven of refuge—the village of Cloonbawn—was near at hand. The men's spirits rose. They got up songs, with jolly choruses to them, and quickened their pace, going at a "double" for fully a mile.

'Judge of our dismay when we discovered that the road led up to the brink of a foaming, angry river, swollen, probably, to twice its usual depth by the heavy rains. Our hearts sank within us. The spirit at "the double" was all very well while it lasted; but now the reaction of body and soul was terrible. Of course we turned for help to Tim. If he proved unequal to the occasion, there was no hope, nothing for it but to resign ourselves to our fate, and wait for morning.

'The wind had risen as the day declined, and the blinding rain drove full in our faces, seeming to cut its way through to the very bone. There was but little chance, under the circumstances, of making our voices heard by shouting for aid. Wilkins suggested that we should fire a shot or two to attract attention.

'"If you do that," said Tim, "divil a wan in the place but'll run like so many hares, and take to the mountains—every man Jack of 'em."

'He concluded that the river must be fordable somewhere, as there appeared to be "no other short cut," as he said, "to Cloonbawn." He volunteered to cross; and before anyone could remonstrate, he was off up the stream, and out of sight.

'We waited anxiously for some time, watching and listening for some indication that he had succeeded in crossing safely; and at last his stentorian voice was born back to us upon the breeze, from the opposite bank higher up.

'"Howld hard boys, where you are. Don't stir till I come back."

And off he set at full speed, his voice dying away in snatches of an Irish song, as he increased the distance between us. We had not long to wait.

'In twenty minutes or so, strange mysterious lights began to move about and cluster in the distance. There was a rush as of many blazing comets, with long tails of fire in their wake; and soon we had every able-bodied native of Cloonbawn down on the opposite brink of the river, with Tim at their head, each with a burning sod of turf stuck on the end of a stick, blazing and sputtering in the high wind, and throwing out showers of sparks. On the crowd rushed, shouting and yelling, and tumbling and splashing, some even falling on face and hands, over slippery stones, right into the middle of the water. Such a Babel of voices, and such a din I never heard. Poor Dennis laughed, in spite of his misery and bad cough, till I'm sure the tears must have run down his cheeks.

'"This way, your honour!" "Howld hard there, soger!" "Pat, you divil, mind the hole beyant! Be gor an aigers he's into it!" "This way, Mick—there's good bottom." "Have a care, Darby, you schoundrel—where are you shovin' to?" "Don't burn the soger, Tadey." "Blood an ounkers! there's a live coal in your pocket, Shawn!"

'With the assistance of our guides we got safely over, after considerable difficulty and danger, and started for Cloonbawn, at a double again, to warm ourselves, and get our blood into circulation, looking forward, with something like hope, to a comfortable night's rest.

'But our troubles were only half over. The wretched place wasn't big enough to hold half of us. How it held all the natives I never could discover, unless they slept in layers, ever so many deep, packed together like herrings in a cask. There were only about a dozen miserable cabins in it, and one slated house—half shop, half sheebeen—two storeys high. This the officers got, as a matter of course.

'I was in despair about quarters for the men, when Tim, in a short time, came again to my aid. He discovered that there was an empty, half-ruined church on the side of the hill, a few hundred yards beyond the village. On enquiry, he learned that there had been no "survice" in it for over seven years—in fact, since the only "souper" died.

'Here I may as well explain to you that a "souper" originally meant a pervert from the national faith, who had been won over to the enemy by gratuitous distribution of Protestant soup, under the pressure of famine in what was called "the bad times."

'The history of the last of the soupers in Cloonbawn, as I learned it next day, was simply this: His name was Owneen Connor. His father and mother died of starvation, leaving him an orphan, deaf and

dumb. Father Malone was away on a conference "wid the clargy" for several days, and the neighbouring parson "stepped in wid the soup." Owneen yielded to the temptation, and went to church. There was a feud between the priest and the parson as to Owneen's religious persuasions till his dying day; but, on his death-bed, Owneen settled the vexed question to the complete satisfaction of Father Malone—as my informant assured me—"by makin' the *sign of the crass*." So they laid Owneen by the side of his father and mother, in the chapel-yard; and the parson never had a day's luck or grace since, and his daughter ran away with the "guager."

'It wasn't difficult to force the ricketty old door. We found a fire-place in one corner, probably where the parson's pew had been; and there were several old forms and benches lying about. In a very short space of time we had a good fire burning, and a large supply of turf laid in, for replenishing it during the night. Turf was about the only thing to be had in plenty at Cloonbawn. There was no such luxury as straw to be got for beds, so we had to purchase what the people called hay, at famine price. There wasn't as much potheen in the place, fortunately, as would make the men drunk, or the consequence might have been serious, considering the temper they were in. Bacon, eggs, potatoes, and milk, were forthcoming in fair quantities; and we left the unfortunate fellows in the old church, cooking, smoking, cursing, and drying themselves, and turned in for the night to our own quarters—Wilkins, poor Denis, and myself.

A bare-footed girl, with a guttering broken-backed dip in her fingers, opened the door for us, and ushered us into a big, square desolate-looking apartment, smelling horribly of must and damp—enough to give Denis his death, after the day's fatigue. Two more dips were standing in huge old-fashioned brass candlesticks on a tottering table. The floor had sunk away from the skirting all round about six inches, and surged about under our footsteps like the deck of a ship in a stiff breeze. An old black tray blocked up half the windows—for there was no shutters, and nearly all the glass was broken. There was no carpet, of course; but the walls were covered with a large cabbage-leaf pattern paper, which hung in great festoons and bags, loose from damp; in some places flapping about like old rags hung up to dry; in other parts it had fallen off altogether, leaving the crumbling plaster exposed. A wooden stool with three legs, two old-fashioned mahogany chairs, and an older horsehair sofa—which had all evidently seen better days—made up the furniture. There was a huge fire burning, which looked warm and comfortable; but it caused such a fearful draught of cold air from the broken window, and from the openings in the floor, that the halfpenny dips had each a horizontal blaze to it several inches long, and they were

half guttered away before we were well seated. We drew the old high-backed sofa in front of the fire, to protect our backs from the wind; but it had only three legs, and required some ingenuity to steady it, which we succeeded in doing at last by building up sods of turf under one corner.

'Tim was busy, meanwhile, getting something to eat for us. He discovered part of a loaf and a capital salmon-trout. The latter he served up in first-rate style—done to a turn, with eggs, potatoes, and bacon. We set to with a will, you may be sure, and soon made short work of the repast. The accommodation upstairs was better than we expected; and we sent Denis up to bed as soon as his regimental cloak was dry enough to lie in with safety.

'Wilkins and I sat up to smoke, and to have a chat with the dispensary doctor, to whom we were indebted for the bread and the salmon-trout. He was the only respectable person in the place; and as we were to remain next day, we thought it as well to get what local information we could, about the best means of providing food and what not for ourselves and the men. The prospects which he disclosed to us were not encouraging. We suggested the advisability of scouring the mountains for sheep; but he doubted whether any human teeth could find a way through the flesh of Cloonbawn mutton. The animals were not given to lamb bearing, were ten to fifteen years old, and were kept for the sake of their wool. All the live pigs had been sold a week before, at the last quarterly fair, to pay the rint; and, as for beef, it was likely to be as bad as the mutton, for the natives only kept an odd cow or two, for the sake of the milk. He expected another loaf of bread in by the mail car, in the morning, which we were welcome to, for breakfast—we had already deprived him of his dinner by demolishing his salmon-trout. "It was a fast day," he said, "and he didn't mind whether he dined on eggs or fish." Generous fellow! Only an Irishman could part with his dinner with a good grace.

'We were each of us men who liked to dine, in the proper acceptation of that term.

'After the doctor left for the night, we rose, silently and sadly, and went up the tottering stairs to bed. Denis was sleeping like a top. Tim was replenishing the fire. I suppose he saw sorrow and despair depicted in my countenance.

'"Tim," said I, answering to his questioning look, "we're done, my boy, at last," and I made a clean breast of it—told him all the doctor had said.

'"Divil a done, sir," he replied, putting his face close to mine; "be gor we'll have a *fine fat bird* for the gintlemen, anyhow, come what will."

'"A bird!" said I. How? Who has it?"

'"Be gor it's myself has it," said Tim, "safe and sound."

'My curiosity was roused. "What sort of a bird is it," I enquired, "and where did you get it?"

'"Well," said Tim—whispering again, and guiding the words to my ear with the palm of his hand—"it's *a blessed bird—spake aisy.*"

'"A what?" said I, uncertain whether to laugh or not.

'"A blessed bird, and no mistake—a thundering fat goose."

'"I never saw a blessed goose," said I.

'"*Sure she belonged to the priest,*" he explained; "divil a lie I'm telling your honour. Father Malone's goose—no less. Don't be asking any more questions till I go to confession to-morrow. Maybe I'll tell you all about it when—when she's *ate.* Let the doctor get the breakfast, and I'll go bail I'll have the dinner."

'When the time came, Tim redeemed his promise nobly. We sat down, next day, to dinner, before a magnificent roast goose, of the most savoury and appetising description.

'"I suppose, Tim, we have to thank you for this piece of good luck?" said Denis.

'"Only for *ketching, plucking,* and *cooking*—Providence done the rest," replied Tim, modestly, as he tilted up the dish for me to get at the gravy. "Providence, wid the help of the clargy. But you're overlooking the *consalement,* your honour."

'"The what?" said I.

'"The *consalement,* to be sure," he repeated, pointing with the first finger of his disengaged hand to the region of the parson's nose (as it is called). At last it was explained that Tim meant *stuffing;* and, by Jove! most excellent stuffing it was.

'Of course we insisted on getting the whole story of the "blessed bird" from him. I give it in his own words—Latin and all—as nearly as possible.

'It appeared that he had succeeded in making the acquaintance of the priest's boy, soon after our arrival at Cloonbawn, and learned from him that his reverence had to be off in the morning to make a "big speech" at a distant town, about the election. Tim walked home with the boy that evening; and when he saw him well in, and the door shut, he paid a visit to the fowl-house, and helped himself to the fattest of the sleeping geese, twisting its neck as he did so.

'Before we were out of bed he was in the priest's kitchen, waiting patiently for his reverence to rise, and chatting to the "sarvice-maid," as he called her, who was greatly interested in the "sogers." After breakfast he was introduced to Father Malone, in the parlour.

'"What's the matter? I'm in a hurry," said Father Malone.

wiping his mouth with the corner of the tablecloth, and whisking the crumbs from his lap.

'"Be gor, your reverince, matter enough," said Tim; "and regarding the hurry, there's a pair of us so."

'"Be smart with it then, like a dasint man," said the priest, "for I want to be off."

'"'Tisn't the likes of me that would be after keeping your reverince," replied Tim.

'"You belong to the soldiers that came last night?"

'"No," said Tim; "axin' your reverince's pardon, I don't. I belong to the officers."

'"I knew you weren't one of my flock, at all events."

'"Divil a lie in it, your reverince; and more's the pity."

'"Well, but what do you want?" inquired the priest, lifting his great coat off the back of a chair in front of the fire.

'"Why, thin," said Tim, politely helping him to put it on, "only a small matter of—of——"

'"Of what, man? Speak out!" said the priest.

'"Of confession, your reverince."

'"I'll not hear it out of the chapel," replied Father Malone, looking about for his umbrella.

'"It's a case of necessity, your reverince," pleaded Tim.

'" At all events, I can't wait now. You must come to me when I get back, and we'll talk about it," continued the priest, putting on his hat.

'" When you come back is it?" said Tim; "who knows where the divil I'll be then—the Lord between us and harm! It's only a small thing that's troubling me, your reverince; it would be aisy settling it."

'" What's it about?" said Father Malone.

'" Only a bird, thin—a goose, your reverince."

'" One you stole, I suppose?"

'" One I stole last night, surely," said Tim, looking very penitent; "what will I do?—and God bless you."

'" Make restitution *in identitie*. Do you know the owner of it?"

'" Well," said Tim, hesitating, "I just partly guess, your reverince."

'" Go at once, and return the bird to the man it belongs to."

'" Well, he's laving home to attind the meeting for a member of Parliament, and——" Tim fell to scratching his head.

'" Never mind that. You must give it back, I tell you."

'" Might I just make so bowld as to *lave it with your reverince*, in consideration of my being a stranger in these parts, and not wishing to get into disgrace, till I'd be out of sight?"

'" Leave it with ME! Certainly not! I'll have nothing to say to it. *Give it to the owner*, and let there be an end of it."

'"Well thin, to tell your reverince the plain truth, I'm *after offering it to him* this very morning, and—and—*divil a bit of him would take it.*"

'"May be the man didn't understand that you *stole it*," said Father Malone.

'"Be gor he did, your reverince—I'm sartin sure, for I told him plain enough; and be dad I'll be gone from Cloonbawn before he's back from the meeting."

'"Perhaps it's money he wants," suggested the priest; "you must, in that case, make restitution *secundum æquale*—pay for the goose."

'"I'll lave the price to your reverince this minit," said Tim, putting his hands into his trousers pocket; "take the money."

'"I won't have it. Go and offer it to the *man that owned the goose.*"

'"And sure I *did that, too*, your reverince. First he refused to take back the goose, and then he refused paymint. That's how I'm hobbled entirely to clear myself."

'"Make restitution *secundum possibile:* you had better just let the goose go on the road—say *whisch!* and peg a stone after her, and I'll be bound she'll go home," said the priest.

'"Sure she couldn't—the Lord save us! She hasn't the head, nor the wings, nor naither the feet; she's kilt your reverince, stone dead."

'"Well, I suppose there's no help for it now," said Father Malone; "we must just make the best of it. You'll have to do penance anyhow."

'"It's me that'll do that same with a heart and a half," said Tim; "only don't be too hard on me. I'm a stranger, your reverince; and she was a green goose— divil a grain of anything but grass ever she ate since the day she was born."

'What punishment Father Malone inflicted on Tim we never inquired,' concluded Captain Jack.

'"'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so."

'Suffice it to say that we enjoyed our dinner without any scruples of conscience as to the means by which it had been obtained. If Tim didn't mind, why should we? Why should the receivers take it to heart more deeply than the thief? We left Cloonbawn before Father Malone had time to return. The consequences might have been serious when he discovered the joke and the loss of his goose.

'Probably Father Malone would have inflicted a penance severe enough to last for a long time, if Tim had only remained another day; but Tim didn't: he went out of the town with a heart as light as his head, and singing his favourite song:

Praties will grow,
As we all of us know,
And everything else—in saison.
The slip of a pig
Will soon grow big—
It's only since and raison.
Be always merry, men—
Like the Kerry men,
The wide world over.
When times are bad,
If your heart is glad,
You'll tide it over—
My lad!

Take things nice and aisy!
There's lashins of time;
It isn't a crime,
To be the laste bit lazy;
But the height of sinse,
And little expinse,
To be a merry man,
Like the Kerry man,
The wide world over,
Be dad!
And that's his nayture:
Barrin' the rint,
He'd be contint,
The crayture!

The divil a thing can taise him!
A thrifle itself will plaise him!
His owld gray goose is a swan;
His hins are faymale paycocks;
His wan pound note is a *wan pound wan*,
And all his grass is clover—
Be dad!
In thundering fine big haycocks.
When times are bad,
He's no way sad;
He takes what comes, and his heart is glad—
This merry man;
The rover,
From Kerry, man,
This wide world over.

Hip! Hip!
Hurroo!
Hurroo! Hip, Hip!
It's a pity we aren't a nation!
Owld Clare is true,
And Limerick too,
And likewise gallant Tip;
I'll back one man from Corkshire
To bate six more from Yorkshire;
Kerry men
Agin Derry men,
Or Munster agin creation!
Wirristrue!
It's a pity we aren't a nation!

The Captain sang admirably. We drank his health in a full bumper.

'What became of Denis?' I asked.

'Ah!' said Captain Jack, solemnly lowering the hand which held the yet untasted wine, 'Poor Denis! He's gone—years ago; went out as Secretary to Lord Pinchbeck when he became Governor of Lumbago, and that finished him off.'

J. FRANKLIN FULLER.

HOW GALAHAD CAME TO CAMELOT.[1]

BEING A FRAGMENT FROM A SONG, SUNG BY MERLIN, AT A GREAT FEAST HELD BY KING ARTHUR, AFTER THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE GRAIL-QUEST.

MERLIN.

'At the solemn feast of Pentecost, Arthur the king and his chosen knights
'Sate, as we sit in the Court of Camelot, side by side at the Table Round;
'None held converse, none made music, none knew hunger, none were athirst—
'All possessed with the same strange longing—all fulfilled with one awful hope—

[1] These lines were written before the appearance of Mr. Tennyson's last volume of poems, and follow a different version of the Norman-French romance to that adopted by the Laureate in his 'Quest of the Holy Grail.' A.P.G.

'Each of us fearing even to whisper what he felt to his bosom friend,
'Lest the spell should be snapt in sunder.
Thus we sate, awaiting a sign,—
'When on a sudden, out of the darkness blared the bugle that hangs at the gate.
'Loud the barbican leaped on its hinges, and the hollow porch, and the vacant hall,
'And the roofs of the long unlighted corridors, echoed the advent of unknown feet—
'The feet of a stranger approaching the threshold step by step irresistibly;
'Till yonder door opened, and through it strode to the table, the Virgin Knight,
'Strode and stood with unlifted vizor. Fear fell on all—save only the King—,
'Up rose Arthur, unbarred his helmet, shone confessed the countenance chaste;
'Then, for so the spirit inspired him, set the youth on the Perilous Seat,
'And the air, at his sessions, mightily thundered; and paled the firelight —paled the lamps.
'Such a sudden stream, a splendour flooded the feast with miraculous light.
'Whilst, O wonder! round the table, stoled in samite, white exceedingly
'Passed the Presence! mystical, shadowy, ghostly-gliding, the Holy Grail—
'Passed—though none could its shape discover, nay, not even the Virgin Knight.
'Passed, and passing ministered manna, angels' food, at the Table Round.
'Passed—passed with strains seraphic, incense odours, rainbow hues;
'Passed—passed, and as it entered, suddenly melted out of sight.'

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

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Our National Church embraces in its communion various parties, distinctly marked out from one another by characteristic watchwords, and represented by distinctive organs of the press. Seeking, then, as we do, to represent the whole National Church, and not any particular party in it, it will be our province to chronicle in our columns, honestly and fully, the movements of all parties; to lay before the whole communion, by well selected extracts from their leading organs, the expression of their opinions on all prominent Church topics of the day.

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'LOST.'

THE

DARK BLUE.

DECEMBER 1871.

'LOST': A ROMANCE.

BY JOHN C. FREUND, AUTHOR OF 'BY THE ROADSIDE.'

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE WORK OF A STRONG MIND.

'The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make the impossibility they fear.'

THE poet, Nicolas Rowe, who pourtrayed William III. and Louis XIV. in his 'Tamarlane,' said it; all of us may prove it.

George Harrowby rested a day in Portman Square, packed his portmanteau, did *not* call on his uncle, Lord Wharnton, and departed for Suffolk. He was received with open arms at Newstead Hall, with sisterly embraces and pitying tears by Ethel,—for George Harrowby looked wretched and miserable. The turn of thought here appeared to foreshadow strange coming events; the world at Newstead was taking a leap,—a leap from the bank of affluence to that of mediocrity,—would it be possible to bridge over the abyss that lay between by a determined resolute will?

George was anxious to unburden his heart to Mrs. Damer, but there appeared no opportunity; a peculiar restlessness seemed to govern the house, a kind of activity only known to people who have to earn their living, and cannot afford to let time slip by unheeded. Soon George would know more, would know *that*, which set a good many brains wondering at the peculiarities of certain minds; minds endowed with more energy than *one* body can well manage to work off—minds that either 'dare to attempt and conquer difficulties,' or that are shattered on the rock of social conventionality,—if left unemployed.

Some weeks had passed since Mr. Damer had paired with an old Conservative baronet, for the remainder of the Session; these weeks had been full of purpose, of stirring scenes at home, and thoughtful consultation. Mr. Damer was strongly resolved to rid himself of his £20,000, annual income, and to reserve nothing but his wife's pin-money, about £500 a year.

Lawyers had been to Newstead Hall, letters of instructions had been sent to London, and to Bury St. Edmunds; deeds were drawn up; banker's accounts sent for, tradesmen's bills called in, and all—that a man might say: 'I will work for my bread.' Assiduously had Mr. Damer pursued the study of French and German, besides digesting Parliamentary returns, blue books, and standard works on political economy. And how had he taken up the two languages? With all the power of his intellect; however tiresome the beginning, however trivial might have appeared to another man, who had been actively engaged in a high position, the grammatical changes of foreign tongues, Mr. Damer conquered within one month the principal rules of both grammars, read fluently both languages, could manage to speak some broken sentences, and write a short note. He had entered upon new worlds of thought, for the acquisition of a living language, *is* a new world of thought; but then Mr. Damer had outrun all routine, he had thrown himself into the meaning of the words and forms he learned; they had become a part of himself, and had not been left outside his inner understanding as the gaunt, lifeless figures of an unknown tongue. Mrs. Damer and Ethel had helped him now and then with a lesson, directions, and corrections; his vigorous mind and undaunted assiduity had supplied the rest.

Edward Damer came home—his father was closeted with him for two long hours—after which time Edward came out of the study, looking desolate and forlorn, traces of great emotion visible on his face. He went to his mother.

'Mamma, what is all this, why has papa got such odd notions into his head about not being able to work, if he is hampered by property? Why am I to become the scapegoat of these ideas? I told papa that he had better endow a hospital, and leave me and Harry some moderate sum.

He replied that that would not be right; the money inherited by him should go to me; it was, after all, but trust-money, and the only difference under the new arrangement would be, that some one else than he would be my trustee. I don't see it in that way at all, and I shall be pointed at by everybody.'

'My dear Edward, you are the natural possessor by primogeniture of your father's fortune, and you must take it. Do with it as you like when you are twenty-one.'

Ah, mamma, I am afraid when that time comes, I shall have become used to it, and shall not be inclined to part with it. *Now*, I might; I think you are both doing me a great wrong.'

'If we are, bear it.'

'But I do not like it, it gives me a painful position, and makes us all the butt of the world's jokes and remarks.'

'Don't care, dear Edward, for that; there is no help for it. I would not baulk papa in his schemes.'

'No, mamma, because I verily believe you are as enthusiastic on some points as he is.'

Mrs. Damer liked the doubtful compliment, kissed her son affectionately, and said:

'Edward, not many people would quarrel with £20,000 a year.'

Edward's *amour-propre* was touched—he felt his self-importance rise.

The great day came; from London arrived the family-lawyer, Mr. Burton, who brought with him a clever conveyancer and a Chancery attorney—Mr. Ross, of Lincoln's Inn; from Bury St. Edmunds came Mr. Burton's brother, the representative of the country firm; Lord Howden joined the party, so did the Rev. Mr. Turner, a Justice of the Peace, and an old friend of the Damers'. Aunt Sarah and Mrs. Damer completed the group; Edward and George Harrowby being seated away in the embrasure of the window. Business was transacted in the morning-room; Mr. Damer would have it so. It was a curious spectacle: a dead calm lay on the luxurious summer-scene without; there was not even the slightest breath; the birds were drowsily dozing in their leafy ambush, and the insects lazily hiding in bush, brier, and grass. While Nature lay becalmed, man was actively engaged to undo partially the work of half a century,—night and day, from January to December, had Mr. Damer's grandfather worked and laboured with unusual engineering skill to heap up sufficient gold in order to step into the ranks of the upper middle class, and leave his son a competence; that son, Mr. Damer's father, had taken the competence, and speculated with it in building and constructing those large works, that employ thousands. The result of foresight and vast calculation had been a colossal fortune, bequeathed to his son, the present Mr. Damer, who, brought up at Eton, had become the *real*

gentleman of the family—the one who did nothing to earn money—had entered the House of Commons under the auspices of the government, and had soon become a conspicuous man in home and trade affairs.

So earnest had been his rhetoric, so powerful the grasp of his subject, that he had made a mark at once, and when suddenly a place became vacant in the Ministry, after one of his own cutting speeches, he was asked to join it, and was later promoted to an immediate seat in the Cabinet. But Mr. Damer, however full of purpose he might be, had not served due apprenticeship; and anxious beyond measure to advance sagacious far-sighted plans of improvement, had outrun the House of Commons in vision of possibility, but remained behind in appreciation of practicability, and so failed.

The incongruous group in the morning-room waited; Mr. Damer was in his study still with Harry.

'Harry, my boy, we are better friends now, are we not? Before I join those gentlemen, I have a question to put to you. I have reserved no money for you, because I wish to be actually without property; £2000 are put aside merely,—£1000 to furnish a moderate house, £1000 for a tour in Europe. Then I recommence life. Now I want to know whether, before the deeds are attested, a clause is to be inserted on your behalf; your brother will give up anything to you; or whether you will throw in your lot with your father? Don't fear to speak out, my boy; in either case, we shall be friends.'

Harry clung to his father. 'Papa, dearest papa, let me be poor, too—I could not bear the idea of having a shilling that came not through you. Promise me but one thing, that I may never never leave you and mamma unless I go to Zollwitz.

Mr. Damer used no persuasion; a fair statement and a fair answer; he respected even his boy's decision.

'I understand you, Harry; you go with Ethel into the grounds now—best for both of you. Edward will stop with me.

There stood the man, who had the courage to give up the property gained by the exertions of others; strange, Mr. Damer, always a little overbearing, was almost humble in his renunciation. He looked pale, and a certain spasmodic emotion passed every now and then across his countenance; but with a determined hand he signed his name. Little was said, whatever those who assisted at such a strange proceeding felt, they could not but divine motives utterly beyond their own comprehension, and they acquiesced in an act of almost religious importance.

Lord Howden, and the Rev. Mr. Turner, were the trustees; Messrs. Burton, the solicitors under the deed. Edward Damer, after signing, was so overcome, that only his father's words quieted him: 'My dear Edward, you are doing me a favour; you are helping me out of a dilemma; get

rid of the money I *must*, still I should not like to get rid of it unrighteously. It has been gained by our family, let it remain in it.' A firm pressure of the hand finished the sentence. All the formalities had been gone through—all the deeds had been signed—Robert Damer was a poor man! Mrs. Damer passed quietly round to her husband's side, and placed her arm in his.

'Come out into the air a little, Robert, it will do you good. Gentlemen, you will remain to luncheon, will you not? Pray amuse yourselves as best you can for half-an-hour.'

Mr. and Mrs. Damer went into the grounds; Nature was the same, still and sullen. He pressed her hand on his arm; his thoughts remained his own. There are moments when the word trembles on the soul's threshold, but cannot overstep its inner chamber.

Evening came. The visitors had left the house; Mr. Damer had for an hour remained in his own room, communing with himself. He came out fresh and hale—ready to meet the world with his own powers, his own knowledge, his own strength—owing nothing to others. They had all gone to bed, and Mr. and Mrs. Damer were alone in the morning-room—the drawing-room had for some time been shut up.

'Jane, dear, I have had several answers lately to my applications for literary work; shall I tell you their contents?'

'Do, Robert.'

'I know two editors of daily papers, and one of a periodical. I wrote to the three, offering the two first my services as a leader-writer on social subjects; the latter, articles on the same. Listen. One of the dailies answered that, much as he honoured my offer, he believed newspaper writing to require so peculiar a training, that it would be utterly impossible to employ any person, of however exalted a position, on his staff, not used to this training; but that he was ready to judge any article I might send, as he would that of another man. Jane, I thought him an honest fellow. The other wrote that I should have precedence if he possibly could manage it; but that he must ask strict adherence to party principles. Jane, I knew that that paper had party support, and belonged to a clique. But more than these two have I valued the answer from the monthly magazine, and I will read it to you:

'"My dear Sir,—I have received your letter of the 29th ult., and hasten, as much as time permits, to answer it. You may rest assured that I have not forgotten the introduction my friend Lowther procured me to your house; and that I should be happy, in any case, at once to accept anything from your pen. Will you kindly look over the contents of our magazine for the last three months, and make your own conclusions of what would be suitable? It might appear presumption on my

part to say that, being young, I am foolhardy enough to go in for a great deal of new matter, still holding to my old flag. A man who is capable of doing what you have done, might understand us; but I assure you that the world has peculiar ways of upholding progress. It is crying for it with open mouth; but cannot use its eyes to see it where it might find it; and yet, to the world at large, you will find you must pin your faith; for as sure as you choose a new path, you will be overhauled by every one—friend or foe—who can get near you to give you a tug. You will be fair game as long as the novelty lasts—friendly blame, social advice, conscientious rebuke, wise counsel, but above all, dastardly anonymous attack will be yours, and the stinging social flies of a meaner sort will come round you by hundreds, to goad you into forgetfulness of yourself and your preconceived aim. I am short-lived in experience; but I tell you, my dear Sir, if your aim is not stronger than your individuality, you will fail. If your aim is always clear before you—you will cast off the flies, and succeed. So prominent a man as yourself should not want my poor words, but I sincerely esteem you, and want to show you what *must* be endured. Expecting your communication, believe me,

'"Yours very truly,

'"T. GOODEWILL."

'Now Jane, none of this is very exhilarating; I had just now a hard hour by myself. Jane, I thought, suppose my clumsy efforts to gain a crust of bread for us failed; suppose you had no little income of your own; suppose you were ill, and there was no money in the house to pay a doctor—and there are, there must be such houses—Jane, Jane, what should I do? I wanted to bring myself to understand what it is to know that you have not a penny piece unless you earn it. I think I am beginning to see it. You may thank God we are not in London, for so sure as I were there now, I should one morning stand outside the dock gates at four o'clock, and ask for a day's work. That is, I believe, the hardest step a man takes before he asks for parish relief, or goes into the workhouse; and the agony, the depth of that step would I wish to know. There is one situation I would fill if I could get it, but I believe I am not eligible—Master of a Workhouse—just for one six months. I think then I should begin to understand the question of pauperism, and if I dispensed the relief from a Trade Benefit Club for another six months, I might begin to learn the need of labour. It is to these two subjects that I shall devote all my study here and abroad; for that purpose I gleaned a little practical knowledge of foreign tongues. There must be something to be learnt of the internal arrangement of foreign nations that might be beneficial; anyhow I'll have a look at them.' Mr. Damer walked up and down. 'Jane, are you dull? I have a strange feeling

around me,'—he lowered his voice—'a feeling as if I could pray as I have never prayed. Ah, necessity, says the proverb, makes strange bed fellows, and I say creates strange and strong feelings. If I cast my looks over the country, over its component parts, over that immense population, that sways backward and forward in daily want and toil—my very innermost consciousness brings me to say: Do they, oh, do they know in Downing Street, that unless we put the shoulder to the wheel we may, in a few years, be living on a seething cauldron?'

Mr. Damer was overcome; perhaps his spirit was searching deeper than is common to man, into the possibilities of actual human existence, anyhow he had the ambition to search. For after all, was it not ambition to search thus into the needs of mankind?

Mrs. Damer held her husband's hand.

'Robert,' she said, 'I thought your pet scheme was the fitness of the members of legislative assemblies for their work?'

'My dear Jane, I shall propose that, as a natural consequence. Would you let your cooking be done by a housemaid? Well, was I fit to be a cabinet minister; was I fit even to be a legislator in a higher sense? No—I may have been more fit than others, that does not make up for my unfitness; my position, my natural talents, my property came into account. *Now*, as that good German, Professor Holmann, advised me, I shall improve my political knowledge by the thought and reflection that have been acquired by the mind, which has learnt to combine and compare the relations of mankind from sound deduction. Jane, dear, I shall at once accept the Chiltern Hundreds, and resign my seat; for we must start for Germany. Will you come?'

'To be sure, Robert; where your soul is, there shall be my body.'

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CHANGES.

'Wechsel ist im leben, denn wechsel *ist* leben, und leben ist im wechsel.'[1]

In the shade of the limes, the oaks and elms, the chesnuts, larches and sycamores round Newstead Hall, walked a tall, robust man—thinking his thoughts. At a sturdy pace he measured the distance from one end of the green to the other, moulding his impressions into ideas, and his ideas into words. Everywhere in his brain one notion prevailed: 'What is actual life?' Everywhere in his brain did he search for answers to his query; and from every nook of his mind came the echo: 'Seek the

[1] 'Change is in life, for change *is* life, and life is in change.'

solution in *real* not *false* reality.' But what was *false* reality? 'The *sham* of *civilized* society,' said his answer. And what was *real* reality? 'The *need* of *general* humanity.'

Thus far had Mr. Damer got with his thoughts, when a young man's faltering step came behind him, and attracted his attention. He turned, and saw close to him his nephew, George Harrowby. The two had never been great friends; Mr. Damer's hard, sharp temper had repulsed George Harrowby's doubtful moral strength, while resenting his impertinent assumption of importance. George evidently sought Mr. Damer purposely. Mr. Damer was surprised, but softened by the anxious look on his nephew's face.

'Well, George, will you have a walk with me? It is cool here under the trees.'

'I wanted to speak to you' (the formula that ushers in so much human discussion, and often introduces so much human heartache), said George, hesitatingly.

Mr. Damer jumped but to one conclusion—money.

'My dear George,' he said, 'I am so sorry; I am afraid you are in difficulties, and *now* I cannot help you, if I would. Dear me, I might have thought of you, and kept a thousand pounds for you and Ethel. There, in my grand renunciation, I forgot my little duties. I cannot ask the trustees; Aunt Sarah never will lend a farthing; and really I have not got it now. What can I do for you, my poor boy; I ought to have thought of it.'

George was astounded; never had Mr. Damer spoken to him so kindly; but then Mr. Damer was changing daily.

'It is not about money, sir (Mr. Damer liked the old-fashioned sir), but something else.' Mr. Damer pricked up his ears. 'I want to ask you a great favour—a great favour—to take me with you to Germany, and allow me to be Harry's tutor. My expenses shall be most moderate, and I want no salary. I am in debt, and heavily, it is true; but if my uncle Wharnton continues my allowance, I shall devote *that* to the payment, and if you will allow me to accompany you, I may learn sufficient German to take on my return a tutorship, for which German will be a recommendation. It would be a great help for me, and better than money, as I can continue my other studies at the same time.'

Mr. Damer looked at George; it was the first thoughtful speech he had heard from his lips. The world was changing. The sturdy uncle put his arm into that of his nephew, and walked on, a familiarity he had never been guilty of before. 'My boy, you surprise me. I should have least expected this from you. Really, George, I am very pleased, I wish now I had a fifty pound note to give you.' The old habit of measuring all goodness by money came up again. 'You *shall* go with us, never

mind what it costs, and you shall be Harry's tutor. You are a brave fellow, to come down from your social stilts; and, believe me, the rest will come of itself, if you will but work in earnest.'

'Thank you, thank you. I shall work, and may later be able to take my degree.'

'Do that. Never think that new ideas must root out old strength; we must build on the old foundation with new material. Take your degree.'

The two, the young and the middle-aged man, began to understand each other. *Do we know the strength of that moral support, which shakes hands with endeavours?* It would save many a man.

Harry met them as they walked towards the house.

'Oh, here you are, George; I have done my history with Ethel, and a jolly good teacher she is. No learning things off by rote with her, you have to understand them. She's been got into it by mamma; not but that you are famous at mathematics, George,' said Harry, anxious not to offend by praising the sister. 'You don't know, papa, what splendid lessons I have had from George since he's come here.'

'Really?' said Mr. Damer astonished, pressing his nephew's arm; 'changes—more changes.'

'It is very kind of George, papa, because I am a great dunce still in mathematics, and you know he should have thought it beneath him to teach a cub like me.'

George laughed, but never had his face shone with such manly courage.

'Oh, I forgot, papa, Aunt Sarah has come. She wants you; do make haste now, for I don't think she looks very well.'

Mr. Damer hurried to the house. There stood Aunt Sarah in the sun, with a big cotton umbrella over her.

'Well, Robert, how are you now; regretting your money, ain't you now?'

'No, no, Aunt Sarah, never shall.'

'Never shall; if I only knew what you'll do; why you'll starve. Because I know you wouldn't ask anybody for a sixpence, if you did want it. That's your pride; it's all pride.'

'I shouldn't ask you, Sarah,' said Mr. Damer, smilingly, 'because you never would lend me a sixpence when I was a boy.'

'Perhaps I wouldn't; perhaps I wouldn't—it's a bad principle; work for it, as I have done—I used to think. Bless me, one doesn't know what one *may* come to.'

They went into the house, and into Mr. Damer's favourite room; they were alone.

'Robert,' said Aunt Sarah, 'after all, I don't understand all this modern stuff, it seems so queer. Now, tell me, won't you take half my money at once. I won't let anyone know, and there's a lot of it.'

'Many thanks, Sarah; but what would be the use of my having given it up? I might as well have kept my own. But you are kind to offer it.'

'Kind to offer it; you don't understand me, Robert; you are turning me inside out. Bless the man, can't you see you are killing me?' The old lady laid her head on the couch, and sobbed outright.

Mr. Damer went to her: 'Sarah, what have I done?'

'Done, why upset my mind, my life and all. What's the use of it? Havn't I thought it the purpose of my life, all these years, to work day after day, and save, save, save, like my brother did, to heap up a heavy bag of gold, and have the satisfaction of leaving it to you all, and know that when I am in my grave, you'll say: "Now really, she was a brave woman to get it together by her own management, and she's made the family a bit richer still? And now all my work—that's all my life—has been for nothing! You don't seem to want it, or even care for it. I have offered it to your wife on the sly. *She's* refused it; and here you do the same. For goodness sake tell me, what has my life been for? I might as well have been contented on the little I had, and never striven at all. Bother the man, he makes me almost ashamed of myself, that I've worked like a slave.'

Aunt Sarah had dried her eyes, and sat disconsolately looking at her nephew; but her nephew had caught at something, and was thinking. By Aunt Sarah's side there sat presently a gentle woman, Jane Damer; she stroked the old maid's cheek.

'Don't trouble, dear aunt, when there is no trouble; you have given an example of industry to us all, and to your own people—that is much.'

'Not a bit of it, when it's done with a bad motive. He's killing me with his mad vagaries. I shall shut up the farm, and go into the workhouse. He shan't make me feel so wicked.'

'Aunt Sarah, they won't take you?' said Mr. Damer, laughing.

'Won't they, if I pay for my own board?'

'It wouldn't do.' The big man stood before the little, shrivelled-up old woman. 'Aunt Sarah, keep up your health and spirits. You have set me thinking. I promise you I will make you happy before you die, and you shall find a purpose for your life. Now be a good soul, and don't make Jane miserable. I want her to go to London to-morrow.'

'Then I'll go with her.'

'But the farm?'

'Oh, let it go; it is going already. I can't sleep at nights for thinking of you, and so I lie awake; doze towards morning, and am late. The maids, drat 'em, know it, and get late too—everything is in confusion. You wouldn't know the place; what's the use of it, if nobody will have my money?'

'Well, if you go with Jane, all the better; I would rather Ethel

stayed here with Harry and George Harrowby. Edward is gone to Lord Howden's in Norfolk, for a few days. I'll go and have a look at the farm.'

'Oh, let the maids and the men manage as they can. What's the use when there's no purpose? Do let me have tea with you, and then I'll go home, pack up, and bring my luggage here.'

Change upon change. Aunt Sarah had never been sociable, and now evidently yearned for sympathy. Off she walked, but her step was not so elastic; Harry ran after her, she seemed grateful for company.'

'Jane, darling, I want you to see Watts about furnishing a house for us on our return from Germany; either in Brompton, or those squares near Russell Square—but do as you like; about £100 or a little more rent. Eaton Square, you know, will be shut up till Edward wants it, or he may sell it if he likes. Will you give Watts also the list of books and papers, and the clothes I want removed; and your own directions about your own things? Whatever *you* want, have removed, but don't touch the plate, dear; we'll buy some spoons and forks. Mr. Damer put his arm round his wife. 'Above all, don't forget our bouquets.'

Aunt Sarah came, stayed over night, the first time in her life, and went with Mrs. Damer to London. George Harrowby asked to go too, in case he might be useful to his aunt. Change again; everybody was getting considerate.

Mrs. Damer was expected to be away for at least five days; on the second day of her absence, Mr. Damer called Ethel and Harry into his study.

'Children, I really must go to London on some business; I may come back before your aunt. Will you be very good Harry, and obey Ethel?'

A loving look towards Ethel was Harry's answer.

The five days were over, and Mrs. Damer, Aunt Sarah, and George Harrowby returned; all three tired with work and bustle.

'Where is papa?' asked Harry.

'Papa? why at home.'

'He went up to London after you.'

'We have not seen him.'

Mrs. Damer looked anxious. What could her husband be about, not to have trusted her. A cab from Ipswich drove up; there he was.

'Ah, home before me; here I am, all hale and well.'

'Robert!'

'Well, don't scold. All right,' said Mr. Damer, 'give us a kiss, Jane, dear, and you, Aunt Sarah, and all of you. God bless you. There, I'll have a run into my study.'

They stood petrified; never had anyone seen such emotion in Mr. Damer's face. Mrs. Damer, still anxious, respected her husband's retirement, and disturbed him not.

They had come towards evening; tea was served. Mr. Damer sent

word would his wife let him have a cup by the servant, and on a slip of paper he wrote the message, 'Just try to send them all away by-and-bye, I want to see you alone in the morning-room.'

Aunt Sarah looked at Mrs. Damer: 'My dear, that man is going mad. Leave us alone, children.' The three went. 'Niece Jane, your husband will be in the county asylum before long, and you'll come to me at the Farm.'

'Don't speak so, Aunt Sarah, I cannot bear it. Have patience with the struggles of a good man.'

'Well, well, I hope it won't happen; I'll go to bed; call me if you want me. To think of such things in a decent, respectable family. Bless me!'

Aunt Sarah was gone, and Jane Damer crept to her husband's study door, knocking softly, 'Robert?'

'Yes, darling,' a tremulous voice answered from within.

'I'm alone now.'

'All right, I'll come directly.'

Mrs. Damer crept back again; presently she heard a man's step, vacillating, unsteady, as if that of a half-drunken man, and after the step, she saw her husband enter the room by the dusky light of a summer evening, haggard and pale. He came towards her, called faintly, 'Jane!' covered his face with both his hands, and shook like an aspen leaf.

'Robert, Robert, my own dear husband, what *is* the matter?'

'Jane, I have been. I had three days of it. I prowled about—I searched—I examined—I saw workhouses, prisons, refuges, lanes, alleys, thieves' corners, night-houses, rotten dens. I spared nothing—I paid to be let in. Jane, Jane, I worked at the Docks; here is the half-crown; and, Jane, I found that I had been the Cabinet Minister, the grand Cabinet Minister of a country whose respectability is built on the slum of mankind.

'Robert, you are too hard; such things must be everywhere.'

'Jane, for God's sake, don't get that creed; it is wrong, I tell you, Jane;' and Mr. Damer's voice thundered forth, 'I tell you it is wrong, such things must not be in England—in my own beloved country. Are there no patriots but those who kill by sea and land? Are there no patriots who will come and help me? I shall never, never forget *what* I saw. Oh, it was dreadful.'

Jane trembled. Mr. Damer had thrown himself on a couch; his wife knelt by his side. A head with a frilled nightcap was put into the door, and a voice whispered:

'Jane, I heard him; do you want me?'

'No, no, aunt, he is better; it will pass over; he has been to see all the horrible places in London, and it has had a strong effect upon him.'

'Poor boy,' said Aunt Sarah, pityingly; she was thinking of his

trouble in his young days, when he had helped the poachers to escape. 'Poor boy, God bless him, he shall have all my money for them.'

The old lady, in dressing gown and nightcap, crouched down by her nephew, and kissed his hand.

'Aunt dear,' he said, 'do forgive me, I shall be better now; do go to bed, else I must run right away.'

'No, no, there, be a good boy. May God prosper your holy intentions!'

Obediently she went to her room, thinking 'There's no knowing to what people may come.'

'You won't say that again, Jane; that such things must be. That's just where we are wrong, we are so used to it; it has so grown upon us that we notice it no longer; that we have become callous. Only let us once get a social conscience, let us once stir *that* up, and I assure you we can and shall find means that our own fellow-creatures need not exist in such a state of moral and material baseness. I have had a hole drilled through the half-crown and shall wear it near me, to remember that in every weather, in heat and cold, those men are standing, the misery of a life-time on their shoulders, to earn an odd half-crown.'

'Robert, remember home.'

'Right, my dear wife, I will; I know what you mean; I'll not forget home duties, but I cannot help it. It is as if some unseen hand pushed me on. It would have been better to employ my energies in daily work. You will have patience with me; you chose your lot; in a few days we shall be gone, and I shall have time to quiet down my experience, but you *must* help me to let this experience grow into a result.'

Jane Damer cosily sat down by her husband, and quieted him by the sympathetic touch of her hand.

The next morning letters came; one for George Harrowby, from Lord Wharnton. George went into his room and read it.

'My dear George,—I am glad to see by your last, that the turn has come sooner than I hoped. You are going to work in earnest; go with the Damers to Germany, if they will take you. Your allowance you will have as usual, and as you desire it, I will pay it into the hands of the Oxford Proctor, to begin and pay off your debts. I know that *I* ought to have known the shoals and quicksands of the place, for I stranded on them; and being myself your guardian, I neglected a duty that ought to be fulfilled by every guardian. As you are anxious to do your best, so am I; and I will myself go up with you on your return from Germany. May you still find me, for my health is not good; I am going to Hastings to-morrow. Don't come to see me, because I dislike fuss; but be assured that you have gained the esteem of

'Your faithful guardian,

'WHARNTON.'

Change, and what a change! the cynic turned into an affectionate friend. George Harrowby felt that good deeds have their own reward; still ominously there sounded ever in his ears these words, 'Le curé, il est mort, sa fille est partie, son petit garçon est avec sa tante?' Where was that daughter?

He stood still in the middle of the room; the letter fluttered from his hand; it had given him comfort, but an inner voice said ever and ever 'Cette fille, elle est morte.'

It was done; the packages had been forwarded; instructions had been given; Aunt Sarah had remained in the house for the last night, and in the delicious, golden, even-light sat Mrs. Damer, in the window-embrasure, to rest, for she was tired. To leave that home to-morrow morning, and for ever, *as a home of her own*, seemed now to bring a strange desolate feeling. Had it been right, that she had given way to her husband's Quixotic ideas? So lovely the scene spread before her, so magical was its harmonising influence, so entrancing that glad voice of Nature, that she stretched forward her arms and spiritually embraced those grand waving trees. As she sat and as she thought, a light footfall approached her, and Ethel's fresh charming face was pressed to hers. Again Ethel knelt down and looked into her aunt's eyes—looked, that she might not speak:

'Ah, Ethel, I know what you want. You have a message?'

'Oh, aunty, I have been very good; may I not?'

'Yes, yes; and what?'

'*Remember*, that's all!'

'Not much, that.'

'I cannot say more; I was to remember; say I do—do, dearest aunty, and don't forget, don't forget my lonely self.'

'My own brave good girl, trust me, and my affection for you. I will write often, very often, and give the message.'

Ethel Harrowby stayed behind with Edward Damer, under the care of Aunt Sarah, who was going to leave the farm a little to the care of others, and remain with the cousins. Edward was to have his head-quarters at Newstead Hall for a few months, till he went to Cambridge, and wise Mrs. Damer had thought it best to leave Ethel here, instead of taking her to meet Zollwitz at Torgau, whither the Damers were going. Good, brave Ethel, had easily divined the motive, and consented not to go; though Mary Zollwitz had begged so hard in the pretty letter she had written to her friend.

VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE DAMERS IN TORGAU AND AT CASTLE FREIBERG.

'Tentanda via est, qua me quoque possim,
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.'—*Virgil.*[1]

'Him who does not possess much, you may call rightly happy; yet more rightly does he occupy the name of happy, who knows how to use the gifts of the gods wisely, and knows how to bear patiently hard poverty, and fears disgrace worse than hell.'

LOVELY Mary Zollwitz stood at the window, dressed in white muslin and black ribbons. She was more beautiful than Ethel, but not so enchanting. Mary expected the English guests; Professor Holmann and Christian had gone to meet them. The carriage drove up—they had come—Mr. and Mrs. Damer, Harry, and George, instead of Ethel. Mary's cheeks became tinged with a higher colour as she greeted George Harrowby; she had not forgotten Schubert's 'Silvia,' and the impression the song had made on him. A few words of sincere sympathy passed between the friends, in memory of Major Zollwitz; but not one present liked to carry their sorrow on their sleeves: it is a light trouble that you lay bare to all the world.

It was a hot July day; the travellers were weary and fatigued, but the house was so cool and quiet, that a delicious refreshing sense of repose stole over the guests, and made them believe after one short hour that they had known this place for a long time, for they felt at home. Harry was disconsolate; he could not see Zollwitz at once, and continually attacked Christian about him; but Christian was busy. The old taciturn soldier would have fetched the sky down for the English visitors with whom Hermann had lived, had it been possible; as it was, he for once played the factotum.

He knew something of English ways; had drilled the German cook into understanding some English dishes; and was trying his utmost to smooth down that feeling of strangeness which attacks us when we come into positive contact with a new nationality and its various idiosyncracies. The Damers were really for the first time abroad. Mr. Damer had once been in Paris, and not liked it; for his own character would not agree with superficial Paris life, and he had no means of looking beneath that into the *real* character of the people. How would the military exactitude of Torgau please him? Its inner life evidently did, for he

[1] 'The path must be tried by which I may be able to raise myself from the ground, and as a victor flit through the mouths of men (acquire fame).'

walked up and down the large room, once the poor Major's, as if he had been in it for years. Those two, the thoughtful German Professor, and the active English politician, were enjoying each other's company heartily —the Professor was astonished at the rapid progress Mr. Damer was making in German.

Evening came. Mrs. Damer was resting on a couch near the open window before which the acacias waved, it must be said, thinking of home. A woman loves her home more than a man; but Mrs. Damer understood the words in their right sense—'Leave those best beloved, and follow thy husband.' She had done more, for she had renounced her own inner self—her home ties—in order to follow her husband, not only bodily but spiritually. The three young people, Mary, George, and Harry, went out on the Esplanade. Harry and George heard the German conversation of passers-by; it seemed so odd to be in the midst of a new life, away from your own land. Mary was quite lively—anxious to please and make others happy. But the sound of English words would again and again bring before her vision that English death-bed of her poor forlorn mother—the death-bed in the Chelsea street. That remembrance was the canker eating into her young girl's existence.

Next day the Torgau *élite* knew that some English visitors of note were with Professor Holmann and Mary Zollwitz. Every eye followed the big Englishman as he passed through the streets early in the morning. In a very short time Mr. Damer had measured the extent of the place; had stood and watched the drilling of the soldiers; had visited the ramparts; had been in the market-place; had seen the children run off to school; and had come back ready for more life and more new impressions. Ah! those who have the privilege of going and seeing other nations and other lands, do they use that privilege in the right manner?—do they not often squander it in inanimate supercilious disdain of other ways than their own; or do they not often merely catch the very skim of outside scenes, that vanish from the mind before it has photographed their images on the soul? They go and see, but make true Cowper's words:—

> 'Returning he proclaim'd by many a grace—
> By shrugs and strange contortions of the face,
> How much a dunce that has been sent to roam,
> Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.'

Mr. Damer was comparing and thinking—no rest with him—he would not let opportunity be wasted. After breakfast he had another turn, taking Mrs. Damer with him, to show her what he wanted her to see. The noble English couple were the theme of Torgau conversation for *that* day. The officers, as they passed, saluted them politely, the ladies

smiled when they encountered them, common folks stared, shopkeepers came out of their shops to look after them, and the rough boys said, but not too loudly, 'That is the Englisher and Mrs. Englisher.' They had seen the castle, and the chapel, and the principal church, the Guild-hall, the military hospital, and other places of note, and they were going to the school to see it in full working. Here Professor Holmann joined them, and introduced them to the rector. Mr. Dâmer's German and the rector's English got up a conversation, the boys watching them attentively. Mr. Damer looked over the subjects—both in the gymnasium where the boys for higher instruction were taught, where Greek, Latin, and mathematics were taken in, in preparation for college, besides the general subjects; and in the *real-schule*, reality or burgher school, where the German language, French, arithmetic, geography, history, natural science, and Biblical instruction formed the staple. Mr. Damer's impression was that the boys were thoroughly imbued with that knowledge which formed the basis of their own nationality, the foundation of *all* sound education. He saw the court-yard for gymnastic exercises, and as he passed from the boys' classes he heard their cheery voices in recitation, reading, and class singing; he understood that if their knowledge of music could not be formed their musical taste was to be directed, and the love of the best poetry of their country fostered; it was, indeed, a *real* system of education. Mr. and Mrs. Damer went over to the other side of the building, and here received a new impression; the girls had classes and teachers like the boys. Evidently these classes seemed to be of equal importance with those of the boys. Girls to be thought of importance like boys; Mrs. Damer became earnest, even anxious. She enquired into the minutiæ of the instruction; she heard a lecture on ancient history for the girls, and at the same time looked over their sensible German essays. All the girls appeared modest but cheerful; good instruction did not seem to have made them rough hoydens. It must be owned that Mr. Damer scarcely understood what this meant; regular class instruction to be given to girls of the lower and higher middle classes—not the fanciful classes you may take or leave—but regular instruction from the lower forms upward. Mr. Damer's great soul responded to this appeal. Was he not enjoying the privilege of having a wife, who had sufficient good sense and sound knowledge to be his own companion? And when he looked over the ranks of these cheerful German girls, somehow the moisture came into his eyes—some inward undefined feeling took possession of him. 'Have we men been just to women's training?' he thought. Little he said as they passed out, but he seemed to hold *that* arm more tenderly in his own.

At home the Damers found innumerable cards. The commandant, the principal officers, the clergymen, the first medical men, the highest

Government *employés*, the most important burghers and commercial men, the professors—all had sent their cards. Little Torgau seemed determined to do honour to the big Englishman and his beautiful wife.

Mr. Damer smiled on seeing the cards: 'Do you receive all Englishmen like this?' he said to Professor Holmann.

'No, no; but Torgau is a small concentrated place, very proud of its position, very anxious to maintain it, and ready to pay honour where honour is due.'

'Pray, what honour is due to me?' The Professor hesitated a little, looked at Mr. Damer, and said boldly:

'My dear sir, first of all, you and your family are the guests of the house of Zollwitz, and my poor self; secondly, you cannot hide your own person or your nationality, or your beautiful wife; thirdly, some undefined rumour has got about that you are a remarkable man—the Torgau *élite* wants to pay its respects to you, as it pays its respects to your authors. I believe it would astonish you to see translations of your best, and even second and third-rate writers in our libraries.'

'Really?' Here was a problem, a little confined, cramped-up place, through which he could march on a sunny summer's morning, to have so much broad cultivation. Strange, Mr. Damer had but stepped on the threshold of Germany, and here, in the tight-laced fortress, in the historical town of Germany's development, occurred a just thought to him—it's *vice-versâ*, thought he, our *material progress* has gone before our *cultivation*, their *cultivation* has gone before *material progress;* may material progress neither swamp the one nor the other! Mr. Damer was getting afraid of material progress; the half-crown was a sad reminder.

'I have a favour to ask of you,' rejoined the Professor. 'I shall go over to Halle and see Hermann Zollwitz to-day. He is not yet aware that we know you, and that you are here. Our interview with him on our return from England was rather stormy. Hermann absolutely refuses to bend to those feelings, which he says lower humanity, or rather lessen its moral courage. I want him to go with us all to the old ancestral estate of the family, to Castle Freiberg; and will you and Mrs. Damer, Mr. Harrowby and your son Harry, accompany us?'

'Most gladly, if it gives you any pleasure.'

'Then Christian must take return-cards to all the people that have called or sent this morning. You can see whom you please on our return.'

Zollwitz sat in his room at Halle. The sun was bright without, but he had shut the shutters not to see it, and had lighted a candle. That dreadful sun was playing him the oddest tricks of memory; and do what he would, he could *not* shut out tempting images of a certain sort. Kant's philosophy was surely the most incongruous and odd stuff in the world—

who would become identified with it? Hegel and Fichte were not better —much best was a little realism, moulded by the ancients into a goddess with soft brown eyes, flowing ringlets and graceful limbs, and draped by the moderns in a dainty summer costume, standing under the thick verdure of the trees round Newstead Abbey. Zollwitz heaved a big sigh, and tore his hair with both hands, scanning the philosophy. His door was unceremoniously opened, and near him stood Professor Holmann.

'Well, Hermann, studying by the glare of the candle?'

'I hate the sun's glare worse.'

'*You*, who used to be out from morning to night, as soon as studies were done!'

'Well, it's different; the sun hurts my eyes. But, dear Professor, how have you come?' said Hermann, getting gracious and handing his friend a chair.

'I want you to return to Torgau with me?'

'No, no, I cannot; it will kill me.'

'Will it, when I tell you who is there?'

'Who?'

'Friends from England.'

'From England! whom do you know there?'

'My dear boy, the Damers and their family.'

'The Damers and their family. Their family. Who is their family?' Zollwitz grasped the Professor's hand.

'Mr. and Mrs. Damer, their son Harry, and a nephew, Mr. Harrowby.'

'Not his sister—not Ethel? Oh, it's too bad.' Zollwitz tried to master his passion.

'Ah, Hermann, that's it. Never mind, keep it down, keep it down; it's an ugly trick the gods played us when they sent Love as a conquering hero among us. Be a man. "Try the way that will raise you up and send you forth a victor, for men to spread your fame," as Virgil says. Don't succumb, as I did, Hermann, bearing the shackles of my captivity all my lifetime.'

But Zollwitz was deaf. 'Not Ethel, not Ethel; it's too bad,' he muttered. How did *you* know them?'

'Be quiet, and I will tell you. Professor Holmann gave Hermann Zollwitz a short account of their visits to England to find him, how they had missed him, he having returned suddenly to Halle; mentioned abruptly the Major's duel with D'Alvensleben, but passed over the mother's death, not to shock his fiery pupil.

'Will you come now?'

'Decidedly; can I ever forget their goodness to a stranger and a *foreigner*, in a dependent position? My life is bound up with that family.'

On the terrace they stood, the whole circle of English and German friends, and looked out into the rising grandeur of those Silesian mountains.

'Gad, Professor, I never thought, here in the East of Germany, there was such a scene,' said Mr. Damer.

'How grand! Really, Mr. Zollwitz, this is more beautiful than Newstead Hall,' remarked Mrs. Damer.

But Zollwitz was mute, childish recollections *would* come over him, the thing Professor Holmann had feared, and his very soul could have cried out, as he did when only five years old: 'Where are they; oh, where are they?'

Harry touched him: 'Don't look so sad, Zollwitz, as you did once in Suffolk, when Aunt Sarah said you looked forlorn like; do come with me, I'm not afraid now of you, and we are all so glad to be with you.'

George Harrowby had scarcely spoken to Zollwitz, he went up to him:

'Mr. Zollwitz forgive me my repeated rudeness.'

There was something of the sister in George; it charmed away that intense misery and loneliness; Zollwitz, though pale as death, turned round and answered:

'Nothing to forgive; I ought not to have been offended.'

Zollwitz had never been a loving brother; but casting his eye on Mary, as she stood by Mrs. Damer, there came to him the remembrance of the little baby-girl.

'Mary, Mary,' he called to her, 'come to me.' He threw both arms round her, and sister and brother went away, arm in arm, to commune in sorrow, and relieve the others from this painful scene.

'Thank God,' said the Professor, 'the ice is broken! Thank you both, thank you all, to have helped me over this difficult hour. He will be manageable now, but we must leave to-night.'

Not before, though, Mr. Damer had seen a couple of real Silesian peasant villages, and had enquired after as many points of landed interest as he could. 'That's to help Aunt Sarah out of her money,' said he.

CHAPTER XL.

HERMANN ZOLLWITZ AND GEORGE HARROWBY MAKE LOVE.

Love, in its course, rides many waves,
For one who sighs—another raves,
Love it is still.
Longing,
Doubting,
Hoping,
Kissing,
Ever forming Nature's decree,
Sexes mingle—man is not free.

THEY had returned to Torgau, and Zollwitz had disappeared no one knew whither; only a few words he had left for Mary, 'Excuse me to our visitors, shall be back in three days.' In Halle he was not, for letters had come from there.

Professor Holmann and Mr. Damer were holding long consultations about the tour Mr. Damer wished to make. Mrs. Damer required rest; her body was suffering from the over-strain her mind had undergone some time previous to her leaving England. She lay on the couch near the acacia trees, thinking and dreaming, happy in the consciousness of her husband's love, but just *a little* anxious for the future. Somebody ministered unto her with delicate attention—big, soldierly, Christian. Was there no grand act of old chivalry to be done for this sweet lady? Would he not break one lance for her? Were there no enemies to be routed to show his devotion? As it was, refreshing beverages, luscious fruits, beautiful flowers, English books were always near her, by her very side, brought there by a loving, gentle spirit in an unwieldy body! Mary had lost her place in Christian's heart, and Mrs. Damer was enshrined there. Woe to the man who would have dared to annoy her!

The young folks were always together—Mary, George, and Harry. George was drinking deep draughts of something that was better than those old potions of brandies and sodas. George was drinking the elixir of love! Don't deride; in some shape we all drink it, but, if it is in the admiration for some lovely woman, there are worse things than that in the world. George was in love, this time really; he had not yet got beyond the first, the 'longing' state. 'Who the deuce,' said he, wouldn't be in love with this girl? Mary, sweet Mary Zollwitz. She was so ready to please friend and foe, so sympathising, so eager to help, that a ray of some angelic presence seemed to illumine the chamber she entered. She was one of those people, we say, that cannot live. And

how did Mary bear her bondage? for it is bondage to be loved. There's the secret which Mary told to no one.

The acacias were whispering about their own concerns. The summer heat had evaporated into the water draughts from the moist clouds, and the earth caught the last rays from *her sun* as she turned in her swing round her own axis. The house on the esplanade was still, nothing stirred, but Mary sat at the window near the flirting acacias. Mary, though gentle, had never been a dreamer, but a most practical, helpful girl, as many gentle women are; but Mary began to dream now. A footstep passed underneath. Whose? The summer night was clear, and Mary withdrew, withdrew into the room, for her heart beat so loudly, that she thought the person whose footstep it was would hear it. Mary stood there, her dress trailing in graceful *nonchalance* on the floor; she stood in the middle of the room, holding her hand to her heart. That footstep beneath the acacias seemed to come nearer and nearer, seemed to touch her heart. That footstep was George Harrowby's. Had it come then, thought Mary, that love, of which she had only read, only dreamt as an impossibility, as something never to appertain to herself! Mary stood till she thought it died away, that footstep, and she would seek her own pillow and dream of it to her heart's content!

The summer morning was rising in the county of Suffolk, dimly rising in tremulous joy, and dewy freshness in rich Nature's breath, the golden rays were faintly sending forth their first grey messengers. A young man, looking flushed and hurried, had broken through the wood round Newstead Hall, and stood underneath its windows. He looked around and chose one, and began that song of Shakespeare's, in Schubert's melody:

> Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
> And Phœbus 'gins arise,
> His steeds to water at those springs
> On chalic'd flowers that lies!
> And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes;
> With everything that's pretty bin—My lady sweet, arise!
> Arise, arise.

The song penetrated through the Venetian blind and the open window into a young girl's room. The young girl awoke and started: 'What was it? Whose voice?' She sat up; again it began: 'Hark! hark! the lark!' The young girl fell back in a very flood of happiness and maidenly doubt, in a very glory of innocent nascent love; her hands clasped before her, her eye straining its vision beyond the Venetian blinds: 'Arise, arise,' sounded in the young girl's ears. She arose, she took the white rose she had worn the night before near her bosom; she

passed her little white hand through the aperture of the window, and threw the rose at the feet of him who had come across the sea just to serenade his lady love. Ethel returned to her bed; once more sounded 'Hark! hark!' and she lay in a tremor of hope, in a dreamy certainty that she was beloved! So much devotion seemed to throw a very glory round herself, for which she must become worthy—love, love.

A ray of him who formed the whole;
A glory circling round the soul!

All was still. Ethel was down the first; she looked underneath her window and found ?—a bouquet of 'Forget-me-nots,' gathered under the German willows, far away, near the River Saale—the willows praised so much by Tacitus. Mrs. Damer had given her message.

[*To be continued.*]

WEARY.

OH, but to rest awhile! to rest from strife
That as a fretting chain wears out the soul
With endless thought; to gain, and grasp the whole
Dark mystery that shrouds our earthly life,
And then to rest, to strive with doubt no more;
Unmoved to sit and watch the ceaseless wave
Of changing creeds roll onward to the shore,
And cresting break and die;—unmoved to brave
The taunts of wild fanatics, and the roar
Of halting crowds, that in their darkness rave
Against the light of reason;—and to be
Like some fair ship in sheltered haven moored,
Safe from the storm, by no vain meteor lured
To track dark phantoms o'er a pathless sea.

S. WADDINGTON.

ACTIVE CHRISTIANITY.

WE say lightly: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Do we understand the vast, comprehensive principle that underlies this saying? If we did, should we make so poor a show of our social system?

It has been stated in a previous article that charity and philanthropy are selfish virtues, endowing the agent with false goodness, and heaping upon the recipient undeserved degradation. Then 'giving' in any case, many will say, must be unnecessary, if not worse; there is the 'rub;' ostentatious, charitable, and philanthropic gifts are not gifts in the 'Christian' sense.

We work, we labour, for our sustenance, for our advancement; we are successful, by some accidental combination of circumstances in ourselves or our position. Being successful, we leave somebody else behind, who is not successful. Now comes the great, the all-absorbing question of humanity: '*What is to become of that Somebody Else?*'

Christianity says: 'When thou hast kept the Commandments, then hast thou only done thy duty'—the duty by which you keep your own position as a member of society, as an *individually selfish* man. Christianity says, as the next step higher up in humanity: 'Love thy neighbour as thyself,' therefore fulfilling the same duty to him as to your own personal interest; as an *individually neighbourly* man; and Christianity says lastly, as the highest step: 'Give all that thou hast to those that have not, and follow me,' carrying out the most extended human principle as a *socially Christian* man. *This is symbolical*, symbolical in idea; symbolical in meaning; being built on but one conception: 'That our acquisitions are the result of accident, therefore no portion of our own deserts, and if we can part with them, to those *that have not*, we acknowledge the principle of accident, of our own incapability, and reach the noblest point of humanity, where 'giving' is a natural consequence of existence, *not a virtue.*

The first principle, to do our duty as an *individually selfish* man, re-acts merely upon ourselves, because, by *neglecting* this principle, *we lose our position in society;* the second principle, *to do our duty to our neighbour as to ourselves*, as an *individually neighbourly* man, re-acts also upon ourselves, because by neglecting it we ENDANGER *our position in society*, and create a weak and inimical social grade. The third principle, to give all we have and follow *Him*, is that which symbolises true Christian human-

ity, by reducing the possession of goods to a mere casualty, to which no value can be attached, imposing upon him who *possesses* the *natural* consequence to give to him who *possesses not*. The first two principles form the staple of our society, and maintain it in working order. The third has not yet been attainable, and may not be, in a general sense, because it is symbolical. Only those who *had not* would follow; he, *who had*, would not. This symbol of true Christian 'giving' is not to take up pompous charity and philanthropy as self-sufficient virtues, necessary for the fulfilment of the *second* principle, or the *duty to our neighbour*, but to 'give' because 'giving' is a plain, simple, natural course of higher human life.

We cannot realise symbols; we can only strive to attain them in tendency; and if we wish to attain this, we must learn to give *simply* and *naturally*, not as men, whose power to give exalts those who give and lowers those who receive, but as natural companions, who give where there *is not*. Such giving never degrades, but is blessed, for is it not more blessed to give than to receive?

But why is 'giving' necessary? Because we neglect the second principle—'the duty to our neighbour as to ourselves.' We neglect it in the individual sense of private action, and in the extended sense of legislative action. We do not look back at every step of the onward course of the bodily or morally strongest (what becomes of those?) who are left behind, but we push on still, filling the gaps behind us with masses of poverty, wretchedness, nakedness, disease, and ignorance. We neither avoid pauperism nor crime by rendering strong every section of mankind, and opening for it some roads of success, but pass over the weaker elements of humanity, leaving them undeveloped, and *make* 'giving' a necessity to lessen in some measure the immediate wants of those who *have not*.

If, then, 'giving' has become a necessity through our faulty social action, how *shall* we give? Not grandly, but humbly, looking for no reward *because* we give. All good action rewards itself, because the being that is capable of good action has its own reward by *being capable* of good action, and, therefore, high in the human scale. All bad action punishes itself, because the being that is capable of bad action has its own punishment by *being capable* of bad action, and, therefore, low in the human scale. If we give, therefore, simply and naturally we are already blessed, because we are able to feel that Christian sympathy that will give *simply* and *naturally*. We are rewarded by having the *privilege* to give.

Besides those various public charitable institutions, so much in vogue in our time, whose maintenance costs so much labour and means that might be applied in a larger sense for the good of mankind, since these institutions do not reach the thousandth part of the necessity of

humanity. Besides such recognised public institutions there are more modest places that take up human need in a simpler and more unpretending way. There are those men who find refuges for the houseless, clothing for the naked, food for the hungry, instruction for the ignorant, who go into the lonely alleys of misery, and give and save, because those they give to *have not*. Near London is, among others, a plain Home, where the children are taken in promiscuously, not chosen by vote, where simple giving is advocated by a plain Christian man, who labours and works to make the little wayfarers healthy human beings, useful and honourable members of society, not charity recipients. The Home has all the elements of raising up needy mankind, not lowering it by the oppressive consciousness of undeserved degradation. At Edmonton is this offspring of the principle 'to give simply' because *they have not;* to train children and women who will go and labour again for plain Christianity among others, where society has failed in duty.

A time is coming when the active exercise of this Christian principle, that is to supplement human injustice and inequality, always receives an impetus from the lustre of the celebration of its birth. Could a few remarks have some influence to let us drive away all pomposity of goodness, and just simply advocate some plain Christian principle of giving—because *they have not*—and exercise this principle in so extended a sense that it will reverberate through every section of society, regenerating our callous feelings, and allowing us to look upon the need of mankind in a higher sense. Never mind if times are bad, or commerce dull, the money-market fluctuating, provisions dear, the maintenance of position necessary; or if friends have to be received, children to be provided for. Give simply, not ostentatiously; give simply to those *that have not*, including a blessing in the giving for yourself, and let the giving be a blessing to them who receive, by making the gift a strengthening medium for higher and juster social action. 'Giving' is as yet often badly executed, and has become a prey for lower mankind. If you give, take the trouble not to cast your gift, as it were, to the dogs, but bestow it in a Christian and rational manner. The very bestowal will work a moral benefit, if it is properly done. There are some ways for every individual to exercise Christianity, *simply* towards our fellow-men, that are left in the shade by us, and by our social indifference; to tread those ways is 'Active Christianity.' You deserve no great name for it, or to have your subscriptions paraded—you have your reward in the giving, because

'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

AMELIA LEWIS.

The Burden of the Willows.

O willows, willows, watchers by the stream;
Unhappy sisters! standing, one in tears,
One in cold desolate scorn, whose branches seem
Denied the pleasure of their woodland peers,
Freely to spread, or, when green summer nears,
To stretch broad leaves to meet the dew, the glow,
Or rock them on the winds that round about you blow.

Why are you sorrowful? About your roots
There is long grass with lady-smocks of May;
You hear the lark; past you the swallow shoots
And comes again; through the long sunny day
You drink the coolness; waters in their play
Toss waves of rippling sunshine on your breasts;
And under you in sleep the great round lily rests.

Why are you sorrowful, for ever grieving?
Your homes are in deep meadows through the days
When all green things chant praises; yours the weaving
Of the long sedges of the water-ways.
Why, while their lauds the happy woodlands raise,
While God's good greenery is full of glee,
Alone among the trees should you unhappy be?

Then of the willows, she that seemed in scorn
To stand, with upraised branches, nothing said;
But that unhappy one, and most forlorn,
Who in a rain of tears hung down her head,
From all her leaves a sighing murmur shed;
The weary burden of the willow-trees,
She sang me as I lay, my head upon her knees.

'I grew beside my sister long ago
Fast by a stream, that past a church-yard wound;
Oh, but 'twas good, a happy thing to grow
Where we might feel our roots in hallowed ground,
And daily wave our branches to the sound
Of holy chants and lauds and litanies—
We being planted there were favoured above trees!

'And I reached forth my boughs, for freely then
Our boughs abroad, as other trees, we flung—
And through the window watched the Christian men,
And watched the priest that by the altar sung.
I bowed my head when the shrill bell was rung,
And had my part in blessing and in prayer—
A favour above trees, I thought it to be there.

'But no delight like mine my sister felt,
She tossed her wanton boughs, and loved the jests
Of flippant daws that in the belfry dwelt,
Courted their fellowship, and for their nests
Gave them her twigs; their tales of thievish quests
Were more to her than primes or evensong,
Or the full anthem's peal that rolled the aisles along.

'And once it fell; 'twas in the latter spring,
Alas, the bitter, long-remembered day!
When all the church was void of living thing,
And through the open window, a long ray
Of glory on the carven credence lay,
And made the great bright chalice brighter shine,
And sparkle where it stood, still charged with holy wine;

'A daw, most vile of that vile fellowship,
Saw where it stood; in sacrilegious freak
He went, and took the chalice by its lip,
And, from the chancel, bore it in his beak;
But, as he flew, for such a weight too weak,
Scattered the precious wine along his flight,
That lay upon the grass, and would not sink from sight.

'He bore it to my sister, whom he bade
Close in her bosom, under branch and leaf,
To hide it. She—she took it, and was glad,
Covered it close, and jested with the thief,
Praising his daring. I, in speechless grief,
Trembling through every leaflet, stood aghast,
Waiting the doom of guilt—the doom that followed fast.

'For soon the priest, returning, knew the theft;
He saw the wine, a long accusing trail,
Like spots of blood upon the greensward left,
Even to my sister. Of the sacred grail
He questioned her, and asked her all the tale
Of that ill deed, and who had dared profane
By theft of holy thing the consecrated fane.

'But, lifting up her boughs towards heaven, she swore
Nothing she knew, the cup she had not seen;
Most solemnly she vowed it; but, before
From swearing she let sink her branches green,
Down shaken by their moving, from between
The chalice fell, and lying at his feet
Told to the priest her crimes, her blasphemy, and deceit.

'And thus he spake, with sorrow in his eyes,
And in his tone, but with stern words and slow,—
"O tree, for this thy sacrilege, thy lies,
The common blessedness of trees forego,
Henceforth thy ever-lifted branches show,
That all who see thee thus may learn from thee
To shun such deeds as thine, accursed willow tree!"

'But I hung down my boughs in shame and grief,
Weeping for her, and all that she had done;
And hang them still, and shall while any leaf
Of mine is green, or buds beneath the sun—
As we so sorrowful of trees are none!
Her straight cold branches she must ever raise,
And I must weep for her, even to the last of days!'

This was the burden of the willow-tree;
This was the song she sang me, as I lay,
What time the woods were loudest in their glee
Holding high feast, the festival of May:
And listening I forgot the flowers were gay,
And I forget the swallow where he flew,
And I forgot the lark, hung in the highest blue.

F. SCARLET POTTER.

Why is English Sculpture Unsuccessful?

Every one will probably admit that the art of sculpture is at a very low ebb in this country. Indeed, when one considers the contemptuous criticism, the chorus of scorn and fury, which greets every fresh work that is produced, there is no more touching illustration of the truth that 'Hope springs eternal in the human breast,' than the manner in which we still go on, erecting statue after statue, in the fond dream that our perseverance will at last be rewarded with something approaching a work of art. Not that we are the only country in which sculpture is decadent. We need go no further than France to find monuments quite as bad as our own; though the Parisians have been so happy as to have got rid of their Vendôme column, while as yet nobody has been good enough to demolish our pillar to the Duke of York. Confining ourselves however to our own island, most people, I suppose, have at some time or other asked themselves how it is that, whereas every year there are painted English pictures, and there are erected English buildings—not many perhaps, but at least some—of real merit, somehow or other, so far from any Englishman being able to produce a satisfactory piece of sculpture, in nine cases out of ten the attempts are not only failures, but result in works positively offensive. It is the purpose of the present paper to endeavour to find an answer to this question.

When amid numerous failures, there are occasional brilliant successes, the failures may be explained by minor and adventitious causes. But when failure is universal, and is the doom of men of undeniable talent, as well as of bunglers, it is clear that something is radically wrong.

If the views here suggested be correct, the decadence of sculpture is mainly due to one cause. Sculpture has failed because it has been put to a task to which it is unsuited and inadequate,—to the portraiture of individual men.

Some time ago a kind of criticism came in vogue, which perhaps at

present is not so loudly professed, but for all practical purposes is still the ruling faith. People demanded what they, respectable, middle-class citizens, had to do with Jupiters, Venuses, and the like—why should artists go on producing heathen gods and goddesses, most of whom, by all accounts, were no better than they should be? How much more reasonable, they continued, to erect statues representing real men, instead of imaginary gods; and let them, moreover, be represented as they really were. Sir Robert Peel never wore a toga in his life. Away, then, with this old-fashioned folly of draping his statue in one! Thus it came to pass that Jupiter with his thunderbolt was succeeded by Sir Robert Peel with his frock-coat.

In this realism run to prose there was, however, an element of truth. Perhaps the reader may remember Mr. Mark Twain's explanation of the painted monks and martyrs: 'When we see a monk,' he says, 'going about with a lion, and looking tranquilly up to heaven, we know that that is St. Mark. When we see a monk with a book, and a pen, looking tranquilly up to heaven, trying to think of a word, we know that that is St. Matthew. When we see a monk sitting on a rock, looking tranquilly up to heaven, with a human skull beside him, and without other baggage, we know that that is St. Jerome, because we know that he always went flying light in the matter of baggage. When we see a party looking tranquilly up to heaven, unconscious that his body is shot through and through with arrows, we know that that is St. Sebastian. When we see other monks looking tranquilly up to heaven, but having no trade-mark, we always ask who those parties are.' This is a very fair account of pseudo-classical sculpture. A young woman had a crescent put on her head, and a bow in her hand, and was dubbed Diana; a sturdy young man was clad in a lion skin, and carried a club, and he was called Hercules. Any modern Englishman might well ask what he had to do with such things as these, 'What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?' Well, in this case that depends. To the scholar the son of Alcmena has many interests. To all men the type of strength and endurance, call it what you will, has an eternal interest; but that conventional figure with club and lion skin, if it aims at nothing more, is interesting to neither gods nor men, however fine a name you choose to bestow on it. Its value lies neither in its name, nor in its 'trade-mark,' but is greater or less precisely as the artist approximates to the eternal ideal. If we could only abolish the classical names, and revive a little of the classical spirit, it would be the greatest boon sculpture could receive. Had the realistic critics confined themselves to banishing the clubs and bows, the lion skins, and winged sandals, their influence would have been a happy one, for these things are merely adventitious, and have become absolutely injurious by diverting the attention of artist and

spectator. But when they were not satisfied with attacking the Greek symbols, which are now meaningless, but went on to assail the Greek idealism, which can never lose its meaning, their influence became fatal, and has reduced sculpture to the dead level of prose in which it now reposes.

However, there is no need of arguing at length against the pseudo-classical school of sculpture. That is sufficiently effete. It still continues a lingering existence in the Euston Road; but there is no apprehension that the Thames Embankment will be adorned with the conventional figures of Lempriere. The prevailing error is very different, and it is against this that the present paper is directed.

This error consists in supposing that the alternative of sham classicism is the simple portraiture of individual men.

What is it that is required in portraiture to raise it to the dignity of a Fine Art? Certainly not the mere transcription of the features, still less the correct imitation of the coat and boots. Were that all that is wanted, the best artist would be the photographer. Clearly portraiture is only entitled to the rank of a Fine Art when the form and features are represented, not only faithfully in themselves, but also so as to convey the expression, the character, the soul within, so that we feel we have the real individual man before us. Now this is precisely a task which, with rare exceptions, it is impossible for the sculptor to achieve. If any one doubts this, let him observe the countenances of the persons with whom he is brought into contact, and consider how far they could be fixed in bronze or marble. There are faces remarkable for their mobile play of expression; faces fair with the glow and freshness of youth; faces with commonplace features, but those features redeemed by beautiful or expressive eyes. A moment's consideration will show how unfit these are for the sculptor. It is above all in the last respect that the art fails. It is unable to represent the eyes; and were we not so accustomed to it, we should at once recognize how ridiculous it is to attempt to disclose individual character through an eyeless face. The expression is the joint result of all the features; and if we fail to depict one of them, the others lose half their meaning. Of course there are exceptional cases. There are persons whose heads are really sculpturesque; that is to say, they derive their beauty or dignity from the nobility of the lines and form, rather than from vivacity of expression.[1] Such faces, with their look of calm repose, the artist can make to live in the marble, but such only. And even then, there is the difficulty of costume; and though the nineteenth century can do a great deal, it cannot conquer this. It is an observation as old as Aristotle, that ugly objects themselves

[1] For instance, the head of Napoleon I. was singularly sculpturesque.

often acquire an interest, and even a kind of beauty by the mere fact of imitation. But, unfortunately, the converse is also true; and we know by painful experience that a coat, which on a man's back looks a very creditable specimen of tailoring, becomes a most ungainly spectacle when imaged out in bronze. Thus, in modern times, the artist is forced to sacrifice either truth or beauty. The sacrifice of truth condemns his work as a portrait, the sacrifice of beauty condemns it as a work of art.

But even if sculpture were far better adapted to portraiture than is the case, its character as a fine art would be materially endangered by so exclusively devoting it to this end. Painting possesses all the qualifications for portraiture which sculpture lacks; and the man who can stand before a portrait by Titian without feeling its artistic genius must be dull indeed. But yet I suppose everyone will admit that if painters confined themselves chiefly to this work, the creative and imaginative faculty would be so discouraged as to seriously injure portraiture itself. In works of the second rank this is still more obvious. Who is there who does not derive more pleasure from the simplest sketch on the walls of the academy, than from the colossal 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' or from 'The Mayor of Mudborough, painted by desire of the Corporation?' If then in the case of painting,—the art of all others eminently suited to portraiture,—we feel that works of imagination ought greatly to preponderate over portraits, how is it that in the case of sculpture, an art eminently ill-suited to portraiture, for one work of imagination to adorn our cities we erect a dozen portrait statues?

The Greeks were wiser in their generation. Among them every winner of the Olympic games obtained a statue, but only to him who had been thrice victorious was a portrait statue erected.

'Too many indifferent portraits,' says Lessing, 'were not allowed to find a place amongst the productions of art; for, although a portrait admits of the ideal, this last must be subordinate to the likeness; it is the ideal of an individual man, and not the ideal of man in the abstract.' Yet the Greeks had not the difficulties of modern costume to contend with, and no doubt in their representation of the thrice victorious athlete, were satisfied with indicating the characteristic features, while they devoted their main attention to the study and reproduction of the finely developed body.

It is only by following the example of the Greeks that sculpture can be restored in this country. Instead of endeavouring to produce likenesses of individual men, to which the art is generally incompetent, let sculptors direct their energies to rendering the human body, in which their art is unrivalled. We know the admiration ungrudgingly bestowed on every battered limb from an antique statue. If this admiration is genuine, how is it that modern artists are called upon not to create

human limbs and forms of equal beauty, but to produce an accurate copy of a pair of riding-boots, or a cocked-hat? Of course it is not pretended that nothing but the nude is to be desired. Drapery may be graceful, and if any man feels called on to set forth folds falling in beautiful lines and curves, in Heaven's name let him do so. Still, however, let it be recognized that the human body is not only the subject best fitted for sculpture, but by far the noblest on which it can employ its energies. It may be remarked, also, that it is in the treatment of the body, at least as much as in the face, that emotion may be expressed by the sculptor. Lessing finely points out that whereas Virgil in the story of Laocoon tells us that the serpents wound themselves twice round both the body and neck of their victim, with their heads towering high above him:

> Bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum
> Terga dati, superant capite et cervicibus altis;

the sculptor, on the other hand, left the upper parts of the frame as free as possible, in order to disclose the play of the suffering nerves and working muscles.[1]

What then is the practical conclusion to which we come? It is this. That we should cease to attempt the impossible, and give up vainly endeavouring to adorn our cities with the present class of statues. For example, instead of studding the Thames Embankment with a row of bronze figures dressed in the costume of the nineteenth century, our ambition should be to decorate it with works of imagination—single statues and groups of sculpture—in which the first aim should be that which now appears to be the last—Ideal Beauty. Nor is there any reason to despair. Even under the present miserable system there are signs of plastic skill which give good hopes of what English artists might do in a healthier state of the art. The lions in Trafalgar Square would meet with admiration enough from Englishmen, were they in some foreign city. Moreover, though doubtless with a considerable interval, we approach the Greeks in our opportunities for studying finely-developed forms in action. There are plenty of athletic contests which might afford to an artist capable of appreciating them some of the lessons the Greek sculptor learned from the palaestra, and probably the finest English physique is one which has never been surpassed.

But, it may be said, are then great men to be forgotten, and to depart from among us without a monument of their presence? By no means. All that is here urged leads to a very different conclusion, viz., that they should be depicted by an art which is competent to depict them, instead of by one which is incompetent. Instead of scattering these miserable

[1] See 'Lessing's Laocoon.' Trans. by E. C. Beasley; p. 41.

scarecrows of statues about our streets, let us have a National Portrait Gallery, in which shall be preserved portraits of all great Englishmen. Their memory will not lose by the change; since, for one who can appreciate a work of sculpture, there are twenty who are capable of interest in a painting.

H. E. P. PLATT.

SONNETS.

'OUR prayers are prophets.' Father, be it so!
My dream became a thought—my thought desire,
Desire a prayer, whose living wings aspire
Unceasingly Thine awful will to know.
Such prayers as with our being's essence glow,
(The flush of a deep instinct's holy fire).
With earnest pulses rising high and higher,
Absorbing by intensity earth's woe;
Prayers that, when other invocations fail,
'*By the reality of Sorrows*,' cry.
Or, to enforce the pathos of their wail,
'*By thine All-might*,' '*by Love*,' '*Eternity*,'—
O let such pleadings by their truth prevail,
Such prayers be prophets of our Destiny.

FAR off my dream, and yet unearthly fair
The vision of thy beauty in my heart,
Hov'ring between my thought and its despair,
And mercifully keeping them apart.
Sweet as the mother's lullaby which brings
Forgetfulness 'twixt infancy and tears;
Calm as the misty shade time wisely flings
Between to-day, and past or future years.
Dear as the last fond look the lover holds
Between his heart and doubt's oppressive gloom,
Blest as the radiant vista Faith unfolds,
To part the mourner from eternal doom.
Thus thou with me, my dream of comfort stay!
My Hope, my Life in Death, pass not away!

MILLICENT O'HARA.

CARMILLA.

By Sheridan le Fanu.

CHAPTER I.

AN EARLY FRIGHT.

In Styria, we, though by no means magnificent people, inhabit a castle, or schloss. A small income, in that part of the world, goes a great way. Eight or nine hundred a year does wonders. Scantily enough ours would have answered among wealthy people at home. My father is English, and I bear an English name, although I never saw England. But here, in this lonely and primitive place, where everything is so marvellously cheap, I really don't see how ever so much more money would at all materially add to our comforts, or even luxuries.

My father was in the Austrian service, and retired upon a pension and his patrimony, and purchased this feudal residence, and the small estate on which it stands, a bargain.

Nothing can be more picturesque or solitary. It stands on a slight eminence in a forest. The road, very old and narrow, passes in front of its drawbridge, never raised in my time, and its moat, stocked with perch, and sailed over by many swans, and floating on its surface white fleets of water-lilies.

Over all this the schloss shows its many-windowed front; its towers, and its Gothic chapel.

The forest opens in an irregular and very picturesque glade before its gate, and at the right a steep Gothic bridge carries the road over a stream that winds in deep shadow through the wood.

I have said that this is a very lonely place. Judge whether I say truth. Looking from the hall door towards the road, the forest in which our castle stands extends fifteen miles to the right, and twelve to the left. The nearest inhabited village is about seven of your English miles to the left. The nearest inhabited schloss of any historic associations, is that of old General Spielsdorf, nearly twenty miles away to the right.

I have said 'the nearest *inhabited* village,' because there is, only three miles westward, that is to say in the directiou of General Spielsdorf's schloss, a ruined village, with its quaint little church, now roofless, in the aisle of which are the mouldering tombs of the proud family of Karnstein, now extinct, who once owned the equally desolate chateau which, in the thick of the forest, overlooks the silent ruins of the town.

Respecting the cause of the desertion of this striking and melancholy spot, there is a legend which I shall relate to you another time.

I must tell you now, how very small is the party who constitute the inhabitants of our castle. I don't include servants, or those dependents who occupy rooms in the buildings attached to the schloss. Listen, and wonder! My father, who is the kindest man on earth, but growing old; and I, at the date of my story, only nineteen. Eight years have passed since then. I and my father constituted the family at the schloss. My mother, a Styrian lady, died in my infancy, but I had a good-natured governess, who had been with me from, I might almost say, my infancy. I could not remember the time when her fat, benignant face was not a familiar picture in my memory. This was Madame Perrodon, a native of Berne, whose care and good nature in part supplied to me the loss of my mother, whom I do not even remember, so early I lost her. She made a third at our little dinner party. There was a fourth, Mademoiselle De Lafontaine, a lady such as you term, I believe, a 'finishing governess.' She spoke French and German, Madame Perrodon French and broken English, to which my father and I added English, which, partly to prevent its becoming a lost language among us, and partly from patriotic motives, we spoke every day. The consequence was a Babel, at which strangers used to laugh, and which I shall make no attempt to reproduce in this narrative. And there were two or three young lady friends besides, pretty nearly of my own age, who were occasional visitors, for longer or shorter terms; and these visits I sometimes returned.

These were our regular social resources; but of course there were chance visits from 'neighbours' of only five or six leagues distance. My life was notwithstanding rather a solitary one, I can assure you.

My gouvernantes had just so much control over me as you might conjecture such sage persons would have in the case of a rather spoiled girl, whose only parent allowed her pretty nearly her own way in everything.

The first occurrence in my existence, which produced a terrible impression upon my mind, which, in fact, never has been effaced, was one of the very earliest incidents of my life which I can recollect. Some people will think it so trifling that it should not be recorded here. You will see, however, by-and-bye, why I mention it. The nursery, as it was called, though I had it all to myself, was a large room in the upper

story of the castle, with a steep oak roof. I can't have been more than six years old, when one night I awoke, and looking round the room from my bed, failed to see the nursery-maid. Neither was my nurse there; and I thought myself alone. I was not frightened, for I was one of those happy children who are studiously kept in ignorance of ghost stories, of fairy tales, and of all such lore as makes us cover up our heads when the door creeks suddenly, or the flicker of an expiring candle makes the shadow of a bed-post dance upon the wall, nearer to our faces. I was vexed and insulted at finding myself, as I conceived, neglected, and I began to whimper, preparatory to a hearty bout of roaring; when to my surprise, I saw a solemn, but very pretty face looking at me from the side of the bed. It was that of a young lady who was kneeling, with her hands under the coverlet. I looked at her with a kind of pleased wonder, and ceased whimpering. She caressed me with her hands, and lay down beside me on the bed, and drew me towards her, smiling, I felt immediately delightfully soothed, and fell asleep again. I was wakened by a sensation as if two needles ran into my breast very deep at the same moment, and I cried loudly. The lady started back, with her eyes fixed on me, and then slipped down upon the floor, and, as I thought, hid herself under the bed.

I was now for the first time frightened, and I yelled with all my might and main. Nurse, nursery-maid, housekeeper, all came running in, and hearing my story, they made light of it, soothing me all they could meanwhile. But, child as I was, I could perceive that their faces were pale with an unwonted look of anxiety, and I saw them look under the bed, and about the room, and peep under tables and pluck open cupboards; and the housekeeper whispered to the nurse: 'Lay your hand along that hollow in the bed; someone *did* lie there, so sure as you did not; the place is still warm.'

I remember the nursery-maid petting me, and all three examining my chest, where I told them I felt the puncture, and pronouncing that there was no sign visible that any such thing had happened to me.

The housekeeper and the two other servants who were in charge of the nursery, remained sitting up all night; and from that time a servant always sat up in the nursery until I was about fourteen.

I was very nervous for a long time after this. A doctor was called in, he was pallid and elderly. How well I remember his long saturnine face, slightly pitted with small pox, and his chestnut wig. For a good while, every second day, he came and gave me medicine, which of course I hated.

The morning after I saw this apparition I was in a state of terror, and could not bear to be left alone, daylight though it was, for a moment.

I remember my father coming up and standing at the bedside, and

talking cheerfully, and asking the nurse a number of questions, and laughing very heartily at one of the answers; and patting me on the shoulder, and kissing me, and telling me not to be frightened, that it was nothing but a dream and could not hurt me.

But I was not comforted, for I knew the visit of the strange woman was *not* a dream; and I was *awfully* frightened.

I was a little consoled by the nursery-maid's assuring me that it was she who had come and looked at me, and lain down beside me in the bed, and that I must have been half-dreaming not to have known her face. But this, though supported by the nurse, did not quite satisfy me.

I remember, in the course of that day, a venerable old man, in a black cassock, coming into the room with the nurse and housekeeper, and talking a little to them, and very kindly to me; his face was very sweet and gentle, and he told me they were going to pray, and joined my hands together, and desired me to say, softly, while they were praying, 'Lord hear all good prayers for us, for Jesus' sake.' I think these were the very words, for I often repeated them to myself, and my nurse used for years to make me say them in my prayers.

I remember so well the thoughtful sweet face of that white-haired old man, in his black cassock, as he stood in that rude, lofty, brown room, with the clumsy furniture of a fashion three hundred years old, about him, and the scanty light entering its shadowy atmosphere through the small lattice. He kneeled, and the three women with him, and he prayed aloud with an earnest quavering voice for, what appeared to me, a long time.

I forget all my life preceding that event, and for some time after it is all obscure also, but the scenes I have just described stand out vivid as the isolated pictures of the phantasmagoria surrounded by darkness.

CHAPTER II.

A GUEST.

I AM now going to tell you something so strange that it will require all your faith in my veracity to believe my story. It is not only true, nevertheless, but truth of which I have been an eye-witness.

It was a sweet summer evening, and my father asked me, as he sometimes did, to take a little ramble with him along that beautiful forest vista which I have mentioned as lying in front of the schloss.

'General Spielsdorf cannot come to us so soon as I had hoped,' said my father, as we pursued our walk.

He was to have paid us a visit of some weeks, and we had expected his arrival next day. He was to have brought with him a young lady, his niece and ward, Mademoiselle Rheinfeldt, whom I had never seen, but whom I had heard described as a very charming girl, and in whose society I had promised myself many happy days. I was more disappointed than a young lady living in a town, or a bustling neighbourhood can possibly imagine. This visit, and the new acquaintance it promised, had furnished my day dream for many weeks.

'And how soon does he come?' I asked.

'Not till autumn. Not for two months, I dare say,' he answered. 'And I am very glad now, dear, that you never knew Mademoiselle Rheinfeldt.'

'And why?' I asked, both mortified and curious.

'Because the poor young lady is dead,' he replied. 'I quite forgot I had not told you, but you were not in the room when I received the general's letter this evening.'

I was very much shocked. General Spielsdorf had mentioned in his first letter, six or seven weeks before, that she was not so well as he would wish her, but there was nothing to suggest the remotest suspicion of danger.

'Here is the general's letter,' he said, handing it to me. 'I am afraid he is in great affliction; the letter appears to me to have been written very nearly in distraction.'

We sat down on a rude bench, under a group of magnificent lime-trees. The sun was setting with all its melancholy splendour behind the sylvan horizon, and the stream that flows beside our home, and passes under the steep old bridge I have mentioned, wound through many a group of noble trees, almost at our feet, reflecting in its current the fading crimson of the sky. General Spielsdorf's letter was so extraordinary, so vehement, and in some places so self-contradictory, that I read it twice over—the second time aloud to my father—and was still unable to account for it, except by supposing that grief had unsettled his mind.

It said 'I have lost my darling daughter—for as such I loved her. During the last days of dear Bertha's illness I was not able to write to you. Before then I had no idea of her danger. I have lost her, and now learn *all*, too late. She died in the peace of innocence, and in the glorious hope of a blessed futurity. The fiend who betrayed our infatuated hospitality has done it all. I thought I was receiving into my house innocence, gaiety, a charming companion for my lost Bertha. Heavens! what a fool have I been! I thank God my child died without a suspicion of the cause of her sufferings. She is gone without so much as conjecturing the nature of her illness, and the accursed passion of the agent of all this misery. I devote my remaining days to tracking and

extinguishing a monster. I am told I may hope to accomplish my righteous and merciful purpose. At present there is scarcely a gleam of light to guide me. I curse my conceited incredulity, my despicable affectation of superiority, my blindness, my obstinacy—all—too late. I cannot write or talk collectedly now. I am distracted. So soon as I shall have a little recovered, I mean to devote myself for a time to enquiry, which may possibly lead me as far as Vienna. Some time in the autumn, two months hence, or earlier if I live, I will see you—that is, if you permit me; I will then tell you all that I scarce dare put upon paper now. Farewell. Pray for me, dear friend.'

In these terms ended this strange letter. Though I had never seen Bertha Rheinfeldt my eyes filled with tears at the sudden intelligence; I was startled, as well as profoundly disappointed.

The sun had now set, and it was twilight by the time I had returned the general's letter to my father.

It was a soft clear evening, and we loitered, speculating upon the possible meanings of the violent and incoherent sentences which I had just been reading. We had nearly a mile to walk before reaching the road that passes the schloss in front, and by that time the moon was shining brilliantly. At the drawbridge we met Madame Perrodon and Mademoiselle De Lafontaine, who had come out, without their bonnets, to enjoy the exquisite moonlight.

We heard their voices gabbling in animated dialogue as we approached. We joined them at the drawbridge, and turned about to admire with them the beautiful scene.

The glade through which we had just walked lay before us. At our left the narrow road wound away under clumps of lordly trees, and was lost to sight amid the thickening forest. At the right the same road crosses the steep and picturesque bridge, near which stands a ruined tower which once guarded that pass; and beyond the bridge an abrupt eminence rises, covered with trees, and showing in the shadows some grey ivy-clustered rocks.

Over the sward and low grounds a thin film of mist was stealing, like smoke, marking the distances with a transparent veil; and here and there we could see the river faintly flashing in the moonlight.

No softer, sweeter scene could be imagined. The news I had just heard made it melancholy; but nothing could disturb its character of profound serenity, and the enchanted glory and vagueness of the prospect.

My father, who enjoyed the picturesque, and I, stood looking in silence over the expanse beneath us. The two good governesses, standing a little way behind us, discoursed upon the scene, and were eloquent upon the moon.

Madame Perrodon was fat, middle-aged, and romantic, and talked and sighed poetically. Mademoiselle De Lafontaine—in right of her father, who was a German, assumed to be psychological, metaphysical, and something of a mystic—now declared that when the moon shone with a light so intense it was well known that it indicated a special spiritual activity. The effect of the full moon in such a state of brilliancy was manifold. It acted on dreams, it acted on lunacy, it acted on nervous people; it had marvellous physical influences connected with life. Mademoiselle related that her cousin, who was mate of a merchant ship, having taken a nap on deck on such a night, lying on his back, with his face full in the light of the moon, had wakened, after a dream of an old woman clawing him by the cheek, with his features horribly drawn to one side; and his countenance had never quite recovered its equilibrium.

'The moon, this night,' she said, 'is full of odylic and magnetic influence—and see, when you look behind you at the front of the schloss, how all its windows flash and twinkle with that silvery splendour, as if unseen hands had lighted up the rooms to receive fairy guests.'

There are indolent states of the spirits in which, indisposed to talk ourselves, the talk of others is pleasant to our listless ears; and I gazed on, pleased with the tinkle of the ladies' conversation.

'I have got into one of my moping moods to-night,' said my father, after a silence, and quoting Shakespeare, whom, by way of keeping up our English, he used to read aloud, he said:

> '"In truth I know not why I am so sad:
> It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
> But how I got it—came by it."

'I forget the rest. But I feel as if some great misfortune were hanging over us. I suppose the poor general's afflicted letter has had something to do with it.'

At this moment the unwonted sound of carriage wheels and many hoofs upon the road, arrested our attention.

They seemed to be approaching from the high ground overlooking the bridge, and very soon the equipage emerged from that point. Two horsemen first crossed the bridge, then came a carriage drawn by four horses, and two men rode behind.

It seemed to be the travelling carriage of a person of rank; and we were all immediately absorbed in watching that very unusual spectacle. It became in a few moments greatly more interesting, for just as the carriage had passed the summit of the steep bridge, one of the leaders taking fright communicated his panic to the rest, and after a plunge or two the whole team broke into a wild gallop together, and dashing

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between the horsemen who rode in front, came thundering along the road towards us with the speed of a hurricane.

The excitement of the scene was made more painful by the clear, long-drawn screams of a female voice from the carriage window.

We all advanced in curiosity and horror; my father in silence, the rest with various ejaculations of terror.

Our suspense did not last long. Just before you reach the castle drawbridge, on the route they were coming, there stands by the road-side a magnificent lime-tree, on the other stands an ancient stone cross, at sight of which the horses, now going at a pace that was perfectly frightful, swerved so as to bring the wheel over the projecting roots of the tree.

I knew what was coming. I covered my eyes, unable to see it out, and turned my head away; at the same moment I heard a cry from my lady-friends, who had gone on a little.

Curiosity opened my eyes, and I saw a scene of utter confusion. Two of the horses were on the ground, the carriage lay upon its side with two wheels in the air; the men were busy removing the traces, and a lady, with a commanding air and figure, had got out, and stood with clasped hands, raising the handkerchief that was in them every now and then to her eyes. Through the carriage door was now lifted a young lady, who appeared to be lifeless. My dear old father was already beside the elder lady, with his hat in his hand, evidently tendering his aid and the resources of his schloss. The lady did not appear to hear him, or to have eyes for anything but the slender girl who was being placed against the slope of the bank.

I approached; the young lady was apparently stunned, but she was certainly not dead. My father, who piqued himself on being something of a physician, had just had his fingers to her wrist and assured the lady, who declared herself her mother, that her pulse, though faint and irregular, was undoubtedly still distinguishable. The lady clasped her hands and looked upward, as if in a momentary transport of gratitude; but immediately she broke out again in that theatrical way which is, I believe, natural to some people.

She was what is called a fine looking woman for her time of life, and must have been handsome; she was tall, but not thin, and dressed in black velvet, and looked rather pale, but with a proud and commanding countenance, though now agitated strangely.

'Was ever being so born to calamity?' I heard her say, with clasped hands, as I came up. 'Here am I, on a journey of life and death, in prosecuting which to lose an hour is possibly to lose all. My child will not have recovered sufficiently to resume her route for who can say how long. I must leave her; I cannot, dare not, delay. How far on, sir,

can you tell me, is the nearest village? I must leave her there; and shall not see my darling, or even hear of her, till my return, three months hence.'

I plucked my father by the coat, and whispered earnestly in his ear: 'Oh! papa, pray ask her to let her stay with us—it would be so delightful. Do, pray.'

'If madame will entrust her child to the care of my daughter, and of her good gouvernante, Madame Perrodon, and permit her to remain as our guest, under my charge, until her return, it will confer a distinction and an obligation upon us, and we shall treat her with all the care and devotion which so sacred a trust deserves.'

'I cannot do that, sir, it would be to task your kindness and chivalry too cruelly,' said the lady, distractedly.

'It would, on the contrary, be to confer on us a very great kindness at the moment when we most need it. My daughter has just been disappointed by a cruel misfortune, in a visit from which she had long anticipated a great deal of happiness. . If you confide this young lady to our care it will be her best consolation. The nearest village on your route is distant, and affords no such inn as you could think of placing your daughter at; you cannot allow her to continue her journey for any considerable distance without danger. If, as you say, you cannot suspend your journey, you must part with her to-night, and nowhere could you do so with more honest assurances of care and tenderness than here.'

There was something in this lady's air and appearance so distinguished, and even imposing, and in her manner so engaging, as to impress one, quite apart from the dignity of her equipage, with a conviction that she was a person of consequence.

By this time the carriage was replaced in its upright position, and the horses, quite tractable, in the traces again.

The lady threw on her daughter a glance which I fancied was not quite so affectionate as one might have anticipated from the beginning of the scene; then she beckoned slightly to my father, and withdrew two or three steps with him out of hearing; and talked to him with a fixed and stern countenance, not at all like that with which she had hitherto spoken.

I was filled with wonder that my father did not seem to perceive the change, and also unspeakably curious to learn what it could be that she was speaking, almost in his ear, with so much earnestness and rapidity.

Two or three minutes at most I think she remained thus employed, then she turned, and a few steps brought her to where her daughter lay, supported by Madame Perrodon. She kneeled beside her for a moment and whispered, as Madame supposed, a little benediction in her ear; then hastily kissing her she stepped into her carriage, the door was closed,

the footmen in stately liveries jumped up behind, the outriders spurred on, the postillions cracked their whips, the horses plunged and broke suddenly into a furious canter that threatened soon again to become a gallop, and the carriage whirled away, followed at the same rapid pace by the two horsemen in the rear.

CHAPTER III.

WE COMPARE NOTES.

We followed the cortege with our eyes until it was swiftly lost to sight in the misty wood; and the very sound of the hoofs and the wheels died away in the silent night air.

Nothing remained to assure us that the adventure had not been an illusion of a moment but the young lady, who just at that moment opened her eyes. I could not see, for her face was turned from me, but she raised her head, evidently looking about her, and I heard a very sweet voice ask complainingly, 'Where is mamma?'

Our good Madame Perrodon answered tenderly, and added some comfortable assurances.

I then heard her ask:

'Where am I? What is this place?' and after that she said, 'I don't see the carriage; and Matska, where is she?'

Madame answered all her questions in so far as she understood them; and gradually the young lady remembered how the misadventure came about, and was glad to hear that no one in, or in attendance on, the carriage was hurt; and on learning that her mamma had left her here, till her return in about three months, she wept.

I was going to add my consolations to those of Madame Perrodon when Mademoiselle De Lafontaine placed her hand upon my arm, saying:

'Don't approach, one at a time is as much as she can at present converse with; a very little excitement would possibly overpower her now.'

As soon as she is comfortably in bed, I thought, I will run up to her room and see her.

My father in the meantime had sent a servant on horseback for the physician, who lived about two leagues away; and a bedroom was being prepared for the young lady's reception.

The stranger now rose, and leaning on Madame's arm, walked slowly over the drawbridge and into the castle gate.

In the hall servants waited to receive her, and she was conducted forthwith to her room.

The room we usually sat in as our drawing-room is long, having four windows, that looked over the moat and drawbridge, upon the forest scene I have just described.

It is furnished in old carved oak, with large carved cabinets, and the chairs are cushioned with crimson Utrecht velvet. The walls are covered with tapestry, and surrounded with great gold frames, the figures being as large as life, in ancient and very curious costume, and the subjects represented are hunting, hawking, and generally festive. It is not too stately to be extremely comfortable; and here we had our tea, for with his usual patriotic leanings he insisted that the national beverage should make its appearance regularly with our coffee and chocolate.

We sat here this night, and with candles lighted, were talking over the adventure of the evening.

Madame Perrodon and Mademoiselle De Lafontaine were both of our party. The young stranger had hardly lain down in her bed when she sank into a deep sleep; and those ladies had left her in the care of a servant.

'How do you like our guest?' I asked, as soon as Madame entered. 'Tell me all about her?'

'I like her extremely,' answered Madame, 'she is, I almost think, the prettiest creature I ever saw; about your age, and so gentle and nice.'

'She is absolutely beautiful,' threw in Mademoiselle, who had peeped for a moment into the stranger's room.

'And such a sweet voice!' added Madame Perrodon.

'Did you remark a woman in the carriage, after it was set up again, who did not get out,' inquired Mademoiselle, 'but only looked from the window?'

'No, we had not seen her.'

Then she described a hideous black woman, with a sort of coloured turban on her head, who was gazing all the time from the carriage window, nodding and grinning derisively towards the ladies, with gleaming eyes and large white eye-balls, and her teeth set as if in fury.

'Did you remark what an ill-looking pack of men the servants were?' asked Madame.

'Yes,' said my father, who had just come in, 'Ugly, hang-dog looking fellows, as ever I beheld in my life. I hope they mayn't rob the poor lady in the forest. They are clever rogues, however; they got everything to rights in a minute.'

'I dare say they are worn out with too long travelling,' said Madame; 'Besides looking wicked, their faces were so strangely lean, and dark,

and sullen. I am very curious, I own; but I dare say the young lady will tell us all about it to-morrow, if she is sufficiently recovered.'

'I don't think she will,' said my father, with a mysterious smile, and a little nod of his head, as if he knew more about it than he cared to tell us.

This made me all the more inquisitive as to what had passed between him and the lady in the black velvet, in the brief but earnest interview that had immediately preceded her departure.

We were scarcely alone, when I entreated him to tell me. He did not need much pressing.

'There is no particular reason why I should not tell you. She expressed a reluctance to trouble us with the care of her daughter, saying that she was in delicate health, and nervous, but not subject to any kind of seizure—she volunteered that—nor to any illusion; being, in fact, perfectly sane.'

'How very odd to say all that!' I interpolated, 'It was so unnecessary.'

'At all events it *was* said,' he laughed, 'and as you wish to know all that passed, which was indeed very little, I tell you. She then said, "I am making a long journey of *vital* importance—she emphasized the word—rapid and secret; I shall return for my child in three months; in the meantime, she will be silent as to who we are, whence we come, and whither we are travelling." That is all she said. She spoke very pure French. When she said the word "secret," she paused for a few seconds, looking sternly, her eyes fixed on mine. I fancy she makes a great point of that. You saw how quickly she was gone. I hope I have not done a very foolish thing, in taking charge of the young lady.'

For my part, I was delighted. I was longing to see and talk to her; and only waiting till the doctor should give me leave. You, who live in towns, can have no idea how great an event the introduction of a new friend is, in such a solitude as surrounded us.

The doctor did not arrive till nearly one o'clock; but I could no more have gone to my bed and slept, than I could have overtaken, on foot, the carriage in which the princess in black velvet had driven away.

When the physician came down to the drawing-room, it was to report very favourably upon his patient. She was now sitting up, her pulse quite regular, apparently perfectly well. She had sustained no injury, and the little shock to her nerves had passed away quite harmlessly. There could be no harm certainly in my seeing her, if we both wished it; and, with this permission, I sent, forthwith, to know whether she would allow me to visit her for a few minutes in her room.

The servant returned immediately to say that she desired nothing more.

You may be sure I was not long in availing myself of this permission.

Our visitor lay in one of the handsomest rooms in the schloss. It was, perhaps, a little stately. There was a sombre piece of tapestry opposite the foot of the bed, representing Cleopatra with the asps to her bosom; and other solemn classic scenes were displayed, a little faded, upon the other walls. But there was gold carving, and rich and varied colour enough in the other decorations of the room, to more than redeem the gloom of the old tapestry.

There were candles at the bed side. She was sitting up; her slender pretty figure enveloped in the soft silk dressing gown, embroidered with flowers, and lined with thick quilted silk, which her mother had thrown over her feet as she lay upon the ground.

What was it that, as I reached the bed-side and had just begun my little greeting, struck me dumb in a moment, and made me recoil a step or two from before her? I will tell you.

I saw the very face which had visited me in my childhood at night, which remained so fixed in my memory, and on which I had for so many years so often ruminated with horror, when no one suspected of what I was thinking.

It was pretty, even beautiful; and when I first beheld it, wore the same melancholy expression.

But this almost instantly lighted into a strange fixed smile of recognition.

There was a silence of fully a minute, and then at length *she* spoke; *I* could not.

'How wonderful!' she exclaimed, 'Twelve years ago, I saw your face in a dream, and it has haunted me ever since.'

'Wonderful, indeed!' I repeated, overcoming with an effort the horror that had for a time suspended my utterances. 'Twelve years ago, in vision or reality, *I* certainly saw you. I could not forget your face. It has remained before my eyes ever since.'

Her smile had softened. Whatever I had fancied strange in it, was gone, and it and her dimpling cheeks were now delightfully pretty and intelligent.

I felt reassured, and continued more in the vein which hospitality indicated, to bid her welcome, and to tell her how much pleasure her accidental arrival had given us all, and especially what a happiness it was to me.

I took her hand as I spoke. I was a little shy, as lonely people are, but the situation made me eloquent, and even bold. She pressed my hand, she laid hers upon it, and her eyes glowed, as, looking hastily into mine, she smiled again, and blushed.

She answered my welcome very prettily. I sat down beside her, still wondering; and she said:

'I must tell you my vision about you; it is so very strange that you and I should have had, each of the other so vivid a dream, that each should have seen, I you and you me, looking as we do now, when of course we both were mere children. I was a child, about six years old, and I awoke from a confused and troubled dream, and found myself in a room, unlike my nursery, wainscoted clumsily in some dark wood, and with cupboards and bedsteads, and chairs, and benches placed about it. The beds were, I thought, all empty, and the room itself without anyone but myself in it; and I, after looking about me for some time, and admiring especially an iron candlestick, with two branches, which I should certainly know again, crept under one of the beds to reach the window; but as I got from under the bed, I heard someone crying; and looking up, while I was still upon my knees, I saw *you*—most assuredly you—as I see you now; a beautiful young lady, with golden hair and large blue eyes, and lips—your lips—you, as you are here. Your looks won me; I climbed on the bed and put my arms about you, and I think we both fell asleep. I was roused by a scream; you were sitting up screaming. I was frightened, and slipped down upon the ground, and, it seemed to me, lost consciousness for a moment; and when I came to myself, I was again in my nursery at home. Your face I have never forgotten since. I could not be misled by mere resemblance. You *are* the lady whom I then saw.'

It was now my turn to relate my corresponding vision, which I did, to the undisguised wonder of my new acquaintance.

'I don't know which should be most afraid of the other,' she said, again smiling—'If you were less pretty I think I should be very much afraid of you, but being as you are, and you and I both so young, I feel only that I have made your acquaintance twelve years ago, and have already a right to your intimacy; at all events it does seem as if we were destined, from our earliest childhood, to be friends. I wonder whether you feel as strangely drawn towards me as I do to you; I have never had a friend—shall I find one now?' She sighed, and her fine dark eyes gazed passionately on me.

Now the truth is, I felt rather unaccountably towards the beautiful stranger. I did feel, as she said, 'drawn towards her,' but there was also something of repulsion. In this ambiguous feeling, however, the sense of attraction immensely prevailed. She interested and won me; she was so beautiful and so indescribably engaging.

I perceived now something of langour and exhaustion stealing over her, and hastened to bid her good night.

'The doctor thinks,' I added, 'that you ought to have a maid to sit up with you to-night; one of ours is waiting, and you will find her a very useful and quiet creature.'

'How kind of you, but I could not sleep, I never could with an attendant in the room. I shan't require any assistance—and, shall I confess my weakness, I am haunted with a terror of robbers. Our house was robbed once, and two servants murdered, so I always lock my door. It has become a habit—and you look so kind I know you will forgive me. I see there is a key in the lock.'

She held me close in her pretty arms for a moment and whispered in my ear, 'Good night, darling, it is very hard to part with you, but good night; to-morrow, but not early, I shall see you again.'

She sank back on the pillow with a sigh, and her fine eyes followed me with a fond and melancholy gaze, and she murmured again 'Good night, dear friend.'

Young people like, and even love, on impulse. I was flattered by the evident, though as yet undeserved, fondness she showed me. I liked the confidence with which she at once received me. She was determined that we should be very near friends.

Next day came and we met again. I was delighted with my companion; that is to say, in many respects.

Her looks lost nothing in daylight—she was certainly the most beautiful creature I had ever seen, and the unpleasant remembrance of the face presented in my early dream, had lost the effect of the first unexpected recognition.

She confessed that she had experienced a similar shock on seeing me, and precisely the same faint antipathy that had mingled with my admiration of her. We now laughed together over our momentary horrors.

[*To be continued.*]

Midnight Confession.

(From Charles Baudelaire.)

At the dreary midnight hour,
  Strikes the clock, as if it said
'Mortals, to what use, what power,
  Have ye put the day just dead?'
From our lips the words unbidden
  In despairing chorus fell
(No one string of ours being hidden),
  'We have lived as dogs in hell!'

'We have cursed and blasphem'd Jesus,
  Holiest, kindliest God of all;
And beneath the board of Cresus,
  Fawn'd we for the crumbs that fall;
And to please the brute who buys us,
  Soul and body, with his gold,
Flatter'd those who must despise us,
  Spurn'd the hands we ought to hold!

'In our slavish melancholy,
  Sick at heart, our heads we bow
To the hideous monster, Folly—
  Folly with the bull-like brow;
Till we gibe at all that raises
  Mankind from the brutes accurst,
Heaping still our fulsome praises
  On the loathsomest and worst.

'And to crown our ghastly madness,
  We, the high priests of the eyre—
We, whose theme is joy and sadness,
  Half akin to ours, but higher—
We, before our songs were spoken,
  Stoop'd to carnal base delight;—
Hurl the lamp down; when 'tis broken
  We can hide us in the night!'

H. Curwen.

On Physical Education:

THE TURN-VEREIN IN ENGLAND.

By George Barraclough, M.A., M.R.C.S.

Were any foreigner to make a casual inspection of the long list of athletic sports which have been held in various parts of the country during the last few years, he might, without further information, possibly come to the conclusion that physical education was widely spread and systematically cultivated amongst all classes of Englishmen. And yet the really existing state of things amongst us would by no means warrant such a conclusion.

It is quite possible for merely competitive gatherings of an athletic kind to take place frequently, whilst the very grammar of systematic bodily culture is absolutely neglected with the majority. Further, such gatherings may exert, as they undoubtedly do amongst ourselves, a repressing and hurtful influence on the development of physical education of a primary and systematic character. Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that there is an awakening interest in corporeal culture, which, if it is not wisely directed, is at least some improvement on the apathy of times past. Not more than twenty years ago such systematic culture of the bodily powers of our youths as might counteract the injurious effects of their long hours of study and confinement, was the last thing contemplated in the public schools of large towns. Indeed, the aspirations of not a few parents and preceptors appeared to be quite satisfied if they could only succeed in converting their boys into walking Greek Lexicons, as if they had then realised the most catholic type of humanity. As a result of all this, it happened that only too many scholars left their studies with a torpid liver, an unexpanded chest, a weak heart, an impaired digestion, an over-excited brain, and a biceps no larger than a pack thread. And thus the foundation was laid for life-long ailments which a wiser system of culture would have done much to render impossible.

A more wholesome system prevailed amongst the ancient Greeks. It was a case—there is every reason to believe—quite exceptional amongst them, which elicited the unsparing censures of Socrates. The memorable interview of that philosopher with the young Epigenes contains such admirable remarks on the value of physical education that it will furnish a sort of text for my subject. The narrative runs as follows:—'How little like an athlete you are in body, Epigenes?' 'Indeed, Socrates, I am not an athlete,' he replied. 'You are not less an athlete,' affirmed Socrates, 'than those who are about to contend at the Olympic games. Does that deadly struggle with the enemy, which the Athenians will some day demand of you, appear to you a trifling matter . . . . Nor[1] because the State does not publicly require the performance of warlike exercises ought we for that reason, to neglect them in private, but rather to practise them the more diligently. For be well assured that neither in any other contest, nor in any undertaking whatever, will you come off the worse because your body is more highly disciplined than that of other men. For in all human affairs the body must bear its part; and in all undertakings required of the body it is of paramount importance that the body should be as highly developed as possible. Moreover, in that wherein you imagine the body participates least of all, viz: in thinking, who knows not that many fail grievously from an ill-condition of the body. And ofttimes obliviousness, imbecility, petulance and insanity, from the same cause, assail the mind even to the extent of obliterating all acquired knowledge. . . . . Lastly, it is disgraceful for anyone to grow old in self-neglect without knowing how comely and powerful in body he might become; and this he cannot know who neglects his body. For these qualities are not wont to develop themselves spontaneously.'[2]

In the above extract Socrates arranges the advantages of physical education under four heads:—1st. Its fitting the citizen, in the highest degree, for the duty of defending his country against the assault of foes. 2nd. As rendering him more dexterous in whatever occupation may fall to his lot in life. 3rd. As rendering his mind more fit for the strain of intellectual activity. 4th. As a means of self-knowledge—of satisfying the famous maxim of the Greeks γνῶθι σεαυτόν (know thyself).

If, as I hope will appear in the sequel, physical education is not less useful in our own age, for the purposes just enumerated, than it was two thousand years ago, it will be as well, so far as convenient, to discuss the subject according to the above arrangement.

It is chiefly for the middle classes that athletic training is necessary;—for those who are confined for the greater portion of the day in shops,

[1] In Sparta, a State law made gymnastic exercises obligatory.

[2] Xenophon. Memorabilia. Lib. xix. cap. 12.

offices, counting-houses, and class-rooms. The labouring classes, and especially those of them who are occupied in the open air, have little need of gymnastic work. However, as an admirable recreation, and as a means of correcting that inharmonious development of frame which is a consequence of following any special form of labour, it were to be wished that the poorer classes had more opportunities afforded them of cultivating the art of dancing. The main reason why the lower classes of this country are so much more slouchy and ungainly in their movements than the corresponding classes of continental nations, and especially those of the South, arises from the fact that amongst these latter the art of dancing is almost universal. One hardly knows how much life can be thrown into a quadrille till one sees it danced by the peasantry of the south of France. But amongst the most ignorant peasantry of the South the proprieties are as strictly observed on the village green as in any drawing-room : a state of things difficult to ensure here.

If, as I venture to think, systematic bodily culture should, by the law of the land, be obligatory on all classes, the members of which rank above the labouring population; what exercises are most suitable, and most calculated to attain the end desired? Any system of exercises which may be proposed must satisfy certain conditions. It must be inexpensive, it must be efficient, it must be within the reach of all whom it may concern. And that system which experience has demonstrated to best satisfy these conditions, both abroad and in this country, so far as it has been tried, is the gymnastic. It is true, we have some admirable open-air exercises, such as boating, cricketing and running. But boating is expensive, and a navigable river is not everywhere at hand; cricketing, too, is only possible during the summer months: so these exercises, whatever value may attach to them, are out of question for the objects in view. Gymnastics, on the other hand, satisfy, or may be made to satisfy, all the conditions required.

That gymnastic exercises may be practised inexpensively, and be brought, both as to times and localities, within the reach of all whom they may concern, has been manifested by the success which has crowned the efforts of the Germans to establish their Turn-Verein in London. That gymnastics, also, satisfy the condition of efficiency no one can doubt who is practically acquainted with them. They attain that end of all rational culture of the corporeal frame, viz., the harmonious development of *all* the muscles of the body. Some exercises may develop certain groups of muscles as highly or more highly than any gymnastic training. But this is done at the expense of other portions of the muscular system, which remain uncared for; and thus is produced an inharmonious and awkward character of body. A blacksmith has a chest and shoulders like Hercules, whilst his lower extremities are feeble and ill-

developed. A mere running man has powerful legs, but weak arms; and so on of others.

A well-planned system of gymnastics, on the contrary, does not merely promote the growth of this or that muscle, it does something more which is of the highest importance; it develops a power of producing the largest number of co-ordinations, *i.e.*, it teaches a man how best to use any group of muscles with any other group, or, in other words, it puts a man in possession of the largest number of combined movements; and he who can perform the largest number of such movements, is the most perfect athlete. It will be seen that the development of any muscle in point of size does not necessarily confer the power of using that muscle to the greatest advantage in combination with other muscles. A case in point is furnished by the muscles of the tongue and larynx. It can hardly happen that all the muscles connected with these organs should not be fairly developed, as regards size, in learning to speak even one language, and yet how very difficult it is for people even moderately advanced in life to learn those combinations of muscular action, and that precise degree of contraction, or relaxation necessary to the utterance of any unfamiliar sound, as in a foreign tongue, for instance. Of course, in this case, the acquired difficulty resulting from long habitude is added to the natural difficulty; and thus foreign languages are best learned by those who are young. Yet it is just possible to imagine such an education of the organs of speech in early life, quite independently of any special language—a sort of vocal gymnastics, in fact—which might confer the power of acquiring special languages at any period of life, so far as vocalisation is concerned. What, for the sake of illustration, we have supposed vocal gymnastics doing for the acquisition of languages, it is quite certain a system of gymnastics has actually done to promote the easy performance of movements required in any occupation in which the body must take its share.

It is quite true that the movements and muscular co-ordinations of which the human form is capable, are almost infinite in number; and that to acquire all these in detail is neither desirable nor possible. Nor does the art of gymnastics aim at doing this. Its aim is to exercise the muscles in such a manner as to produce the most harmonious development of all parts of the body, and, as a consequence, to enable a man to acquire with the greatest facility, and to carry out in the best form, the movements required by any occupation in life which may fall to his lot. So that if destined for military service he falls in with the necessary exercises quite naturally, whether they be of cavalry, infantry, or artillery. Possibly the recent improvement in fire arms will make greater demands on the personal activity of combatants, and consequently render gymnastic training a more necessary part of the soldier's education than here-

tofore. Especially in mountain warfare, and in operations against savage tribes, our troops appear to fall short of what their courage might easily attain, if they had a gymnastic education. Was not this manifested in the New Zealand campaign, and would not a handful of well trained gymnasts have operated more effectively against the unhappy Maories, than the line regiments sent against them? Moreover, citizens gymnastically trained afford a body of men inured to fatigue; a circumstance of incalculable value where military contingencies are in view. And seeing that the great continental powers have recently made gymnastic exercises obligatory on nearly the whole of their male populations capable of bearing arms, it surely behoves us not to be behind in this matter.[1]

In the occupations of civil life also, a gymnastic education is eminently useful, for it develops that skill and promptitude which are as serviceable in the every-day details, as in the emergencies of life. In all trades in which much bodily exertion is required, much time is saved, and much risk of injury avoided by knowing how to use the muscular apparatus to the greatest advantage, and without making needless exertions. To the surgeon, especially, a knowledge of gymnastics is useful; not merely because he may be called upon to give advice in respect to bodily exercises, but because gymnastics develop both sides of the body, and give the surgeon that dexterity with his left hand which is of signal service in the operative part of his profession. To the obstetrician, likewise, a cultivated left hand is of paramount importance. In short, a wise system of gymnastics is a master art—a key to all bodily exercises. I, of course, include under gymnastics, boxing, wrestling, and sword-exercise. The first of these, in addition to the education it gives the eye, exercises a larger number of muscles at one time than any exercise whatever; it is

[1] If my memory does not deceive me, gymnastic exercises were made obligatory throughout the schools of France by the Emperor's government, some three or four years ago. But I have reason to believe that the law was never efficiently carried out, possibly from political considerations. The above was written before the outbreak of the Franco-German war. But I conceive the events of the recent campaign tend to prove the value of that for which I contend. In olden times armies were marched and counter-marched for a month or ten weeks before they came into actual contact. And thus troops were gradually seasoned and accustomed to fatigue before going into action. The events of the late war, however, have made us aware that an army is swiftly moved by rail to the region of operations, and that then everything may depend on the prompt execution of forced and rapid marches extending over only a few days. To what extent would a volunteer force such as our own and with its present system of training, be capable of doing a hard day's fighting after a forced march of twenty or thirty miles. Innumerable German civilians who are maintained in fair general training by the exercises of their gymnasia are capable of doing good service under such circumstances.

especially rich in co-ordinations. These three supplement what is learned on the racks, and render a gymnastic education perfect.

But are not gymnastics, someone may ask, dangerous; and are they not likely to cause disease? These are fair questions, and I have no desire to shun them. I do not know what exercises under the sun are wholly exempt from the possibility of accident. I have seen an amputation necessitated by the blow of a cricket ball; and only the other day a professional cricketer was killed by a blow from the same missile. Fatal accidents from boating are recorded every season; and mishaps in the hunting field and on the ice are of frequent occurrence. On the whole, I venture to think that the practice of gymnastics is fraught with less danger of serious accident than almost any sport amongst us; always providing that such practice is pursued with the proper precautions, and with sound apparatus. Perhaps it were better the flying trapeze were banished from every gymnasium designed for the use of amateurs; for I quite agree with Mr. Ravenstein, that nothing beneficial, in the way of exercise can be done on it, which cannot be as well done on the ordinary racks.

So much, in reply to the first objection; and now to the second. Gymnastics, to a certain extent, partake of the nature of concentrated exercise, and as such may lead to results the reverse of wholesome, if the proper precautions be not taken. But the same may be affirmed, with more force, of other strong exercises, such as rowing and running. In the admirable system pursued at the Turn-halle, any danger of the kind we are contemplating, is reduced to a minimum. In that institution, all exercise is performed in squads; so that each man, between every effort, enjoys an interval of repose. In this way, nerve, artery, and muscle, are enabled to recruit themselves before making a fresh exertion. And here we see a wise deference to physiological principles, which is not surprising in the Germans, seeing that their medical men take a large share in the exercises of the gymnasium. Indeed, world-renowned physiologists, like Virchow and Du Bois Raymond, are amongst the foremost gymnasts of Germany. The latter it was, I think, who wrote a treatise in defence of the parallels, when certain Swiss came into Germany, and uttered blasphemy against that apparatus. I cannot insist too strongly on the necessity for this period of rest between each effort, seeing its practice is based on the soundest physiological principles, as well as upon the teachings of experience. It is the great advantage of gymnastic exercises that they admit such a period of repose, which is not the case with running and rowing, where racing is in question.

There is a common and not wholly unfounded opinion that severe and long-continued exertion gives rise to heart disease. But the fear, in respect to the heart, is not a little exaggerated. A castle is not stronger

than its weakest point, and all castles have not the same weakness. Whatever makes a great strain on the vital power, such as habitually severe exertion—whether of mind or body—has a tendency to seek out the weakest point of the organisation; and that point is different in different individuals. A consequence of severe bodily exercise may be that the kidneys break down, because they are unable to bear the strain put upon them in eliminating the increased detritus thrown off from the tissues; the heart meanwhile working admirably. Again, the lungs or nerves may be the organs which suffer; the heart and kidneys remaining free from any primary affection. There is no knowing to how many diatheses or kinds of break-down any human frame may be liable. And it would happen, where there is a nearly equal tendency to two or more such, that that organ would first suffer on which the stress of work is most laid; though, be it observed, that no organ works wholly independently of others. Some organs, indeed, are occasionally so strong that no strain on the vital power seems capable of affecting them; other organs meanwhile breaking down, and producing, perhaps, a fatal result before the former can be affected. Of course, where the heart is even fairly strong, but with a very faint tendency to suffer from over-exertion lurking in its original constitution—much more so if it be weak—the possessor of it must, if he will indulge in competitions requiring extravagant activities, expect them to search out his weak point. Every one familiar with practice in the East End hospitals knows that the class of men denominated 'ballast-heavers,' suffer rather more than other labourers from heart-disease. These men are paid, not by the day, but by the piece; and consequently they have a pecuniary interest in compressing as much labour as possible into an ordinary working day. But even in their case, it is likely that other causes than great muscular exertion co-operate to affect their organs of circulation. They are great drinkers; they are exposed to all weathers; they get into great perspirations; and hence contract severe colds, and rheumatic affections which exert an especially damaging action on the heart, even on the aortic valves. So that, even in the case of these men, though they do the severest work of which the human frame is capable, disease of the heart from *mere* muscular effort may not be quite so frequent as is commonly supposed.[1] I have gone a little into detail on this part of the subject, because some needless alarm has recently been excited with reference to cardiac disease.

[1] Mountaineers are a sort of natural athletes; and it would be interesting to know whether they are more subject to cardiac disease than those who dwell in plains; or whether the diathesis has become eliminated in course of time, by a process of 'natural selection'—to use a phrase popular in the scientific world just at present. As regards elimination, ballast-heavers do not furnish a case in point, as they are recruited from the outside world.

I have no doubt, in my own mind, that the amount of disease prevented by the practice of athletic exercises, immensely preponderates over any that is incurred in their pursuit; especially when the precautions are taken upon which I have dwelt.

Although I do not regard athletic competitions as an unmixed evil, yet from the extreme spirit in which they have been carried on of late, no little distrust of athletics has been excited in the outside world. The occasionally unedifying results of this spirit, would be more tolerable if the long list of competitions we have lately seen in the daily papers, really indicated a general and wholesome system of athletics as prevailing throughout the country. But of this they are certainly no indication, however much an improvement on the past. Large sums of money are subscribed every year as prizes for those few who have the opportunities of running and rowing;—mostly persons who have the least need of any extraneous inducements to exercise. Sums are collected, sufficiently large in the aggregate, to provide buildings in which, not scores, but thousands could receive instruction. Let such means of physical education be first provided, and then let competitions and prizes follow if need be: we have begun at the wrong end. Let us contrast our mode of procedure with that of the Germans, as set forth in a paragraph of the annual report of Mr. Ravenstein, President of the Turn-verein, speaking as the mouthpiece of the council.[1] I quote, verbatim, the somewhat German idiom of the original:—

'The Society has always been sparing in offering prizes for public competition. Our energies were directed towards providing ample accommodation for carrying on gymnastic exercises. We have succeeded in this almost beyond our hopes, and we think that in this we have done more to promote physical education than if we had offered hundreds of prizes for competition. But though aware of the abuses to which athletics may give rise, we are not quite willing to forego the advantages which they undoubtedly afford, if carried on in a proper spirit, if the exercises are of real practical value, and promotive of harmonious development. The latter object we endeavour to attain by awarding the highest honour to a set of exercises similar in character to the Pentathlon of ancient Greece.'

In no grudging spirit have the founders of the Turn-halle provided accommodation for carrying out their system of physical education. In face of our constant failures in organising, with a view to social and other objects, it is not a little remarkable that the German residents in London should have subscribed some £10,000 to build and furnish their capacious hall, in itself a monument of the taste and ingenuity of German

[1] Annual report (1867) of the German Gymnastic Society (Deutscher Turn-verein), King's Cross, by E. G. Ravenstein, President.

architecture. And, strange to say, the English members seem quite at home in a building devoid of those darling accessories, paint and stucco. But, most of all, praise is due to the Germans for the spirit of discipline in which their system of education is carried out. If the council of the Turn-verein ever relax that discipline which is the best feature of their institution, they will forfeit much of that claim to our gratitude which they have justly earned up to the present time. For if there is a thing which our youth need at the present hour it is discipline. Any system of athletics which merely develops the muscles without infusing at the same time a spirit of order and discipline, is a dire evil indeed. Any system which solely turns out educated ruffians would leave us in a far worse state than that in which we were twenty years ago; and the fact that English athletics are pursued in such a disorderly manner, coupled with some recent disgraceful acts of ruffianism where they might least be expected, shows that our culture, whether physical or otherwise, is not bearing the right sort of fruit. That there is little chance of our athletics emulating the order and self-governance of the Germans is attributable to the fact that the older and more educated portion of the community are unable to grasp the idea of systematic physical education being a matter of the vast importance which it really is. Athletics are regarded solely as a *sport*, and as such are left to develop themselves in a spirit of disorder and undiscipline.

Should athletic exercises be incumbent on all; are not some constitutions too weak, some ages too tender for them? I would have gymnastic training made obligatory on all youths of the middle and upper classes, as much so as a knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, provided, in any case, there is no medical evidence of unfitness. There will always be persons whom St. Paul, borrowing the language of Epimenides, designated 'slow bellies,' persons without any muscular inspiration. But for these especially a gymnastic training is needful; inasmuch as they must do some work in the world, it is as well they should learn to do it as little awkwardly as is possible with them, and to acquire some of that alertness and intelligent direction of effort which a gymnastic training develops. There is little fear of such persons injuring themselves by going beyond the minimum of work assigned. As to age, everyone knows, or ought to know, that young children are quite as sensible of fatigue as they are of cold, and need to be protected from the one quite as much as from the other. The wisest proceeding in their case is to provide them with open spaces, and leave them to their own spontaneous activities, which are generally abundant enough in early years. There is no objection, however, to their being accustomed to simple mass exercises as an introductory course of discipline, and discipline cannot be learned too early. I would not put children to rack

exercises before puberty; after that age the higher course may be commenced with safety.

Perhaps some will think I ought to say something about gymnastics in reference to the prevention and cure of disease. As to any curative effects, not a little quackery has already been mixed up with the subject, which makes me the less disposed to say anything in this reference. I should not be surprised if, to-morrow, we hear gymnastics vaunted as a cure for all maladies under the sun; much to the injury of gymnastics, and of the health of patients. But as regards preventive agency a few words may not be out of place. I have dwelt upon the positive aid that gymnastics are in the occupations of life; and if, when pursued in moderation, they have the power to prevent those evils of which Socrates has drawn so vivid a picture, and others also which I have enumerated, this is an additional reason why we should be in earnest about them. This is an age in which, by reason of the extreme sub-division of labour, a specially depressing influence is exerted by its monotonous character, and therefore recreation, as well as rest, is necessary. And as a recreation, gymnastic exercises contrast favourably with a constitutional walk between two long lines of bricks and mortar, which leaves both mind and body unrefreshed and uninvigorated. During this latter kind of exercise the mind is still driven in upon itself. The man of business still meditates on cash columns, and the state of the markets; the barrister on his causes; the man of science on problems and affinities. But in gymnastic exercises the attention must be concentrated on the work in hand if the athlete wishes to avoid, to say the least, a very inconvenient tumble, or a very ugly blow from an antagonist. And here we see a very effective means of developing a habit of attention to the phenomena of the external world, most serviceable to minds too exclusively devoted, by natural bias, to the contemplation of facts in the world subjective. Even the most intellectual persons are born with some, and many such with a very large share of physical energy. Buonaparte could bear more fatigue than any man in his army. Plato excelled as a gymnast, and such instances might be multiplied indefinitely. Had it been the fashion, in the days of Plato, to suppress athletic culture of the muscular sense, on the supposition that the expansion of the intellect was benefitted thereby, then Plato would not have studied gymnastics under the Argive wrestler Ariston, and we should have missed much of the charm, not to say much of the wisdom, of the famous dialogues. I say 'wisdom' advisedly, because the intellect must have food, must have ideas, and what more fruitful source of ideas than the muscular sense,—that primary sense which most helps us to a knowledge of the objective world into which we are born. And failing the cultivation of this sense, we are apt not to realise the power of organised and intelligent

matter over that unorganised, and the potentialities of our individual frames, when skill and intelligence are brought to bear on them in friendly antagonism with those of others. We fail, also, to realise in its full enjoyment the association of this sense with the wonderful mechanics of our bodies. We deem it a finer thing to scrutinize the smallest muscular fibrils under the miscroscope, than to experience the feelings which are associated with these when they exist in their highest development. The Greek did not peer at ultimate fibrils through the microscope, but Plato did think it a humane and wise thing to cultivate in a high degree, the feelings associated with these in their fullest development. For he places gymnastics and medicine at the head of all other arts that minister to the welfare of the body, calling them the mistresses of these latter; but to gymnastics he assigns the pre-eminence over medicine; and deservedly, so far as gymnastics render medicine needless. The Greeks had not our anatomical knowledge; they did not write nor read so many books, nor make so many diagrams *about* the body, but they did by their system of culture develop, with one exception, the highest type of humanity this globe has ever seen: and surely this was something.

The middle classes of Germany have done well, in recent times, to emulate the physical culture of the Greeks, for they were becoming possessed, if we may believe their craniologists, of the most disproportionately large crania of all the nations of Europe. Indeed, the disproportionate size of the cranium appears to be on the increase amongst the peoples of Western Europe generally. They possess a cranical development much larger than the ideal standard of the Greeks permitted. The loss of balance occasioned by this disproportionate development of brain is not without its inconveniences. So long as a body is necessary to man, so long will the sensory feelings associated with it be a necessary source of information to the intellect; and when these feelings are impoverished, some fruit of intellect will be wanting; the healthy balance of life will be imperilled, and so far there is loss. Perhaps some type which should approximate the Apollo Belvidere in its proportions between the three great cavities of the body, but not so nicely balanced as to result in quietism, would be the best for both mental and corporeal activities. It would gain the largest number of marks, in the aggregate, for all exercises. At the same time, I do not mean to affirm that there is not some gain in disproportion within reasonable limits. That athlete who possesses a disproportionate size of pelvis, or length of limb, or of heel, will easily acquire pre-eminence in a few special exercises; but it is the Belvidere type which will obtain the largest number of marks in the aggregate. There is danger where any nation develops one disproportion very largely. It is the object of physical, intellectual, and spiritual gymnastics to avert this.

In inculcating the necessity for a broad system of gymnastic training, I have no wish to add to that high-pressure in all the occupations of life which has attained such huge dimensions of late; but rather to aim at providing something which shall make life more enjoyable without that universal striving after honours and emoluments which ruins the health and often the morality of a nation. That enormous strain on the vital powers in early life, consequent on the open competition for trade and place which characterises the present age, has for result the gradual elimination of the best and strongest blood in the nation; the weak and animal elements only being left. And this process it is which insensibly brings a nation to the verge of irrevocable decay. There is no greater mistake for either the individual or the nation than the crowding of the work of sixty years into thirty. At the same time it must not be forgotten that the flash of inspiration will oftenest only shine forth after the strain of agonistic work. The thunder and the lightning, bred of the storm, have their functions in the economy of nature, though we do not need them every day. And the more apathetic of its neighbours, will, at least for a time, lie at the mercy of that nation which shows a generous prodigality of effort. Avoiding the Scylla of universal strain, it is equally necessary to shun the Charybdis of Chinese stagnation.

Although firmly impressed with the necessity and the utility of athletic culture, and with the fact of its being one of the great wants of this country; yet, for the very reason that I should be sorry to see such culture added to the list of exhaustive agencies already too fatally in operation amongst us, I would especially have amateurs remember that there is danger in emulating professionals. Professional athletes have no other demand on their vital power than that made by their speciality; whereas amateurs have other calls on their vitality arising from their occupation in life, intellectual or whatever it may be. If amateurs will do the work of professionals and their own work besides, they must expect to suffer. In their case, athletic training should hold a necessary, but subordinate place.

I cannot leave the subject without saying a few words about the physical education of women. I have drawn, as I think, a not unfaithful picture of the state of physical culture, or rather want of culture, which once existed, and still to a great extent exists amongst the male youth of our middle classes, and there is only too good reason to apprehend the advent of a similar state of things amongst our youth of the female sex. When we consider what the results are likely to be on the health of young girls, there is something really appalling in the list of studies for them put forth by the University of London and other examining bodies. In this list we find anatomy, physiology, botany, chemistry, history, logic, languages, mathematics and political economy. But not

one word is said about any means for ascertaining whether physical culture has gone hand in hand with all this mind work; and without such culture this latter will prove a curse rather than a blessing. Every day, the unwholesome manner in which our young girls are bred up is bearing its bitter fruit, in hysteria, in insanity, and in disorder of all the bodily functions. But what may be expected when the high-pressure of intellectual work is added to the existing state of things; when young women emulate the work of young men, or even enter into competition with them? Just imagine a girl senior wrangler united in marriage to one of those overwrought youths we have sketched above, and the result of such an alliance on the next generation, if indeed there should be a next generation of any kind. 'But,' someone may remark, 'you would not have girls undergo gymnastic training; what need have females for any muscular development?' Of course, bearing in mind the etymology of the word, it is not polite to speak of gymnastics in reference to women; calisthenics, I believe, is the fashionable term. But of the kind of exercise I will speak shortly; let me first consider what necessity exists for the muscular development of the female organisation.

Neither their duties in life, nor their physical organisation, render it desirable, nor even possible, that women should perform the kind and amount of exercise requisite for men; and any system of exercises which circumstances may render it necessary to design for women, should have for its prime object the fitting of them in the highest possible degree for those duties in life which are peculiar to them as women. All culture, whether of mind or body, should tend to render the contrast between the sexes as great as possible. This is a fundamental doctrine which should never be absent from the mind of educators; and I venture to think that a wisely-planned system of physical culture for women need not have any tendency to diminish this contrast; but would rather enhance it. Undoubtedly some persons will object that any exercises which bring the muscles strongly into play, would diminish the grace and feminine character of women. On this point we can hardly have any better authority than the Greeks; and that they did not consider a certain amount of muscular development destructive of female grace and beauty is manifested by those exquisite models of womanhood which have been the admiration of ages. Pre-eminent among these masterpieces stands the Venus of Milo. On the superb shoulders of this statue the muscles can be literally counted; on the neck and throat every fold of skin, manifesting that muscular action which is a token of the soul within, is indicated. Contrast with this—the work of a later age—the Venus of Naples, a lifeless copy of the Milo, by an artist utterly incapable of apprehending the spirit of his original. But here we have something which would doubtless chime in with modern tastes. Glance at the

lifeless shoulders, smoothed down and laden with fat; regard the inanimate neck, which might be carved out of a boiled turnip, so far as any sign of animation is expressed on its surface. The author of this adipose Venus has stolen the attitude of the Milo, without discerning how that attitude is the outcome of soul inseparably associated with that glorious development of muscle which constitutes its external manifestation. Again, the tunicated Diana of Gabii is familiar to every one; and here what elasticity of limb—all the grace and spring of a panther; nay, more, the grace of a woman most highly bred. In the portrait of the elder Agrippina we have something which will easily bear comparison with the languid type of modern times. Here, the forests of Germany, the deserts of Syria, seafaring and land-travel, have done their work, and left that superbly-disciplined frame which we see: a higher type of ladyhood than is manifested in the portrait of any Greek woman that has come down to us. And yet, of all these types, can anyone affirm that their muscular development has diminished rather than increased the charm of their womanhood. Perhaps so; 'de gustibus' is a proverb; only I do not, on physiological grounds, admit the ideal of anyone so affirming.

It is undeniable that women suffer many ailments, both of mind and body, from deficient exercise; and ailments from this cause are remarkably common amongst women of the middle class; partly from that use of machinery in all the productive arts of life, which has the effect of mercilessly overworking so many women, whilst so many others have come in this way to live in idleness; as well as from their regard for a false standard, which makes it imperative for them to sacrifice all better culture to luxurious ostentation and selfish indolence. It is alleged that the garments worn by the Emperor Augustus were made and fashioned by the ladies of his own family. But not only do young ladies of modern times not make their father's garments—a thing not desirable—they cannot even make their own. All domestic work has come to be regarded as menial—as if any work *could*, simply in itself, be menial. Even when the state of maternity demands it, our modern heroine is ofttimes found unequal to the task of nursing her own infant; its back is so held as to grow out at an acute angle; its head is allowed to loll over arm, till it is a wonder how it contrives not to drop off from its shoulders. Seeing that this is the state of things, and that some enterprising persons—perceiving whither all this luxury and indolence are tending—have provided inducements to a higher culture in the direction of mathematics and political (not household) economy, involving sedentary habits and exhaustive competition—it behoves us, in despair of any specialized or domestic training (which is 'menial'), to devise some general system of physical education for women which shall fit them to perform, with less difficulty than heretofore, the practical duties of life; and

prevent not only common ailments, but also those of a worse kind which are sure to follow in the wake of high intellectual endeavour.

With admirable insight into a great want of our time, the council of the Turn-verein has organised a ladies' class, under the guidance of M. Schweizer, their talented gymnasiarch, who has perfected a system of physical education for women, in such accordance with their organisation as his wide knowledge of the physiological bearings of exercise eminently qualify him to carry out. This system might be introduced, with the greatest benefit, into all schools for ladies where mathematics and political economy are to be studied. But foremost amongst healthy exercises for young women stands the art of dancing; though dancing, as commonly practised, is rather injurious than otherwise. To be of any real service as an exercise, dancing should be practised in moderation, not less frequently than every other day, in order that the muscles may not become relaxed and unfit for exercise in the interval. As custom now is, dancing is performed at much longer intervals, chiefly in the winter, and to such late hours in the morning, that young girls are laid up half the next day with an attack of what is technically known as 'gymnasium fever.' As much as possible, this exercise should be enjoyed in the open air; for crowded and ill-ventilated ball-rooms are anything but wholesome places when the lungs are in vigorous action. Indeed, what is more fitted for terpsichorean exercise than an English lawn? Though why it is so little used for the purpose it is hard to say.

I have hitherto considered the syetematic physical education of women as a means of guarding against ordinary ailments, and of providing vigour and skill for performing the ordinary duties of life; but there comes a period in the life of most women, viz., the parturient, when such an education is of incalculable aid, and when its absence is often dangerous, and sometimes fatal. When we consider the sudden and huge demand made on the muscular system at this period, is it surprising that a frame unprepared by systematic training, or active occupation, should succumb to the shock of the parturient nisus? What is the exhaustion of the lying-in state but a sharp attack of gymnasium fever resulting from severe muscular effort operating on a frame wholly unprepared by previous activity? Take any clerk from a banking house, or any draper's apprentice from his counter, and make him walk fifty miles at a stretch, and he will be assailed by a severe and perhaps fatal attack of gymnasium fever, not a little resembling the lying-in state. On the other hand, a walk of fifty miles is a cause of very little distress to a well-trained athlete. To a female whose bodily activity has been well-developed by her daily occupations, or by systematic culture, ordinary parturition is not an exhaustive process. It is alleged, and many eminent abstetricians are not disposed to deny its probability, that parturient women

amongst savage tribes are accustomed whilst on the march to give birth to their infant, and then to resume the march after their tribe with the baby Indian at their back. Indeed, amongst ourselves, every practitioner meets with women of the labouring class who happen to be well fed and well worked, but not over-worked, who recover from parturition quite as easily as the Red Indian. That most undesirable accident of labour, post-partum hemorrhage is attributed by Dr. Tyler Smith to circumstances which originate in 'weakness of the abdominal walls, and a general relaxed habit of body.' It is with a view of obviating this weakness and of cultivating its opposite, that I urge the necessity for systematic exercise on all those of the female sex whose daily occupations do not call forth a considerable amount of bodily activity; especially is such exercise needful for those who, it seems, are henceforth to be involved in the toils of mathematics and political economy. There is yet another aspect of the question, viz., that a healthy offspring can only be expected from healthy mothers. The ancient Spartans well knew that a robust progeny could not be expected from debilitated mothers, however strong the sires; and hence they strenuously enforced the practice of calisthenics on their young girls. Surely it is now manifest that a large share of bodily exercise is not only beneficial to women, but absolutely necessary for the safe performance of the most important functions of their life. And if there is any mutual relation between the useful and the beautiful, it cannot need any further discussion to prove how that high development of the muscular apparatus of the female frame which is so useful, must necessarily enhance its grace and elegance.

TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.

By Compton Reade.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A DISCOVERY, AND AN INCIDENT.

In the scantily furnished bedroom, which Adine had hired at five shillings per week for their future habitation, she told her whole story, from beginning to end, to her lord. Needless to add, both felt intensely relieved by this declaration. He was as full of faith as of forgiveness; she more intensely happy than she had been for a long time. The loss of all things was forgotten; poverty itself seemed tolerable; they were both so truly at one.

Then she gave a list of her adventures, proposing that they should go to Exeter Hall for the *debut* of their *quondam* friend and *protegé* that evening.

To this he assented readily, although, inasmuch as the Sheriff of Middlesex had abstracted the irrespective toilettes, it became necessary to change the front places, so carefully secured by Captain Hawder, for less agreeable seats at the back of the hall.

With this intention, he set out for the Exeter Hall ticket office, where *en route* he passed a bookseller's shop, at the side of which, flapping on a string was visible, 'The Guardian' newspaper.

Parson like, he could not refrain from stopping a moment to glance at its pleasant gossippy pages, when the first thing that struck his eye was:

'PREFERMENTS AND APPOINTMENTS.

'Rev. A. Gubbins, to Coldhole Rectory, Essex.

'Rev. J. M'Grady, to be minister of St. Mary's, Lingeville.'

'Gracious heavens!' he exclaimed. 'When was this published?'

'Yesterday,' replied the shopman.

'Will you lend me a law list?'

The man handed him one of two years back. He hastily looked out the name of Gubbins among the list of attornies, discovering at length the address of Clinton Gubbins, Esq., 101, Buckingham Street.

To rush across the Strand at the risk of his neck, was the work of a moment. He literally flew down Buckingham Street to Mr. Gubbins' office.

As luck would have it, the worthy attorney was within, and gave him audience at once. From his lips he learned how that Horace Blackley had sold him the advowson of Coldhole for eight thousand guineas, being, as Mr. Gubbins said, a very outside price. The contract to sell was entered into before Mr. Blackley accepted Mudflat, thereby avoiding the sin, or crime, or blunder, of simony. By special agreement his son was not to be instituted until Mr. Blackley had quite cleared out of the rectory, and had given notice to that effect. This notice came last week, so that his son had been instituted forthwith.

'I might have saved you fourteen hundred pounds, had I only known of this before. And Mr. Lovett told his piteous tale of how he had been heartlessly swindled.

Mr. Gubbins heard him in amazement. 'The Peculiar,' he cried. 'Well I should not have thought—no—I should not. Plumley most respectable. And your chapel, too!'

'Yes, St. Mary's is forfeited to "The Peculiar," or Blackley, or whoever the principal rogue may be; and they have sold it, almost, if not quite, before it was forfeit, to a Mr. M'Grady. Thus I come out of this negotiation in debt heavily to Mr. Blackley and Mr. Bulps, and also with the loss of an income of some three hundred per annum.'

'Devilish!' exclaimed honest Mr. Gubbins. 'My dear sir, in future put not your trust in parsons.'

'Is there no remedy? Could I not recover some portion at least of my losses? Could I not at all events save Mr. Bulps the large sum he has sacrificed?'

'My dear sir,' replied the lawyer, 'you have the power of actionising these people for conspiracy, but that would not benefit you. On the contrary, they would retaliate by attacking you on the ground of simony.'

'I resigned my living unconditionally. That cannot be simoniacal!'

'Wrong, my dear sir, wrong. You probably wrote letters to Mr. Blackley, which would go to show that you expected a *quid pro quo*. That in the eye of the law is simony.'

'But then—surely Blackley would implicate himself as well as me?'

'I don't know about that. *Primâ facie*, I think that he would escape scot-free. However, supposing the contrary, I don't imagine that such a man as you describe Mr. Blackley junior to be—very unclerical

and possessed of a large fortune—would break his heart about the loss of clerical position. It might perhaps vex the father, not the son.'

'So that the conclusion of all is, that I am reduced to beggary?'

'Not so bad as that,' rejoined Mr. Gubbins, 'let us hope for something better. You are young, honest, and active. You have all the world before you. Pick out a kindly bishop—there are such. Confide to him your hard case. Ask for a curacy with reasonable stipend. Work well, and you will get preferment.'

'There are no bishops of that kind,' sighed Mr. Lovett. 'I have had too bitter an experience of the superior clergy. Besides which you little imagine how bishops hate the order of minor canons.'

'But you are a gentleman.'

'That again is against me. If only I had the priggish manner of that spurious imitation of gentility, the ——'

'But,' interrupted Mr. Gubbins. 'If I mistake not, you are a man of unaffected piety. I should say, that in you the poor would find a friend, the rich a kindly neighbour.'

'I can't answer for that,' sighed the sad soul, 'all I know is that I am no hypocrite, so you may regard my chances of preferment as hopeless.'

With which bitter words he left the good lawyers' office, and having exchanged his golden tickets for brass—after the fashion of the Homeric heroes—returned to tell Adine the last item in this history of duplicity and swindle.

They were at Exeter Hall in good time, and thereby secured excellent seats. A neighbour civilly lent his opera-glass, and they awaited with curiosity the first appearance of Ralph.

'See!' cried Adine; 'there is Captain Hawder, and there, too, is his wife. Just look at her Cashmere shawl, with its bordering of diamond beetles. Ah! Doré, what a glorious and beautiful thing money is. Heavens! why there is Lady Montresor; and looking so ill, and Mr. Barwyn is with her, and such a pretty girl. You remember Mr. Barwyn at Blankton?'

And then her husband took the glass, and a survey of the assembled company. Whereafter, Sir Michael appearing, the oratorio began.

They could but remark that Ralph wore a very pale and haggard appearance, but this circumstance they charitably put down to nervousness, ignorant of the ravages which a careless life had made upon that delicate young constitution. Had they watched Rosa, Lady Montresor, they would have observed that she gazed on his countenance with an aspect of pain as he trilled forth the sublime melody, 'If with all your hearts.'

Unquestionably it was a fine performance, and it enlisted not merely

the sympathy of the audience, which is not always of very great value (for the same money-payers will go into warmer raptures over a music-hall impostor), but, better still, of the orchestra and chorus.

The people around the Lovetts were by no means chary of their praise. 'Quite a second Reeves! Fine chest voice. A little bit nervous, but will get over that in time. Wonderful power for one so young. Capital *crescendo*,' &c., &c. To all which remarks they listened with more than ordinary interest. Perhaps it was his successful art, perhaps the force of association, or the result of their own good-heartedness, but they certainly quite forgot at that moment the fault he had committed. They remembered only their old friendship as they participated in the pleasure of his present triumph.

'If with all your hearts' is unquestionably a glorious song, and, so to speak, very vocal in a large room. Mendelssohn wrote it for one of the most magnificent tenors that the world will ever hear, and he meant to electrify.

With all its brilliancy, however, it is almost surpassed by that wonderful commixture of passion and tenderness, 'Then shall the righteous.' Mr. Lovett looked forward to this trial of art for his *protegé* with hope but not without anxiety. Indeed, Ralph himself seemed to be aware, as he came on to pour forth this divine song, that his powers would be taxed to the uttermost. He collected himself, therefore, for one giant effort, which he hoped would at once and for ever place his name on the roll of art-interpreters of the first class, thereby exceeding his fondest ambition. His cheeks became tinged with a hectic flush; his eye grew strangely bright, the more so, as when he dared throw one glance on Lady Montresor he fancied she encouraged him with one of her sunbeam smiles, and then, whilst the audience were hushed to earnest expectation, he began his task.

The nervousness which had partially disfigured his previous song was gone. Rising mightily to the moment, he gave such a rendering of this most delicious passage in the grand tone-poem, as to carry every soul with him. A storm of applause succeeded the last notes, and contrary to the stern etiquette of oratorios he had to repeat his performance.

Somehow he would have given worlds to have escaped this transcendent honour. He was exhausted, and felt ill.

The applause, however, grew more and more stormy. The *artistes* in their enthusiasm, well-meaning but unobservant, forced him on to the platform, and he again essayed to interpret the meaning of the Master.

This time effort was painfully apparent, whilst all the nervousness of his first song seemed to have revived. Aware that he was on the verge of a *fiasco*, he nerved himself to one grand attempt at the *crescendo* on the word 'shine'—the climax of the song—when suddenly and abruptly

his voice ceased, blood poured from mouth and nostrils, and he sank to the floor in a dead faint. The scene was horrible. Women screamed, men sprang on the seats, and the whole concert room became chaos. Half-a-dozen doctors of various inefficiency, who happened to be present, rushed for the *artistes'* room, to which poor Ralph was carried; whilst Theodore Lovett, regardless of consequence, leaping over barriers, made a determined dash to the front.

So dense was the crush of humanity that for all his struggles, which were regardless of etiquette, politeness, everything, he could not for five minutes advance farther than Captain Hawder in the front row.

'Please let me pass!' he cried to that gentleman. 'I am trying in vain to reach him.'

'You are too late,' replied the Captain. 'I've just heard that he has been taken away in Lady Montresor's carriage.'

Biting his lip with vexation Theodore Lovett returned to Adine.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AS YOU WERE.

One step further in the descent to avernus. Our ill-starred couple have not yet drunk their bitter cup to the dregs, and the draught grows more and more nauseous. Money has failed them, and as a consequence they are unable to pay their rent. Adine has been trying in vain to induce their landlady to allow them to depart.

'No, mum, yer don't go without my rent's paid,' says the woman, blocking the door with arms akimbo.

'But I *promise* it you on Monday.'

'And yer *promised* it last Monday, and broke yer word.'

'It's only fifteen shillings,' pleaded Adine, wistfully.

'You may leave your coat,' said the woman, turning to Mr. Lovett. 'That is, if you likes to; if not, I'll have that dress off your back, my pretty lady.'

'You told me this was a respectable house,' sobbed Adine.

'And do you mean, you hussy, to say as it isn't? I don't owe no money, I don't——'

'Stop,' said Mr. Lovett, firmly. 'Enough of this. You've no right to detain us as prisoners, or to take the clothes off our back.'

'Aven't I just? You dare step either on you outside.' The woman's words evidently were pregnant with meaning.

With quick feminine perception Adine realised this much: not so her

husband, who moved unconcernedly towards the door, beckoning to her to follow.

Instantly the woman poked her head out of the window into a court yard below, shrieking 'Bob!'

Obedient to her summons, a great hulking bully, of the police-court and prize-fighting type, lumbering up the stairs, collared Mr. Lovett, who in vain essayed to shake him off.

'Take off your coat and waistcoat,' grumbled the bully.

'But my coat is my livelihood,' responded Mr. Lovett. 'How am I to do duty on Sunday without a coat?'

'Don't know. Don't care. Off with 'em. They'll fetch five bob at the shop.'

Mr. Lovett was about to obey helplessly, when Adine, actuated by one of those wild impulses to which women are subject, rushed to the window, crying 'Police!'

The man relaxed his grasp on Mr. Lovett, and, with a cry of 'Would you?' dealt the poor lady such a buffet as stretched her senseless on the floor. Infuriated by this barbarous action, Mr. Lovett, grasping the poker, aimed a sudden blow, which, had it struck the man, would have killed him. The man at once dodged and closed, when the door opened, and a policeman, attracted perhaps by the tones of a lady's voice, entered, whereupon 'Bob,' instantaneously putting forth his brute force, sent Mr. Lovett bleeding to the opposite wall.

'What again, Bob?' said the officer, whose eye could not comprehend the scene.

Bob looked half sulky, half defiant. The landlady pretended to be solicitous for Adine, who lay motionless.

'I am a clergyman,' said Mr. Lovett, 'and we have been assaulted.'

The policeman, glancing at the speaker, appeared dubious. It is a peculiarity of the metropolitan police force, that they obstinately side against a gentleman, unless bribed.

'Oh!' returned the policeman, 'You're a clergyman, are you? Then I should advise you not to kick up this kind of rumpus, or you'll find yourself in the station-house.'

'I tell you I've been assaulted, and my wife is seriously hurt by that ruffian. I'll take your number.'

At this Bob burst into a roar, in which policeman and landlady joined.

'It's a case of can't pay rent,' observed the woman.

'Hum! better get rid of them,' observed the policeman drily.

'They must pay,' grunted Bob.

To this remark the officer condescended no answer, but advancing towards Adine, whom her husband had all but succeeded in restoring to consciousness, stared hard with little pity and much admiration.

'You must take that fellow into custody,' said Mr. Lovett, his usually gentle features distorted with anger.

Bob, however, thought otherwise, for scarce had Mr. Lovett uttered this threat, than he squared up, and hit out at him, rather to the alarm of the policeman, who, though authoritative, was not brave.

'You'd better be quiet, both of you,' he observed. 'You, sir, unless you wish to come to mischief, will leave the place at once.

'We want our money,' shouted Bob and the landlady in unison.

But the policeman took Bob aside, and by whispering something in his ear, induced him to retreat below. After which he hurried forth Mr. Lovett and Adine, who was barely able to stagger.

'Now,' said he 'if you take my advice, you'll slope. That's the most dangerous man on my beat.'

'We have no home. We have no place to go to,' faltered Mr. Lovett, who perceived the necessity of finding something like a temporary abode for his poor wife, now changed to the colour of death.

The man beckoned to them to follow. Then he led them down a court yard, teeming with infant life and squalor of all sorts. A very *inferno*. Selecting the dirtiest house, he asked a woman if she had a room to spare.

'No!' was the answer.

'Gentle-people;' he said. 'Trust 'em to-day, and they'll pay handsome to-morrow.'

The woman looked them up and down, and all over.

A glance at Adine's dress, the last of one of those pretty costumes she had purchased not so long since in Lingeville, decided her.

'They may 'ave the top hattic,' she grumbled forth, and accordingly the policeman led the way to that horrible chamber, where first we made the acquaintance of our hero and heroine.

'Policeman,' said Mr. Lovett, 'I'm deeply grateful to you. You will, of course, arrest that ruffian Bob, and I shall appear against him.'

'Better not, sir. You wouldn't like to see your name in print in such a mess. It would look so bad. Wish you good day, sir;' and without waiting to argue the point, the officer marched off, having, as he conceived, performed the whole duty of a man and a policeman.

On the wretched bed Adine sank like one dead, whilst her husband kept racking his brain as to how he could raise a small sum to alleviate this horrible misery. Mrs. Chowner? Yes. He could write to her, but then—— she had already the expense of their child and his nurse. His old friend the port-winey Minor Canon? Yes. But he had the gout, and during that temporary affliction was a raging demon. The pious Minor Canon? No. He was much too mean. His quondam superior the Chapter of Blankton? That would entail a certain refusal.

coupled with some stinging insult. Ralph? No. He was in all likelihood ill in bed. Roper? Could he ask the man whom he had so grievously injured? He believed in Roper's goodness. Yes. As he looked on the face of his beautiful wife he felt that this lowest depth of humiliation was inevitable. As soon as Adine was able to talk—she had begged for quiet—he would ask Roper's address. That two pounds *five*, which the good farmer had paid, was in fact a gift, not a debt. He would ask Roper for ten pounds, throw himself once more on Mr. Bulps' mercy, and move to a country curacy.

Night came, and Adine still slept. On the morrow both were struck with typhus, so the letter was never written.

Now, you know all.

CHAPTER XXX.

ULTIMA LINEA.

'He will recover,' said Sir Joseph Toadie; 'but he must not do this again.

'Must he give up singing?'

'As a profession, certainly. Do not underrate his critical state. My dear Lady Montresor, you are delicate—very. *You*, however, are not given to imprudence. This gentleman, in the face of a solemn warning, has been trying his constitution in a way calculated to damage the strongest. Can you wonder at this disastrous result? For the present, I prescribe perfect quietude. In a week he will be in apparently excellent health; then you may give him a few days at the sea. Blankenberghe is a quiet place; and the trip across the Channel will do him good. As soon as his appetite and elasticity of spirits are restored, bring him back to my care, in London; and when the leaves begin to fall, we must pack him off to Algiers.'

Love had triumphed. In the 'Redoubte,' at Spa, Lady Montresor stumbled against an advertisement of the new tenor-singer in the 'Elijah,' at Exeter Hall. At once, to the dismay of Poodle, she gave orders for a return to England. She was resolved to hear him in his hour of triumph, for well she knew that his voice would carry the public by storm. Within twenty-four hours they were in Westbourne Terrace, and on the following evening, in Exeter Hall. There, when she beheld him fallen and bleeding, pent-up affection broke all bounds. Her voice it was which first recalled his consciousness; to her home he was borne

by the swiftest blood horses; she herself was his nurse. In the dark and silent hours of the night she learnt, by comparing notes with him, how cruelly they had been deceived; and her first act on the morning following was to discharge the treacherous Poodle, who wept sore, vainly pleading for forgiveness.

This fever of excitement had its influence for evil on Rosa Montresor. It was so intensely happy to sit by his bedside, and listen to his voice, still marvellously sweet, though hollow and unearthly; to tend him awake, and watch by him during the hours of slumber. Too much of entrancement for a woman in her state of health; and Sir Joseph Toadie's practised eye detected the mischief, although his oily tongue was far too prudent to say 'Fie!' to one so lavish of guineas. For his own sake, and her guineas' sake, he resolved, however, to diplomatise. He told her ladyship, very plainly, that a praiseworthy solicitude for her patient was beginning to injure herself; that it would be better for both if he were to enjoy for a brief space the benefit of sea breezes, whilst she courted complete repose in London. He would send a young friend of his—a former pupil, in fact—as *compagnon de voyage* to Ralph; and he could pledge his word that within a short period he would feel restored to a new life.

Reluctantly Lady Montresor acquiesced in this arrangement. Had the doctor been less firm she would have assuredly rebelled. As it was, she feared to face the truth which her heart kept repeating every hour of the day, viz.: that life to her was far too precarious to be trifled with. Hence she could recognise the wisdom of advice which insisted on perfect quiet: hence, too, an obedience which she dared not refuse.

Ralph had arrived at that strange condition of dreamy placitude habitual to those whose lives hang by a thread. Nature provides for these sufferers the strongest anodyne against mental agony. To them the fear of death is seldom present. The lassitude of their bodies seems to affect their souls. Calm and smiling, this sick man reclined smoking a sweet cigarette, as he listened with lazy blessedness to the soft tones of his fair nurse's voice.

'You will obey Sir Joseph, Ralph, won't you, for my sake? And then come back quite a strong man?'

'I had rather remain here,' he said.

'But that is foolish. Life is too precious for you to risk its loss. Sir Joseph positively orders sea air for you.'

'Yes,' he sighed. 'Yes, my life is priceless now; and yet, but a short time ago, I valued it at less than the applause of an ignorant audience.'

'For shame, for shame! Ah! Ralph! we—sworn brother and sister—we are but very spindrift of circumstances. For that reason ——'

'I am to undergo banishment from London.' And, for a moment, he was silent. Then, a thought flashing through his brain, he added impulsively, 'I do so wish that I had made it up with Mr. Lovett.'

'It was very naughty of you to quarrel with them on my account," laughed Lady Montressor, archly.

'All the more reason why I should apologise.'

'Write them a note,' she answered. 'and you shall see them on your return.'

'But I'm afraid they are in sad trouble,' he added.

'Ah! yes, I am sorry for them, but remember the orders are that you are not to be worried. Put off all this superfluous excitement for a few weeks, and I will buy Mr. Lovett a living, or do anything else you may suggest.'

'You are always so kind,' he murmured, whilst tears of grateful joy welled to his eyes; 'so kind, dear sister.'

On the morrow, as the tidal train moved stately out of the Charing Cross Station, two faces smiled an earnest farewell. To say that there was a loss of hope in either would be false, yet perhaps both realised acutely the uncertainty of life; a feeling which, though it did not amount to a presentiment, nevertheless cast a gloom over their spirits.

'Home,' said Rosa Montresor.

At the door of her habitation in Westbourne Terrace stood the carriage of Sir Joseph Toadie. The chirurgical baronet wore a grave countenance. In his hand was a telegram, which he handled with an air of mystery. Evidently the great man was bursting with a secret.

'Bring some Moselle for your mistress,' he observed, authoritatively. Moselle had been to this man, through life, the philosopher's stone. A doctor who orders 'phiz' for all maladies of his female patients, be it helpful or harmful, will live an epicure, and die a Crœsus.

'What is that telegram?' she asked sharply.

'My dearest Lady Montresor, be calm; let me implore you to be calm.'

'Yes. If you will put me out of suspense.'

'But how can I? We have news of Sir Vincent, your dear husband, and——'

'He is dead!' she said with astonishing coolness.

Sir Joseph Toadie stared dumb-foundered—not at the absence of feeling, oh, no; to that he was thoroughly acclimatised—but to the absence of hypocrisy.

'Eh?'

'Well—ah—this telegram would appear—ah——'

'Give it to me. Yes. He is dead. Poor old gentleman! I hope he did not suffer. Would you kindly telegraph for me to our lawyer, Sir

Joseph? Thanks. I have business which must be settled without one moment's delay;' and she scribbled an address in Lincoln's-inn Fields, adding that time was an object.

'What a very extraordinary woman!' muttered the doctor to himself, as he hastened to obey her behests.

Strange to say this extraordinary woman, no sooner was his back turned, flung her form on the sofa, and sobbed aloud. She was convulsed by mingled emotions; indeed, when the lawyer appeared, he found her all but prostrate, and barely able to attend to business.

Nevertheless, she did contrive to convey a definite meaning to the attorney's ears, and when he left, having, as he said, work cut out for a good fortnight, his fair employer retired to her chamber, from which she did not emerge for many days.

. . . . . .

A fortnight at Blankenberghe wrought marvels for Ralph. His spirits revived under the combined influences of pure air, light diet, and change of scene. His medical companion indoctrinated him fully with the notion that one lung only was damaged, and that therefore his life was in reality good—a very well intentioned piece of falsity, better in most respects than many specifics. The weather being lovely, to loll on the hot sand, dreaming day dreams, was most delicious. When the hour for return arrived, Sir Joseph Toadie's prophecy had come true. He was quite a new man.

An enjoyable steam from Ostend to Dover, a wild rush through Kent and Surrey, and London once more hovered in an horizon of smoke. His heart beat wildly, his eyes glistened, he seemed like one about to enter Paradise. His carriage whisked him rapidly westwards, and so excited was he that he failed to remark the black livery of the men-servants.

'Lady Montresor's compliments, and will you dine, sir? Her ladyship will see you after dinner.'

This was rather a disappointment for his ardent friendship; but he was hungry after travel, and dusty withal. Perhaps she was wise. A meeting would be more delightful when he was cleansed and fed, and superior to all sublunary considerations. He, therefore, indulged in a bath, and a careful toilette. After which he descended to the most beautiful banquet conceivable. There was not a luxury unprovided. Every dish was a *chef d' œuvre*. The flowers were almost oppressive; the glass and gold dazzling; the wines glorious; whilst the traditional rose-water had been supplanted by Stephanotis.

On his napkin he found a sweet little billet:

'Come to me as the clock strikes nine. In my boudoir.'

'THINE, ROSA.'

It was just eight as he sat down to dine. That ceremony over, he awaited impatiently over a bottle of sublimest *Margaux* the arrival of the slow minute-hand.

Could it be the wine, or what caused such strange wild fancies to whirl through his brain? Anon he was diving after her into fathomless depths, yet could not reach to touch her. Anon he was following her o'er wildest mountains, his brain realising all the excitement of Alpine peril —once again, she was in the upper story of a burning house, and he once had mounted a ladder, but it was too short by but a foot, and she cried to him to save her. Verily, day-dreams are as unaccountable as their shadows of sleep.

The tang of a clock awoke him, and tossing off a glass of the claret before him he slowly mounted the stairs, experiencing the oddest palpitations of the heart imaginable. If he had to face a grand crisis, his face could not have turned paler.

There was a strange stillness in the house. Rosa Montresor kept servants in the background. She had a righteous horror of noise, with an intense love of privacy. This stillness seemed unpleasant, causing him to quicken his steps, and to tap hastily but gently at her door.

Again he tapped, this time louder, a little colour rising to his cheek.

No answer.

Then he opened the door, and entered.

On the sofa reclined Lady Montresor. She was clad in the strangest of dresses. A flowing robe, composed entirely of rare and delicate lace, enshrouded her form, but falling aside revealed a rose-satin boddice. Her head was pillowed, the features slightly averted. She appeared asleep.

For a second he stood entranced by this beautiful sight. Then he ventured to whisper with bated breath, 'Rosa!'

But none replied.

Then he drew nearer, speaking yet louder and more earnestly; anon he touched her softly, gently, firmly. What makes him wail forth that exceeding bitter cry? Why wring his hands for very despair?

Heart, false heart! You have played my lady false.

Heart, true heart to the last. For at her feet lies a parchment, executed that very day, whereby she bequeaths all her estate, real and personal, to her beloved Samuel Edward Ralph, musician.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BY THE BED SIDES.

Do you remember how we left Theodore Lovett and Adine lying hopeless in that awful London garret? Better, perhaps, hide our faces and shade our eyes, than gaze long on that cruel scene. It is too horrible. Hungry death waiting for his prey. Hungry vermin plucking up courage to anticipate the hand of the great Destroyer himself. Below, drunkenness, dirt, and vileness. Above, a tottering roof, which barely hides a sky befouled by smoke and bad odours; and nothing beautiful or good to come and exorcise all this hell.

Patience. Our friend the policeman keeps an eye on that house. He has not seen the strangers, in whom he feels an interest of the curious type, emerge from that gloomy portal. Can there be foul play?

'What's become of those lodgers of yours?'

'Don't know. Up stairs.'

'That wont do. I must have a look at 'em.'

'Right you are. They're sing'lar quiet. Pr'aps they finds sleepin' cheaper nor heatin.'

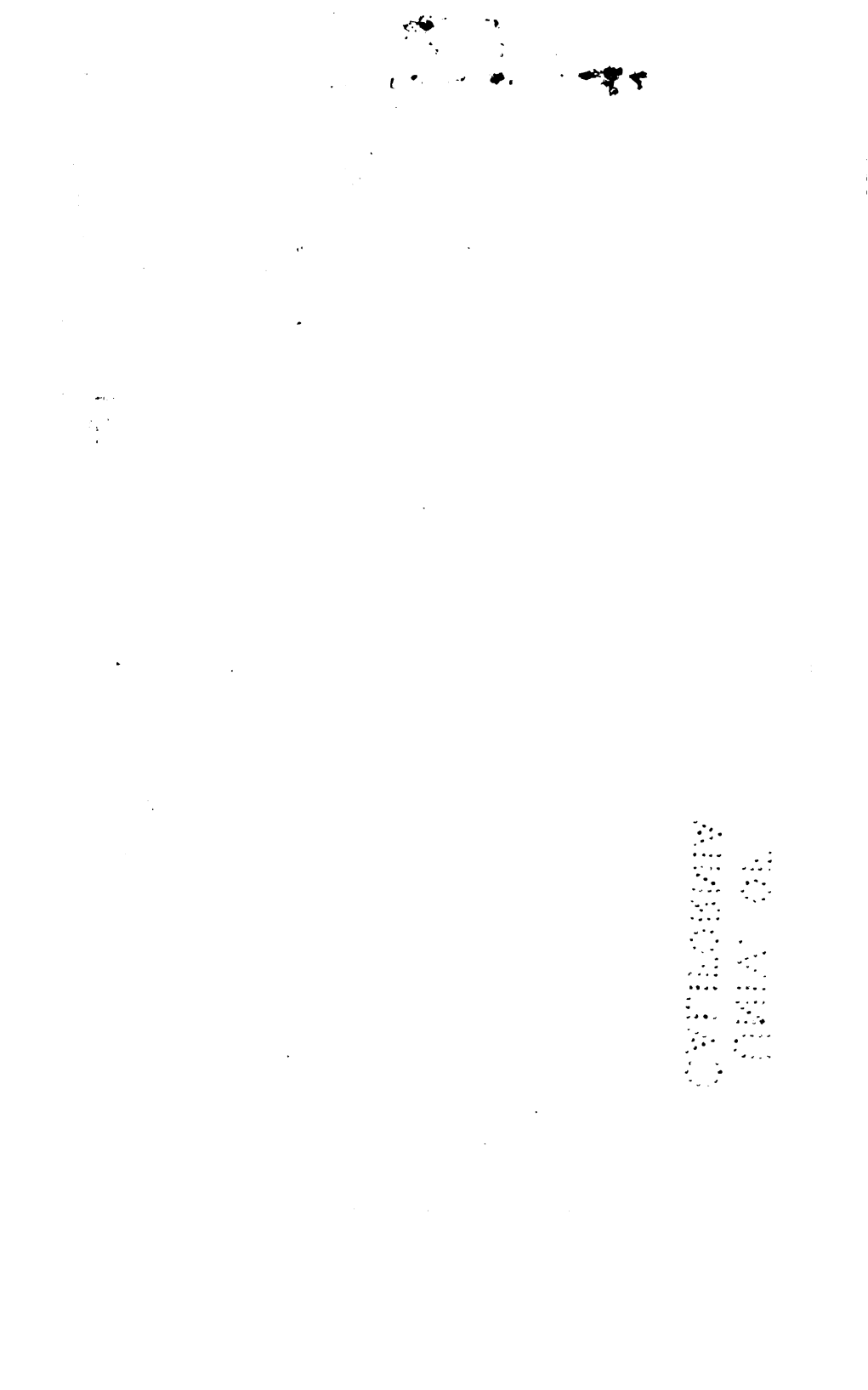
Policeman mounts the stairs to find the unfortunates delirious. His instincts are quick, and he can well appreciate danger. He descends promptly, inquiring if anyone has 'seen any of them nuns about.'

It appears that such a good angel is now in the next court. He loses not a moment in finding this lady, and a few pointed words secure her services. A boy is despatched for two more of the sisterhood, and a medical man. Then Sister Clara mounts the stairs, and single handed begins her holy work.

She is young, this sister, and pretty, with a face of the most intense earnestness. She is as fearless as faith, as holy as hope. Her first act is to discover, if possible, the names of her patients, whom she at once perceives to be of gentle blood. They may have friends, who ought to be communicated with forthwith. With this intention she, with all possible delicacy, searches Adine's pockets. Therein she finds an empty purse, and in the corner thereof, a small memorandum:

'Mr. Roper, Finstock Villa, Clapham Rise.'

Out comes her pencil; quickly, but legibly, she scribbles a few words, describing her patients, calls a boy, and despatches him to the above address. Within an hour the poor sufferers' bed chamber is decently clean; they are cared for by a physician, who shakes his head, and prescribes 'watching,' and by two other angels of mercy, who battle bravely with the awful thirst which is parching their lips to blackness.



DRAWN BY W. J. HENNESSEY. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.'

Within three hours, enter Farmer Roper, crying like a child, and bearing in his broad, honest hand a purse stocked with crisp bank notes.

'Hush!' cries Sister Clara; 'there is danger. You must be silent.'

So she takes him below, and he shakes her little white hand vehemently, crying, 'Gor bless 'ee, whoever 'ee be! What! is you a Cartholic? Why, I thought the Cartholics were all bad uns! Leastways, I never 'eeard nought but abuse of 'em. Gor bless 'ee, my pretty miss! To think of our passon being nussed by a Cartholic, now!'

'Is he a clergyman?' asks Sister Clara.

'Vicar of Mudflat, miss—Mudflat, in Blankshire. Leastways, 'er was vicar, and ought to be vicar now. About of moving on 'em out of this 'ere dratted dung-'eap, miss. How's it to be done?'

'Not to-day, sir; nor to-morrow—perhaps never!' says the serious face. 'Our doctor has hopes—that is all. They have been neglected; in fact, if the police had not notified to me that there was such a case, they must have died.'

'The Lord be praised!' ejaculates the farmer, piously; 'and blessed be the likes of such as you! If ever I seed a Samaritan, you're the good un! Here's your religion—here's the real thing. Why, I 'oodn't a hentered such a 'ole as this, not for worlds! And yet, if there weren't such Christians as you—such hout and houters—my passon might a' died—died wuss nor a dog! Lor' bless your hangel face! If this 'ere's the Cartholic faith, darn'd if I don't turn Cartholic to-morrow!'

'I must go,' said sister Clara, rather startled by these jerky apostrophes.

'Wait a minit. You see this 'ere purse. It 'olds a 'undred and sixty pound, in notes. You take it for 'em. I drawed the money to spec'late in barley down at Mark Lane, fust thing to-morrer, and I might p'raps earn a fifty p'un' or so thereby, but I'd rather give the sum to our old passon. Only do'ant for worlds let 'un know who done it.' And he forced the purse into her hands.

'A sovereign will be ample until to-morrow,' replied the sister.

But the honest farmer utterly refused to touch his purse, and declaring his earnest desire to have the patients removed to his own house at the earliest date the doctor would permit, beat a sudden retreat, leaving sister Clara not a little embarrassed by the responsibility of being banker amid such a population of criminals and paupers.

. . . . . .

One more brief scene, and one only. On the lawn of Finstock Villa, Clapham Rise, were placed two sofas, which supported two sick persons; both very pale and shrunken, yet both unmistakably convalescent. The one a clergyman, whose clothes seemed to have been intended for a man of twice his size; the other a slight and

fair lady, laughing to a lively infant, who crowed merrily in response. On a garden chair, puffing away at a Brosely pipe, a sheep-dog at his feet, and a foaming tankard at his side, sat farmer Roper, the picture of eupeptic good temper. To him *vis-a-vis*, arrayed in the stiffest of silk gowns, of fabulous cost and *home make*, Mrs. Roper, a pair of worsted stockings in her lap, an air of placid contentment round her dimpled cheeks.

'You be a' most a man again, passon,' cried Mr. Roper, cheerily. 'Here, take a drop o' this. Darn the doctor. It's the very best of medicine.'

Positively the invalid did taste it, and yet again, till someone cried out from the other sofa, 'Doré, you are imprudent.'

'Try a mouthful yourself, ma'am,' laughed Old Roper.

'Come, Adine, don't be shy. It's home-brewed,' added her husband.

'Yes, mem, breewed by these very 'ands,' suggested Mrs. Roper, glancing at digits, which, though clean were raw.

'I don't quite know? Do you think it would do me good, Mr. Roper?'

'Be the making of you, ma'am. That's right. One little sup moor. Never take two bites at a cherry. Good again.'

'Why, I declare, I do feel better.' exclaimed Adine.

'Ah, Roper,' said Mr. Lovett, the tears welling from his eyes, 'how can we ever repay the deep debt of gratitude we owe you. When I think of the noble return you have awarded to our evil, I despise myself as much as I honour you.'

'Come, passon, you maun talk so. I baint no scholard, and can't give 'ee an answer, as I should. But if you talks of gratitude, give it, sir, to them Cartholic women who saved your blessed lives.'

'And to your purse, good, kind Mr. Roper,' added Adine.

'No, ma'am, I can't hear of that. It wor the will of Providence, as I wasn't to lose my money on that there barley, which I sartain should a done, and a goodish bit moor into the bargain: acause, when you sets the ball rolling it gathers a smartish bit of snow. Well, gall, what is is it?' This to the servant maid, a Mudflat girl, who came forward with many curtseys.

'A gentleman, sir. Must see Mr. Lovick, perticler important.'

The gentleman, who turned out to be Sir Joseph Toadie, bowing, followed in her wake, breathing courtly apologies. He came to announce painful news. He regretted how often it was the fate of medical men to be bearers of evil tidings. In fact, if his stereotyped smile had not contradicted his sentiments, you might have imagined him to be a man of most refined sensibilities.

'I fear that I must take you away with me, Mr. Lovett,' he said. 'Your friend Ralph has unfortunately burst another blood-vessel, and is

now sinking rapidly. My brougham is at the door, and if you wish to see him again in this world, you must not lose time. I shall be happy to drive you to Westbourne Terrace, whither I return at once. In fact, I only left my patient's bedside at his earnest request that I would bring you back to him.'

'You are hardly equal to this trial, Doré,' faltered Adine.

'My dear,' he answered, 'it is a sacred duty, and one which I dare not shirk.'

They helped him to Sir Joseph's carriage. He was still very weak, although two months had elapsed since the crisis of the fever.

'It will be a mercy if we find him alive,' whispered the baronet.

Mr. Lovett clasped his hands in prayer. Earnestly he longed to see his friend's face once more. Eagerly did he inquire of the grave-faced man-servant if he was in time.

The elegance and splendour of the house and its appointments would have struck his mind with wonder, had it not been pre-occupied by sorrow. He was, however, startled to discover the saloon filled with instrumentalists, who were seated before their copies, apparently prepared at a moment's notice to obey the bow of their leader. At the end of this room was the lovely boudoir where Lady Montresor had breathed her last. Bowing to the assembled *artistes*, Sir Joseph led the way to this inner chamber, where on *her* sofa Ralph lay dying—alone.

'See,' whispered Sir Joseph, 'I have brought Mr. Lovett;' with which words he drew back to an angle of the apartment.

'Ah, sir!' murmured the dying man. 'What a happiness is it to look on you once again. You have been my best of friends, and I——'

'True to me,' almost sobbed Mr. Lovett, overcome by the sad scene.

'Yes, true, although—although true also to her—my love. I did love her, Mr. Lovett, and she loved me.'

The clergyman took his hand, already moist with the dews of death, pressing it warmly. Then he said, 'But, dear Ralph, you have been preparing, I pray, for this great change?'

'Ah, my friend,' gasped Ralph, 'I have sinned.'

'And you are sorry?'

'So sorry—really sorry. I sinned against my art, and my art was the life given me by God. I degraded my soul—but it was despair, sir, it was never vice——'

'Still you must recollect,' said Mr. Lovett, misinterpreting his meaning, 'that the woman you loved was wife of another.'

The poor soul groaned. He had asked for sympathy, and found a stone.

'You don't understand,' he murmured, reproachfully, 'Our love was indeed pure. It was the meeting of a waif brother and a waif sister in

art. If there was one thought wrong in my breast, I repent it; but I do not remember one such thought. I believe, too, had she not gone from me, no evil would have sullied our lives. Dear friend, think charitably when I am gone of her—of me. However, it is too late now for words. See,' placing an envelope in his hands, 'There are my last wishes written clearly. God ever bless you and yours! Doctor——'

Sir Joseph neared the couch.

'I—I think the time has come. Thank you deeply. Tell them to begin;—piano, very piano.'

As the doctor motioned to the *artistes* in the adjoining apartment, Ralph turned his head to Theodore Lovett, and with a smile of marvellous peace whispered, 'Kneel. Pray with me in silence.'

As he knelt, the instruments began the *andante* from Beethoven's Symphony in D, rendering that ravishing melody with a perfection so exquisitely thrilling as to give pain to the hearer; Sir Joseph beheld the face of the earnest musician light to a singular and beautiful rapture, and as the last cadences died away, the soul of the young singer passed forth in a soft sigh as of infinite pleasure.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CONCLUSION.

Ralph's letter contained intelligence surprising. After premising that he felt bound to carry out Lady Montresor's wishes, he stated that he had, through a clerical agent, arranged for Mr. Blackley to be presented to a benefice near London, and for Mr. Lovett to be re-instated to Mudflat, which benefice, by bequest, he raised to the annual value of one thousand pounds. He further left as a legacy to the Lovetts, ten thousand pounds, and one thousand to Mr. Roper, as a testimony to his kindness. After charging the estate with a small annuity to his relatives, and with various presents to the organist of Blankton, and other friends, he left the remainder of his great fortune to found a college for musicians, in or near London. Lady Montresor's pictures, jewels, furniture, &c., he bequeathed absolutely to Adine.

Thus it comes to pass that we say 'Farewell' to our friends Adine and Theodore Lovett, in their old home at Mudflat, where they are thoroughly and truly happy. Their return to the Vicarage was nothing short of a triumph, and they brought with them back to the old farm, Mr. and Mrs. Roper, who are prosperous people; and having no children of their own, hope to make Master Lovett their heir.

It would be poetical justice to tell how Horace Blackley was punished

for his sins. However, in this world of inequalities, poetical justice is a fable, and beyond improbability. Suffice it, therefore, to relate that he got every stiver of his money out of Mr. Lovett; and having secured an excellent living by the arrangement made by Ralph, is in very solvent and pecunious condition. It cost him a trifle to send Nevis and his daughter to Australia, and he is not on the best of terms with his wife; otherwise he flourishes—as the thoroughly wicked generally do flourish in this wicked world.

Poor Poodle, ejected from Lady Montresor's service, flung her fate at Mr. Barwyn. That gentleman obtained her a position as singer at a music-hall. He generously absorbs half her wretched earnings, and treats her shamefully into the bargain. He is still organist of St. Bathos, but it is rumoured darkly that a new Incumbent of that fashionable church intends to dispense with his services.

Miss Effler seems likely to live for ever in the Blankton Asylum. Her brother has recently turned up in London, with a fortune, which, if he does not speculate away, he intends to leave to his niece Adine.

There remains one whom we must not quit without one word of notice—Sister Clara.

'Have you any recollection of the good nun who attended us in our fever—I mean of her features?' asked Mr. Lovett of Adine.

'None. You know we were both only half-conscious when Mr. Roper moved us to Clapham Rise.'

'I fancy I can recall her conntenance. She was very lovely. Strange! I have heard to-day, in Blankton, her history; and alas! also of her early death!'

'You surprise and horrify me!'

'You will indeed be surprised, when I tell you that she was the eldest daughter of that hard-hearted man, the Dean. He first refused to allow her to marry the man she loved, for the paltry reason that he had not taken a first-class at Oxford; and then, when she became religiously morbid, and joined the Romanists, he turned her out of the house. She died in harness, from attending a small-pox case. Now that it is too late, they say the Dean is broken-hearted.'

'We ought to make her sisterhood an offering,' said Adine. 'To their holy charity and devotedness we owe our lives, darling.'

'Yes, my pet,' responded Theodore Lovett. 'We will make one offering, and it shall be worthy of Sister Clara.'

On the morrow, Mr. Lovett enclosed a cheque for one thousand guineas—as a thank-offering for the services of their Order—to the Sisterhood of ——, —— St. ——, London.

Characteristics of Women's Poetry.

The branch of literature which women have more especially chosen for themselves is that of novel writing, for which they seem particularly adapted, and in which they have been eminently successful. The majority of their novels are published anonymously, or under a feigned name. But, as a rule, the sex of the writer soon peeps out of the disguise, and requires no very keen-eyed critic to detect it. Ladies generally make more of their female characters, and pay more attention to descriptions of dress and outward appearance than men. And their heroes are unlike men's heroes. The characteristics of a hero which stand highest in a woman's estimation are by no means those that men consider most heroic. To men's eyes they have, moreover, a somewhat strained, unnatural manner. If a lady writer knows, or fancies she knows, a little more than most of her sex about the habits and idiosyncracies of men, she is incessantly parading it in her writings. Sir Charles is for ever throwing away his cigar. Ernest hardly utters a sentence without an oath. Miss Braddon's novels furnish striking examples of this fault.

And if it is easy to recognise women's prose writings, it is, I think, still easier to recognise women's poetry; but not from the same characteristics apparent in their prose. I have often wondered that women have not distinguished themselves more in this line of art; they read more poetry than men, and talk more about it, and in many ways seem to have natural gifts particularly adapted for its production. 'The realising imagination,' says Lecky, in his admirable 'History of European Novels,' 'which causes us to pity and to love, is more sensitive in women than in men, and it is specially capable of dwelling on the unseen. While a father is more moved by the death of a child in his presence, a mother generally feels most the death of a child in some distant land.' These are amongst the most fundamental qualities required for poetical composition. And yet they are those which are, perhaps, least apparent in

women's poetry. Only women can have any idea of a mother's yearning over her child; yet few instances where the passion is expressed occur in their poetry—none of the first order. Where shall we look for a passage which can in the least degree be compared to the loving, heart-broken longing of a mother for her dead child, which Shakespeare so beautifully puts into the mouth of Constance? What a deep knowledge of woman's nature—a knowledge which seems almost too profound for any *man* to have attained—is displayed in that one short reply of Constance to the Cardinal, who reproves her excessive grief:

He talks to me, that never had a son.

For some unaccountable reason subjects of this class find but a small place in women's poetry. They seem rather to delight in describing personages, scenes, and feelings which are most alien to their natures, and of which they have little opportunity of judging. Homely manners are discarded for those of higher life, and what may be called the domestic virtues are set aside for the more heroic. How much more becomingly do women use their pen in describing events of everyday life, scenes which call up feelings of tenderness and pity, than in trying to depict the stronger and more violent passions of lust and revenge. The feelings and sufferings described in such poems as 'The May Queen' and 'Enoch Arden' must necessarily be felt and understood more fully by women than men, and consequently, one would suppose, could be more justly and beautifully expressed by them. Let me quote, to illustrate my meaning, these lines (although they must be well known to the reader), which place before us, as in a Dutch picture, the sight of Enoch's old home to him as he peeped into it, himself an outcast, on his return:

For cups and silver on the burnished board
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth;
And on the right-hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd:
And on the left-hand of the hearth he saw
The mother, glancing often towards her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her, tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Few could read these lines, when connected with the rest of the poem, unmoved; no woman, I should think, ever did, for the emotions they

excite are more acutely felt by women than men, and for that reason can be more forcibly expressed by them. It is the dearth of such passages as this that I regret, for they are those in which one might expect to find pre-eminent truth and beauty.

And instead of such lines as I have quoted, which excite our pity and sorrow, we too often have verses which, although written to have that effect, entirely fail in attaining their object—which appeal to the ear more than the mind—and in which all feeling is made to give way to rhythm. But of the many instances that occur to me, I will take as an example these lines by Mrs. Hemans on Henry I., after the death by shipwreck of his son Prince William:

The bark that held a prince went down,
  The sweeping waves rolled on;
And what was England's glorious crown
  To him that wept a son?
He lived—for life may long be borne
  Ere sorrow break its chain;
Why comes not death to those who mourn?
  He never smiled again.

There stood proud forms around his throne,
  The stately and the brave;
But what could fill the place of one,
  That one beneath the wave?
Before him passed the young and fair,
  In pleasure's reckless train;
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair—
  He never smiled again!

He sat where festal bowls went round,
  He heard the minstrel sing,
He saw the tourney's victory crowned
  Amidst the knightly ring;
A murmur of the restless deep
  Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that could not sleep—
  He never smiled again!

Hearts in that time closed o'er the trace
  Of vows once fondly poured,
And strangers took the kinsman's place
  At many a joyous board.
Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,
  Were left to heaven's bright rain;
Fresh hopes were born for other years—
  He never smiled again!

The ingenious Mr. Babbage invented a machine for calculating logarithms; poetry of this sort might, one would think, be made to order by

a like device. Read these lines aloud, and you may almost hear the turning of the handle. Do you, after reading them, feel any sorrow for King Henry?—or Prince William? Certainly not. And yet sorrow they are intended to excite; and they fail because they must have been written with the same cold feelings with which they are read, because the author thought nothing of the king or the prince, but only of the rhythmical trick (for I can call it nothing better) which brings each stanza to a close. And this is a trick which seems to have a most fascinating power over all women poets. It occurs again and again in Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Browning, Miss Procter, and many others. Poets of the first order hardly ever use it. The reiteration of a line is indeed often found in our old ballad poetry, but it is not used for the object of bringing the verse to a sort of climax, and is of a different character altogether; and I am at a loss to understand the special object of this device, for which everything else in the poem is so mercilessly sacrificed. Perhaps the last line is intended to increase in merit in proportion to its constant reappearance, on the same principle that a commonplace observation in a farce seems to become excessively amusing by constant repetition. I have heard the comic man of the piece make a most ordinary remark, which at first is received coldly enough, but seems, after being repeated once or twice, to turn into a most capital joke; and when, after a short time, the audience knows that the comic man won't open his mouth without uttering the same remark, they are convulsed with laughter, and applaud most vociferously.

In this poem, and in the many others of which it is only an example, the great fault is want of spontaneity. Never for an instant is the writer carried away by the feelings which ought to inspire the poem; never gets beyond cold propriety, and is never touched by that 'frenzy of the Muses,' without which, as Plato tells us, neither the poet nor his works will ever attain perfection. Poets who rise no higher than these feelings—whose lines may contain observation both delicate and beautiful, but who show an entire want of the *ars celare artem*—who have never seen anything so transcendently wonderful as wholly to make them forget their original purpose and will—can never have assigned them a place amongst the greatest poets. Here we have intellectual effort; what we want is poetic inspiration. Do you think that when Shakespeare wrote 'Macbeth,' Coleridge wrote 'Christabel,' or Tennyson 'Maud,' they were constantly at a standstill 'what to say next'? Impossible! No; the true poet is he who—

> When a great thought strikes along the brain,
> And flushes all the cheek—

has the power to express that great thought in harmonious verse, and to be so possessed of his subject that not he but his ideal personages seem

to speak to us, and to be so carried away by his art that his individuality becomes merged in universal human nature. And this women have done, and may do again, if they will but surrender themselves to it when the fit is on them, and not confound over-carefulness of versification with poetical perfection. All a woman's tenderness and pity burst forth in those beautiful verses by Mrs. Browning, entitled 'The Cry of the Children,' for which my space admits only of two stanzas:

Do you hear the children weeping? O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years;
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing towards the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

Alas! alas; the children! they are seeking
Death in life as best to have:
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do:
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty,
Laugh aloud to feel your fingers let them through!
But they answer, 'Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine!'

These lines, and those that follow, were written, so to speak, at white heat; written not to make people exclaim 'How clever!' or 'How pathetic!' but in that spirit which most touches the heart—from the heart. They bear on them the stamp of genuineness, and so by their simple force have more power over the reader than the most laboured and finished pleading would ever have; just as we are more touched by the unpremeditated cry of real distress than by all the rounded sentences and clever arguments of a lawyer who has no heart in the matter.

This power, which I conceive to be the most requisite quality of the true poet, has been often evinced in prose by the lady writers of the present day; the faculty only wants training to become poetical in the ordinary sense. To undergo this training, much restraint, one might almost say education, must be submitted to. Metre, rhyme, rhythm, must all be mastered, and to submit to the necessary drudgery is more

than some people are prepared for. For I would have no one imagine, from what I have said above, that I suppose that all a poet has to do is to sit down and dash off a copy of verses under the inspiration of the moment. Without having first undergone a most severe training, by which he becomes a perfect master of the elements of his art, all the greatest natural gifts will avail him nothing. And this severe training is not wanted, at any rate, to the same extent, for prose composition. Prose comes more naturally to the writer, and is therefore more readily adopted. And thus we often find authors who ought to have been poets, working on contentedly at prose; but at times the light within them shines forth, although hidden, and often well-nigh quenched by the ruthless hand of its possessor.

Had Miss Bronte not been a poet as well as a novelist, we should never have had the touching picture of Helen Burns's death in 'Jane Eyre.' What true poetry there is in much of 'Adam Bede' and the other novels of George Eliot. Let me quote, as an instance of prose poetry, this beautiful passage from 'Cometh up as a Flower,' which is, perhaps, unknown to the reader:—

'So they left me and my old man alone together—we had always loved to be together, hadn't we? The wind rose a little at nightfall, and came sighing, sobbing, *keening*, about the old eaves and gables, and the snow turned to sleet, and beat and pattered against the panes.

'It seemed hard to die on such a night: so hard for a poor bare soul to go shuddering out into the great dark void. I could have let him go from me better, I thought, on some bright, warm summer morning, when you could almost see heaven's gates a long way up in the azure depths.

'Gradually he sank into a stupor; He who does all things well, took away from him all knowledge of the past, present, and to come; all consciousness of his pains and aches; of his debts and his sorrows, and even of his little pet daughter kneeling by his bedside, with her head in the counterpane, choking and shaking in her sobs.

'The night deepened, waned; the candles flared tall and yellow, and the wind sank; still I knelt on, holding the hand that was ever growing colder, colder, with my eyes rivetted on that sunken face, that looked so old, so gray, and so very peaceful; I was learning off every line and hollow in it; printing it in my icy, desolate heart, against the time when I should have but memory left of him. The breathing had grown fainter, fainter; sometimes it paused quite for a second or two, then laboured on for a space, intermittent, feeble; the pauses grew longer—longer; the gasps lower—weaker—weaker—then stopped! And about the fourth watch of the night came One into that upper chamber—One that had not been there before.

'A great quiet awe stole over me; I rose from my knees very gently, reverently, and bent over him. "He is gone!" I said to myself, when suddenly the old kind eyes opened once again wide, with an infinite glad surprise in them, as if they had seen some pleasant jocund sight—My old man! God grant that it was so!—and then the eyelids closed again very softly, and he was not.'

Let us now revert to the tendency among women poets to trangress the bounds of delicate feeling, in their endeavour to show masculine vigour. This fault I hinted at above, but it is of so important a character that it must not be merely alluded to. There are many subjects which by their very nature no poet can with any success introduce into his writings, although many, which at first sight seem very uninviting, have, by great masters of the art, been shown to admit of true poetic treament. A poet, in the broadest sense of the word, has been well defined as a man who makes others see and feel what is beautiful. If, then, he treats of subjects which are utterly devoid of beauty, which cannot by their contemplation give us pleasure, but rather pain and disgust, he can hardly expect that his writings will be acknowledged as essentially poetic, however much they may command admiration for other qualities. Women, in their poetry, have frequently fallen into this mistake. They have endeavoured to obtain a reputation for masculine power and vigour by attempting descriptions of those feelings and passions which their sex is supposed neither to possess or even to be acquainted with. It is the old story, which surprises us by its appearance when least expected, of the woman becoming the man; of the woman putting herself on an entirely same footing, and trying to take upon herself an entirely similar nature. And so instead of making a study of those tenderer feelings of our nature, instead of displaying in her poetry that deep sensibility and nice discrimination of shades of character, which women are universally admitted to possess in such an eminent degree, we find a constant strain after masculine effect, and, at times, even a display of those feelings which are bad enough in a man and still worse in a woman. 'Aurora Leigh,' for example, although containing passages of great beauty, both critical and ethical, is sadly marred by this fault. When you lay it down you are conscious that its cleverness is a disagreeable, strained cleverness, that the writer is never either contented or at her ease—so that the effect of the whole is irritating and unsatisfactory. Open the book almost anywhere and my meaning will be instantly apparent. These lines will illustrate it:

> Faces! O my God,
> We call those faces? men's and women's—ay,
> And children's;—babies, hanging like a rag
> Forgotten on their mother's neck—poor mouths,

Wiped clean of mother's milk by mother's blow
Before they are taught her cursing. Faces?—phew!
We call them vices, festerings to despairs;
Or sorrows, petrifying to vices; not
A finger-touch of God left whole on them:
All ruined, lost—the countenance worn out
As the garment, the will dissolute as the act,
The passions loose and draggling in the dirt
To trip a foot up at the first free step!
Those faces? 'Twas as if you had stirred up hell
To heave its lowest dreg-fiends uppermost
In fiery swirls of slime—such strangling fronts,
Such obdurate jaws were thrown up constantly
To twit you with your race, corrupt your blood,
And grind to devilish colours all your dreams
Henceforth—though, haply, you shall drop asleep
By clink of silvery waters, in a muse
On Raffael's mild Madonna of the Bird.

This sort of writing may be called poetry in spasms, and eloquence in shrieks; it is about as near true oratory as an excited street preacher's harangues. I know of no passage in any man's poetry, which in half-a-dozen lines introduces such expressions as 'dreg-fiends,' 'fiery swirls of slime,' 'obdurate jaws,' and, grinding one's dreams to 'devilish colours.' Lines such as these doth ill become a lady to have written, and only excite feelings of disgust when they are read. The object of producing them, seems to be, to show that no feelings of female delicacy withhold the writer from showing that she does not run into the other extreme of ultra-female sentimentality, and that she can look on sights of horror and ghastly suffering with the same command over her weaker nature, as the stoutest man.

There is one more phase of women's poetry which I will notice, before concluding. In devotional poetry, or poetry of a religious tone, women have been specially successful—indeed, one might almost say, more successful than men; for a woman's mind is more adapted for the comprehension of the poetic side of religion, and more inclined to the contemplation of religious subjects than a man's. A man looks on the prose side: a woman on the poetic. A man's religion is active: a woman's is passive. The life of a good man is passed in active charity, alms-deeds, or mission-work: the life of a good woman is often passed without these more showy fruits, but in a spirit of greater religious fervour, of more constant prayer, and of greater devotional rapture. Men seem to derive greater comfort and pleasure from active Christian work: women from services and spiritual exercises. Women seem to grasp more fully the prospect of a life beyond the grave, and to have more power of picturing a heavenly existence: and so

religious contemplation seems to give them more help and strength than it does to men. These characteristics are very apparent in their poetry, and to a great extent account for its excellence. There is not a single poetess of note, who has not written sacred poetry; some, as Miss Procter, owe their reputation almost entirely to it. Some of our best hymns are written by women, Mrs. Adams's 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' for example. Perhaps the best poem of Mrs. Barbauld's is this short religious one entitled 'Life,' which reminds the reader of Coleridge:

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.
Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;—
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night,—but in some better clime
Bid me Good Morning!

It is hardly necessary to mention the names of Miss Catherine Winkworth, Miss Smedley, and many others who have especially distinguished themselves in this line of poetry.

Thus there is no doubt that women have many natural qualifications, which go to make the true poet—many which men rarely possess in very great degree. Their work in this line has already produced fruit which will last for many a day, and which is of a much higher order than perhaps any other that women have ever attempted. This has, I have endeavoured to show, been often marred by attempts to make use of gifts and qualifications alien to women's nature; it has reached its highest excellence when those peculiar to women have been given full license.

E. L. BRYANS.

Revival of the Faculties at Oxford.

By Thomas Arnold, M.A.

PART II.

It is our firm conviction that the great educational problem for England at the present day is, how best to organise her universities (and we are speaking more particularly of Oxford) for the purposes of learning and science; and we maintain that the only sure way of doing this is by reconstituting the faculties as the vital and directing centres of the studies of the place. To establish these propositions, and, finally, to suggest a method by which the change might be safely and gradually carried out, will be our task in the remaining portion of this article.

Two leading principles must first be laid down:

1. That in university education the prime controlling power is of right the State, and not the Church.

2. That in a well-organised university the teaching and learning should be of the professor and student, not of the tutor and pupil, type.

The first proposition we proceed to establish thus. What is the first essential condition of the problem of university life? It is this: that in the full strength and morning freshness of their faculties, young men destined in every department of social work to be the leaders and lights of society, are brought together to an institution where they can be most fitly and effectively trained for such work. What sort of training, then, is the most fit and effective? The clergy will answer, 'That which teaches them their duty to God and man, and prepares them for another life hereafter;' in other words, a religious training, over which the ministers of religion must naturally preside. We reply that religion is necessary at all ages and in all conditions of life alike; it is the holy atmosphere within which the child, the boy, the youth,

and the man should ever move and perform all his works; it must be presupposed for the student at the university, no less than for the boy at school, or for the child at its mother's knee. Religious preparation —training for heaven—is the *general* end of man. But this is not the problem before us; we were asking what is the *special* end of students at universities; and the only possible answer is, 'The last and crowning preparation for the works of the temporal life.' Now which power presides of right in all that concerns the temporal order—the State or the Church? Every one who is not prepared to adhere to the bull *Unam Sanctam*, or to endorse the Syllabus of Pius IX., will reply unhesitatingly, 'The State.' Therefore the State is the rightful controller of university education.

How then, it will be asked, is due provision to be made for that continuity of the religious development of the individual, during the period of his academical career, which we admit to be necessary, and which the State nevertheless cannot itself supply, nor directly take cognizance of? Evidently by the concession on the part of the State of full freedom to the Church to surround the students, or such of them as are of willing mind, with all those institutes of consoling and regulating discipline, which, if duly adapted to their years and circumstances, are as strengthening and renovating for them as they are for children and grown men. The Church established the most ancient universities of Europe, our own included, because in the Middle Ages the Gothic barbarism and crass ignorance of the laity incapacitated the State from rising to any higher conception of its functions than was involved in the performance, and that most rudely, of the police of society, by means of the preservation of privileges and franchises, and the restraining of private war or mere high-handed violence. Now that the ancient Greek ideal of the State has emerged again, the Church may wisely and gracefully retire from many functions, which mankind must ever be grateful to her for performing—and on the whole so ably—during the State's minority; but which now, when the State has become conscious of itself and of its responsibilities, the legitimate ruler, as it alone can adequately, so it is bound in duty to discharge. Among these functions the control of the higher education is necessarily included.

The second principle, 'That in a well-organised university the teaching and learning should be of the professor and student type, not of the tutor and pupil type,' cannot need much argument in its support. A body of students having been brought together, fitted by their age and previous training to comprehend and profit by the highest kind of teaching, it is manifestly unreasonable to put them off with teaching of an inferior order. It may be said, perhaps, that what the professorial

intellect thinks out at first hand, and expounds in books, it is for the tutorial intellect to master thoroughly, and communicate by the way of lectures to the students. But if we consider the *rôle* of the professor, we shall see that lecturing is an essential part of his vocation. The conditions of the lecture compel him to make his own thoughts clear to himself, restrain him from wandering into too curious disquisitions, prescribe to his researches a definite scope, and clothe them with a definite form. He must be ever teaching, or he could not himself be ever learning—at any rate, not learning to the greatest advantage of mankind. This preliminary objection being removed, the inherent superiority of professorial over tutorial teaching remains in all its force. The professor is one of the rulers of the earth; from his chair he wields the sceptre of intelligence over one fair province of the mighty realm of knowledge; to him it is committed, to cultivate, to explore, and to map out; plain duty unites with inclination to impel him to consecrate his whole time and energies to his task; he knows what fulness and soundness of knowledge are expected from him, and the consciousness of this, with the promptings of a noble ambition, and the enthusiasm that all contact and reality with the heart of things naturally begets, continually animates him to rise to the height of his calling. Fresh from his lips fall new ideas, speculations, and discoveries upon the ears of earnest students, who, by this contact with what Bacon calls the 'Scala Intellectûs'—the actual process by which a powerful mind has discovered truth—feel their own intellectual energies stirred and stimulated in an extraordinary degree. By the tutor, on the other hand, all men understand an instructor of a lower grade. The name itself implies, not, like that of professor, a mastery over the subject that he is teaching, but rather a mastery over the persons taught; discipline, not science, is the tutor's *raison d' être*. And with this primitive notion of the word, agrees the mixed function of the college tutor, who is supposed to stand in a quasi-parental relation to the young men to whom he lectures. A vast amount of edifying writing has been wasted to prove that this is the best possible of arrangements; the reader may find specimens in the evidence annexed to the Report of the Commission of 1852. We would merely observe that the proceedings of those lively Christ Church undergraduates, who on a certain night in May, 1870, made a bonfire in Peckwater, and after breaking into the college library and taking therefrom a number of valuable busts and statues, one an antique said to be of exquisite design, threw them into the fire and destroyed them, supply a singular comment on the *disciplinary* efficacy of the tutorial system. At any rate, whatever may be the other merits of the tutorial mode of instruction, it is plain it implies a lower standard of learning and attainment, both in the teachers and in the taught, than the professorial. If,

therefore, the principle already enunciated be a sound one—that university students are entitled to the *highest* order of instruction—the tutorial mode, if employed as the main agency in university teaching, stands self-condemned without further argument. Taking the average of men, they do not rise above the level of what they profess to be; and if the main stream of teaching at any university flows from the lips of men who call themselves tutors, not professors, whose lectures are private or only semi-public, and who were not specially selected for their knowledge of the subjects on which they lecture, we may conclude with certainty that that teaching is inferior to the instruction which comes from recognised professors, is delivered in full publicity, and bears the guarantee of previous selection on the ground of special aptitude and with that qualification.

A third proposition may now be enunciated, which is this:

3. That, whereas the German universities present the most perfect example which European civilisation has hitherto developed of the professor-student type of teaching and learning, while the English universities, and notably Oxford, exemplify mainly the tutor-pupil type, it is expedient, by a revival of the Faculty organisation, to bring the type of education at Oxford considerably more into conformity than at present with that which prevails at the German universities.

Much has been written of late years on the subject of the German universities, and the system which they follow is tolerably well understood by all educated Englishmen. But the work of Hugh Rose, able and instructive as it was, rather inspired in this country a terror of the destructive criticism of the German theological faculties than any other feeling; while the lively sketches of William Howitt drew attention to the eccentricities and vagaries of German students, rather than to the sound mental discipline which they received. Lately Mr. Arnold has published a short and clear account of the German University system in his 'Schools and Universities on the Continent.' But, among all works easily accessible, the treatise of M. Minssen, ('Etude sur l'instruction secondaire et supérieure en Allemagne') conveys the clearest notions on the subject to the general reader. We proceed to borrow from this treatise such facts as may be required to explain the practical working of that professorial system which we have shown on *à priori* grounds to be the best suited for employment in superior instruction.

The fundamental difference in character between a German and an English university will be best comprehended, if we observe the different objects with which the students of either country enter upon their academical course. The objects of the German student is to follow certain courses of lectures during three years (in the faculty of medicine during four or five years), without attendance on which,

seconded by vigorous effort on his own part, he could not pass the difficult public examinations (Staatsprüfungen) which in Germany are placed at the entrance of every public career. These examinations come after his university career is over, and the universities have nothing whatever to do with them; still the student knows that unless he can pass the particular examination proper to the profession which he has chosen, his career is a total failure, and he must seek a livelihood in private and less honourable employment. Thus he has the strongest possible motive to take advantage of the opportunities of culture which his university course affords him, since without doing so he could not hope to stand the test.

The object of the Oxford student is to pass certain examinations, with or without honours, scattered over the three or four years of his university course, and at the end of it to take his Bachelor of Arts degree. That degree is attainable by every candidate who can render a piece of English into Latin without blunders, and who, in his two public examinations taken together, has shown a satisfactory acquaintance—(1) with the text and matter of two Greek and two Latin 'books' (*e.g.*, the oration of Demosthenes 'De Corona,' two of Plato's dialogues, the 'Georgias' and 'Protagoras,' the first six books of the 'Æneid' of Virgil, and the first four books of the 'Annals' of Tacitus); (2) with elementary Logic; (3) with Divinity;[1] and (4) with six books of Euclid If he prefers the Law and Modern History school, or the Natural Science school, the candidate may make corresponding substitutions for the six books of Euclid. These very moderate requirements demand no serious intellectual labour to satisfy them from any but the dull or the ill-prepared. In order, therefore, to supply inducements to exertion which may act upon the clear-headed and well-prepared students, the university establishes class-lists, and publishes *honoris causa* the names of those who have done more work than they were obliged to do, and done it well. In a word, the German student looks forward to professorial lectures, the Oxford student to examinations and class-lists.

A fully organised German University contains all the four faculties, of theology, law, medicine, and philosophy, or, as we say, of Arts. According to this division, science is included under the faculty of philosophy; sometimes, however, it is separated from it, and forms a fifth faculty; sometimes, again, political economy is parted off from philosophy, and gives its name to a sixth faculty. There are some universities which, on account of smallness of population, or some other

[1] The examination in Divinity comprises 'the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles in Greek, the history contained in the books of the Old and New Testaments and the subjects of the books, the Thirty-nine Articles, and the Evidences of Religion.' But in practice this examination is by no means formidable.

cause, have only two or three faculties; *e.g.* Münster and Braunsberg in Prussia, Aschaffenburg, Ratisbon, and several others in Bavaria. In these incomplete universities the faculties of theology and philosophy are always present.

The head of a German university is its Rector, who is assisted by an academical senate, composed of the Rector for the time being, his predecessor in office, and four or five professors, elected by the different faculties. 'This assembly, presided over by the Rector, is charged with the direction of the internal affairs of the university; it decides, in the last resort, on all questions affecting its organisation and administration, and, in serious cases, exercises a disciplinary power over the students.'[1]

Under the senate come the faculties, each of which, considered as a university authority, consists of the ordinary professors attached to it, and is presided over by a dean, selected periodically by the faculty from its own members. The ordinary professors, as a general rule, are appointed by the government. The university year is divided into two unequal semesters, or half-years. The summer semester commences a week or a fortnight after Easter, and terminates in or about the first week of August. The winter semester commences near the end of October, and extends to Easter. A German university is thus at work from thirty-five to thirty-seven weeks in each year.[2] At the beginning of each semester the different faculties meet, and settle the programme of the lectures to be delivered during its course. But it must not be supposed that the programme announces only the lectures of those professors who constitute the official faculty. The teaching strength of each faculty cannot be measured by the number of its ordinary professors; it depends also upon the number and character of its professors extraordinary, and of its *Privat-docenten*. It is this admirable feature in the constitution of a German faculty on which its elasticity and vigour chiefly depend; it is this which causes the wonderful richness and variety of the intellectual banquet which it provides. Besides the ordinary professors of a faculty, there is always a certain number of extraordinary professors—appointed likewise by the government, and usually from the ranks of the Privat-docenten—who do not sit in council with the official faculty, and receive much inferior stipends, but whose rank *as teachers* is just the same as that of the ordinary professors. Again, below the extraordinary professors, nearly every faculty has several Privat-docenten aggregated to it; who receive no stipend from government, but having, after searching trials, received the faculty's license to lecture publicly, are thenceforward regarded, *as teachers*, as on the same level with the ordinary and extraordinary professors. A Privat-docent is

[1] Minssen, p. 64.

[2] Oxford is at work barely twenty-five weeks in the year!

usually a young man, who has finished his university studies some two or three years, and has obtained the degree of doctor in the faculty to which he belongs. The nature of the trials to which he is subjected before he can obtain the *licentia docendi* is described at length by M. Minssen (p. 76). After explaining the mode in which the consent of the Minister of Public Instruction has first to be applied for and obtained, he proceeds :

'The candidate adds to his letter of application [to the faculty] a *curriculum vitæ* in Latin (*dissertatio inauguralis*) either printed or written, and a scientific essay, either in German or in Latin, on subjects comprised under the principal branches of the science which he desires to profess. The faculty then appoints two commissioners to examine the writings and certificates of the candidate. If their report is favourable, he is invited to read a trial lecture, either in German or Latin, before the faculty in full session, for the preparation of which he is allowed a month. After this, the faculty decides whether it is expedient to admit the candidate among the members of the teaching body; if the decision is in the affirmative, the subject of a public lecture is given to him, which he must deliver in Latin, after an interval of not more than three months from the date of his trial lecture. In some universities, the task of maintaining in public a certain number of theses is substituted for the trial lecture.

'When the candidate has passed with honour through these different trials (*Habilitation*), he is authorised to open courses of lectures upon whatever branch of the special teaching of the faculty he desires to devote himself to, provided only that he has given previous notice of his intentions to the Rector, in order that the latter may cause his lectures to be inscribed in the official programme.'

When he has thus obtained a recognised position, the Privat-docent is free to take his own course. He may lecture on any of the subjects already studied in the faculty, or he may strike out a new path for himself, and—while still keeping within the limits prescribed to the researches of the faculty—investigate obscure and uncultivated places in the field of knowledge, create a new science, a new terminology. Good taste, discretion, a wholesome dread of criticism or ridicule, and, above all, the thorough discipline which his own mind has undergone in its student days, restrain the Privat-docent from committing extravagances and abusing the extraordinary freedom which he enjoys. Almost the only restrictions imposed on him are these : that he must give notice to the dean of his faculty at the beginning of each semester of the subjects on which he intends to lecture, and that he must not take from the students who frequent his courses lower fees than are charged by the ordinary professors for courses on the same subject.

Below the Privat-docenten come the Lectors or Readers, whose usual employment seems to be to teach the language and literature of foreign countries. Last and lowest in the didascalic hierarchy come the masters of different arts and bodily exercises, as of singing, dancing, fencing, &c.

The proportions in which these different classes of teachers are found in the University of Berlin—which contained, in the year 1864, 2,435 students—may be seen in the following table, compiled from the official Index Lectionum ' for the winter semester of 1869-70 :

THE PROFESSORIATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN FOR THE YEAR 1869-70.

	Ordinary Professors	Extraordinary Professors.	Privat-docents.	Lectors.	Total.
Faculty of Theology	5	7	1	—	13
„ Law	8	4	5	—	17
„ Medicine	14	13	20	—	47
„ Philosophy	28[1]	32	20	4	84
Total . .	55	56	46	4	161
Masters of fencing, dancing, and riding					3
Total teaching strength of the University of Berlin					164

Let us now turn to Oxford, and examine the state of things there. The teaching, as everyone knows, is mainly delivered by tutors, and within college walls, ' sine ulla sollennitate,' as the phrase goes at Oxford. It stands to reason, therefore, that, as a general rule, it is more elementary—possesses less of a scientific character—than instruction such as that which has just been described. Not only do pass-men ordinarily go through the university without ever having attended a lecture from anyone above the rank of a tutor, but the same is oftener true than not of men of rare ability and industry, men who distinguish themselves at every examination, and whose names appear repeatedly in the first class. Nor is it our purpose to deny that such men as these last often amass during their academical course a really large amount of sound and valuable knowledge. The thoroughness and impartiality of the testing process to which their intellectual powers—especially in the final classical and philosophical examination—are submitted, are matters which admit of no doubt whatever. On this head, full details are contained in Mr. Pattison's thoughtful and attractive essay, ' Suggestions on Academical Organisation.' And in one important respect, the development of a good style, the Oxford training, with its continual questioning and essay writing, certainly seems to do more for the student than the German

[1] This number includes three Fellows of the Royal Academy of Sciences.

training. On the other hand, the reading of an Oxford first class-man is not philosophically methodised; it aims at too much; wears too much the character of a feverish effort to master in the space of two or three years all the chief works in Greek and Roman literature, and the whole range of philosophical thinking, ancient and modern. And all this is mastered in a way by the ablest students; but the process partakes too much of the nature of what schoolboys call 'cram;' there is a great competitive effort; the object is won; then too often come exhaustion and desultoriness of mind. This is not the way to lay the foundation in an ardent mind of a calm, rational, persistent enthusiasm for science. Many Oxford students obtain first classes, but a lamentably small proportion of them take study for the business of their lives.

Since then the teaching which prevails at Oxford is in its character mainly of the tutorial type, it is unnecessary to give details respecting its greater efficiency here, or its less efficiency there, because that type is manifestly and confessedly less favourable to the promotion of learning and science than the professorial type. A sort of compromise between the two types has lately been tried at Oxford. Balliol and New College have agreed to be as one institution for educational purposes; the tutors and lecturers of the two colleges divide the subjects of instruction between them, and considerable latitude is allowed to the undergraduates in the choice of the sets of lectures which they will frequent. And there is a tendency on the part of some other colleges to adopt similar measures. In a certain sense these efforts have been made in the right direction; they have secured greater intellectual liberty both to teachers and pupils, and so far have advanced the cause of learning. But that cause is too sacred, too vitally bound up with the national well-being, to be left to the precarious efforts of colleges, which may happen to rise above the general level of energy and intelligence belonging to their fellow institutions. In the advancement of learning, the national and legitimate organs of the nation are its universities; the natural and legitimate organs of each university are, not the colleges, but the faculties. These voluntary efforts of particular bodies within the university deserve their due meed of praise, and reflect infinite credit upon individuals; but their voluntary character is their condemnation; generations may pass before the spirit and example of Balliol extend themselves to—well, certain other colleges; and the nation cannot afford to wait. The revival of the faculties will not in any way interfere with these local ameliorations, but will pave the way for an intellectual uprising which shall affect the entire university.

But what has to be said about the existing professors at Oxford? Do we attach no value to their services? On the contrary, we attach the

very highest; it is to these hard-working and meritorious men that we look, to form the nucleus of the fuller and more actively employed professoriate of the future. But at present the nugatoriness of the Oxford professoriate is undeniable; and it is explained by two considerations. 1. That by the constitution of the university the professoriate is cut off from living connection with and inter-dependence on the studies of the place. 2. That the professorial staff is far too weak to undertake the responsibility which is undertaken by the principal German universities, viz.: 'to guarantee *in solidum* to the State that the instruction shall be *complete*.'[1] Of the truth of the first of these statements we have already adduced incidental proof. The simple facts are, that the studies of Oxford undergraduates are grouped round and determined by the public examinations, and that these examinations are in no way influenced by the professors, and stand in no definite relations to their lectures.[2] The examiners are simply select members of the tutorial body, examining in the subjects taught by that body. The professoriate is, so to speak, a decorative adjunct to the academical fabric, and in no sense 'bears up the pillars thereof.' In Germany, as we have seen, the faculties—that is, the professors aided by men of professorial calibre—are the *universitas doceus;* on their teaching hinge the studies of the place.

The truth of the second proposition, that the professorial body at Oxford is too weak to guarantee completeness in the circle of instruction, will be evident from the following table, which we beg the reader to compare with that given on page 500. It must be premised that in 1869 Oxford contained 2,079 students, a number not far short of that at the university at Berlin.

THE PROFESSORIATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD FOR THE YEAR 1869–70.

	Professors.	Readers, Lecturers, and Teachers.	Total.
Faculty of Theology	6	1	7
„ Law	3	2	5
„ Medicine	2	—	2
„ Arts (Philosophy) . .	24	6	30
	35	9	44

These few figures are enough to show how numerous must be the branches of science and learning in which Oxford provides its students

[1] Minssen, p. 66, note.

[2] Only in regard to the school of Law and Modern History does this statement require to be partially modified. That professorial teaching may also make itself felt in the new school of Theology seems not improbable.

with little or no teaching of the highest type. At the date of the returns given by M. Minssen, Bonn, with 935 students, had a professoriate of 96 persons; Königsberg, with 425 students, of 62 persons. These are Prussian universities. In Baden, Freiberg, with 307 students, had a professoriate of 47 persons; at Tübingen, in Würtemberg, the numbers were 739 and 80; while Göttingen, in Hanover, with 711 students, had the extraordinary teaching staff of 122 persons. At Oxford, as we see, for 2,079 students, there is a professoriate of 44 persons. The general result is that, while in the German universities the proportion of the professors to the students is that of 1 to 9 nearly, in Oxford the proportion is as 1 to 47¼.

It is not for us to point out what are the most glaring and lamentable gaps thus left in the circle of instruction; but that they are numerous every educated man or woman will at once perceive. There is a very simple means by which the university may ascertain its own deficiencies; and to ascertain them is the first step towards repairing them. Let but the faculties be revived, and hold periodical meetings; and it is absolutely certain that the able men who already occupy chairs will in a very brief space of time ask to be reinforced by such a staff of colleagues as will enable them truly to command the various fields over which their teaching commission extends.

It remains, in order to complete the task which we have undertaken, to suggest some practicable plan by which the faculties may be brought into working order. But a few words must first be devoted to the proposals made by Mr. Pattison with a somewhat similar object, in the admirable work already quoted. We cannot pretend to do justice to the profound conceptions, the lucid and incisive style, and the strong combining imagination of the author: our purpose is merely to deal with his plan, considered as a practical contribution towards the attainment of certain reforms. Considered thus, we fear it must be at once pronounced that the plan would not work. Without urging the immediate organisation of the faculties as teaching bodies, Mr. Pattison proposes that the revenues of certain colleges should be diverted from their present application, and devoted to the sustentation of particular faculties, *e.g.*, that the endowments of All Souls' College should be appropriated to the faculty of Law (p. 190), those of Corpus, Merton, and Magdalen Colleges to the faculty of Science, of Queen's to the sub-faculty of History, and so on. Now, when the *vis inertiae* of all corporate bodies, especially when you touch their property, is considered; when therefore we call to mind that there is not the remotest chance of the colleges thus threatened with re-construction giving their voluntary consent to the process, so that the power of Parliament would have to be invoked, in order to compel them: lastly, when we consider the tenderness

with which solid vested interests are always treated in the House of Commons, and the ease with which a practised speaker could denounce the scheme as utopian, visionary, impracticable, and so forth, it is impossible to regard Mr. Pattison's proposal as falling under the category of practicable reforms.

The problem being, how to reconcile the existing collegiate system with the revival of the faculties, the following is an outline of the measures which might be adopted for the purpose. First of all, a draught statute would have to be introduced into the Hebdomadal council and passed by Congregation and Convocation, creating councils of the different faculties. These councils might be constituted somewhat as follows: The existing professors in each faculty would form the nucleus of its council. But since the actual teaching of the university is at present for the most part carried on by and in the colleges, it would be both just and necessary that the college tutors should be adequately represented in the faculties. The proportion in which they should be represented is a detail that would require careful consideration. On the one hand it would be undesirable that the professorial element in the councils, representing the higher type of teaching, should run any danger of being swamped by the tutorial element, representing the lower; on the other hand, unless the tutors were strong enough on the councils to exercise a real controlling power, there would be some danger of precipitate action, and of the adoption of fanciful and ill-considered schemes. If the tutors stood to the professors in each council in the proportion of one to two, both dangers would, perhaps, be guarded against. Thus, in the faculty of Theology, which now contains six professors, the council of the faculty would consist of nine members, viz.: these six, and three representatives elected from the body of tutors. If at any future time the number of professors were increased the number of representatives should of course be increased in the same proportion. The election could be easily managed. The Vice-Chancellor having determined, according to the clause in the statute to that intent, the number of tutor representatives that should sit on each faculty, Congregation would meet on a day to be named in the statute, and vote on lists of names brought before it by individual members, just as it now votes for members of the Hebdomadal council when vacancies occur in that body. These representatives might be elected to sit for two years; and to avoid the evils of too frequent canvassing and party strife, it might be well to enact that vacancies occurring in the interval should be filled up by the faculties themselves.

After being thus definitely constituted, the council of the faculties would be empowered under the statute to hold weekly meetings for the

transaction of business. Each council would first appoint a dean of faculty, and a secretary, from among its own members. The condition at Oxford of the studies comprised within the circle of its operations would form the first subject for discussion, and the best means of improving that condition the second. Nor can it be reasonably doubted that the faculties, thus re-organised, would soon see their way to important and salutary reforms, by which solid learning would be promoted, and the renown of their ancient university be placed on a secure basis. But as some might be inclined to question whether, even after the faculties had been thus revived, any great practical results would follow, we will endeavour to indicate the lines on which their action, while scarcely at all interfering with the existing system of instruction, might easily confer solid benefits on English society. What we have to say on this may best be arranged under the heads of the different faculties.

Faculty of Theology.—One considerable advantage would belong to this faculty from the outset of its operations, viz., that since several of the theological professors are joint electors, with the Vice-Chancellor and proctors, of the examiners who are to sit in the theological school, there ought to be little difficulty in bringing the operations of the school into complete harmony with those of the faculty. There is perhaps something slightly grotesque in the notion of promoting divine studies by the stimulus of the class-list, with its first, second, and third grade of honour. The φιλονεικία, 'which of them should be accounted the greatest,' which the founder of our religion carefully repressed, is deliberately adopted by us here at Oxford, as the right chord to appeal to in the breasts of candidates for the sacred ministry. But let that pass. It is more to the purpose to say, that by a judicious use of the power of licensing (under regulations which will be discussed when we come to speak of the faculty of Arts), the faculty of Theology would have it in its power to organise a full cycle of theological teaching, and that of the most effective description. By arrangements between the Bishops and the faculty, courses of lectures—partly fixed and partly alternative—might be settled, certificates of attendance at which should be required in future from all Oxford candidates for holy orders. It is even conceivable that if the teaching were once made adequate in its scope and excellent in its kind, and if, according to the natural development which religious instruction takes in a Protestant university, the study of the historical and psychological genesis of opinions were substituted for the inculcation of a dogmatic system, the certificates of an Oxford faculty of Theology might come to be regarded among the Nonconformists themselves as an important, if not an essential, testimony to the intellectual qualifications of candidates for their ministry.

Faculty of Law.—The peculiar conditions under which the legal pro-

fession is carried on in this country surround the question of the reform of legal education with many difficulties. An eminent Queen's counsel, in a letter which we are permitted to make use of, thus concisely explains the difficulty: 'The state of legal education in our profession is utterly discreditable, and that there exist great and sound lawyers is only a proof of the way in which our countrymen individually contrive to do, without system and theory, what they might do so much better and in so much larger numbers, with them.' After saying that he is not sanguine as to the success of the efforts now being made to found a legal university, he continues: 'We have nothing which can be called scientific or systematic law amongst us; and the division of the profession into attorneys and barristers, though it has its advantages, has this great disadvantage, that the barrister is wholly dependent on the attorney, and that the most eminent and competent man may be, and often is, left without business, while the son, or nephew, or cousin, of a great attorney is by mere practice (which is showered upon him) turned into a competent practical performer. I doubt if English law will ever be a science while the judges who make the law are, generally speaking, either the results of the system I have described, or are made judges to serve the political exigences of a Ministry.'

There certainly seems to be small encouragement to labour for the reform of legal studies at the universities, when the prospect of future professional success is referable so largely to the accidents of personal connection and patronage, and scientific knowledge is rated so low. Cowper ironically says,—

> The parson knows enough who knows a duke.

It seems that one might say, with equal force, that the barrister 'knows enough' who knows a great attorney.

Yet the same excellent authority whose letter we have quoted allows us to hope that a foundation might even now be laid on which a better state of things might gradually arise. He considers it 'probable' that the benchers of one of the Inns of Court, of which he is himself a member—he will hazard no assertion as to the other two—would be willing to co-operate with the universities with a view to the establishment of a scheme of legal education in pursuance of which the benchers would 'accept the certificate of the universities as a title for the call to the bar.' But the universities are not entitled to enter into a serious negotiation with the benchers until they have organised their faculties of Law, and filled in the gaps in the circle of the higher instruction in jurisprudence. When they can say, 'The student of law with us can obtain as thorough a training in the theory of every branch of the law of nature and of nations, as well as of the *lex loci*, as the German

student can obtain at Berlin or Marburg,' then, and not till then, will their certificates obtain or deserve professional recognition.

Faculty of Medicine.—The state of things at Oxford in relation to medical studies is one of the saddest and most humiliating spectacles that it is possible to conceive. Göttingen with its 12,000 inhabitants, Würzburg with its 40,000, and Montpellier with its 55,000, are all centres of thought and vigorous investigation, for all the sciences and empirical procedures connected with medicine. Oxford, which has 30,000 inhabitants, has *two* medical professors, including the professor of Physiology, and she confers medical degrees—those of doctor and bachelor—at the rate of four or five per annum. Is it that medical students would not resort to Oxford if they could get instruction there? Not so; it is Oxford that deliberately repels them. On p. 130 of the Calendar for 1871 will be found this extraordinary regulation: 'No one may be admitted a student in Medicine until he has passed all the examinations required for the degree of B.A.' Again, on p. 118: 'For the position of student of Medicine twelve terms are required, which must be terms of residence.' That is, a man must be up at Oxford for three years, and pass all sorts of classical examinations, before he can set to work as a medical student. It would be impossible to say in plainer words, 'There shall be no medical school at Oxford.' The class which supplies medical men to England is not generally wealthy; the professional training required by the State and by the licensing bodies is under any circumstances expensive, and lasts over several years: what then shall we think of an English university which, while professing to encourage the study of medicine, maintains a regulation forbidding anyone to commence that study until he has spent three years in acquiring knowledge, nine-tenths of which will be utterly useless to him in after life? The very formation of a medical school in the face of such a regulation is of course impossible. The first duty therefore of the faculty of Medicine, when revived under the proposed statute, would be to petition the university for the repeal of this absurd restriction. Its next would be, to lay before Convocation its own deplorable condition, and to pray that at least such a number of additional professors might be appointed, under a statute to be passed for that purpose, as would make it possible for a student to obtain at Oxford all the theoretical knowledge, to say the least, required by his profession. This done, medical students would soon be attracted to Oxford, and the certificates of attendance at the lectures of the Oxford medical professors would be as readily accepted by the licensing bodies as are now the certificates of the professors of University College, Gower Street, or any other well-known London school.

Faculty of Arts.—Here the first question to be decided would be

whether Science should be included under the head of Arts (Philosophy), or be assigned to a distinct faculty. To enter upon such a discussion here and now would be premature. But considering the happy progress which purely scientific studies have made of late years in the University, considering also the sumptuous material habitation already provided for a faculty of Science in the Museum and the new Hyde Building, we should be disposed to advocate the erection of a separate faculty,[1] with the power of granting diplomas in Science.

As to the faculty of Arts, the pre-occupation of the ground by the examination system, which it would be both unwise and extremely difficult to supersede, would for a long time disable it from exercising much direct influence, either in Oxford itself, or on the professional career of graduates in Arts. But though the class-lists at Moderations and in the final schools must long continue to control the industry and direct the ambition of the abler students, it is easy to indicate several lines on which the activity of the faculty of Arts might find legitimate employment.

1. Several new chairs would need to be established, in order to bring the teaching power of Oxford, in literature and philosophy, on a level with that of an average German university.

2. The faculty might consider the means of introducing a class of recognised lecturers or readers, similar to the Privat-docenten in Germany, and might frame rules for the purpose. In ancient times, every Master of Arts, having gone through a given course of studies, exercises, and public disputations, was supposed to receive, with the degree, the university license to teach. Even under the Laudian statutes an attempt was made to require the exhibition of real knowledge and proficiency from the candidate for the M.A. degree; but it soon came to nothing. It is impossible that a degree which admits the successful candidate as a member of a corporation, enjoying large political rights, great privileges of patronage and property, and high social estimation, should long retain purely *intellectual* conditions, as indispensable for its attainment. But in the case of the proposed lecturers, their object in seeking the license would simply be, that they might teach with greater prestige and authority: intellectual conditions may here therefore be fitly exacted. A certain standing ought to be required—though the holding of the M.A. degree need not be considered essential—and certain proofs of competency should be rigorously exacted, as we saw was the case with the Privat-docenten (ante, p. 499). But these are matters of detail, which the faculty would find it easy to arrange.

[1] It would be interesting to know the reasons which induce the great University of Berlin to group Science with Philosophy and Letters under one faculty. The separation, however, is carried out at Tübingen, Giessen, and elsewhere.

3. Having, with the aid of its licensed lecturers, obtained an effectual command over the whole field of studies assigned to it, the faculty might, after a time, establish a system of certificates of attendance on prescribed courses of lectures, arranged with a view to the exigences of the different professions. Thus a schoolmaster would have to attend lectures on Pedagogik, as the Germans call it, to have been for some time employed in a practising school, or seminarium Philologicum, superintended by the faculty, and to have followed such courses on other subjects as the faculty might determine. In proportion as the courses of lectures became more varied and more scientific, the value of such scientific certificates would rise; and the time would come when the possession of one would be considered as, *prima facie*, a better recommendation of a young man to any post where trained intelligence was in demand, than any place in the class-list below the highest.

The task which we set ourselves in writing this article is now, so far as our powers extended, accomplished. The professorial type of instruction has been shown to be superior to the tutuorial; and a method has been indicated by which, without any violent or precipitate changes, the former type might be introduced at Oxford. The moment is critical; and if Oxford continues to lag in the rear, the nation will march on; and confide to others the responsibility which she has misused. England cannot do without real learning and incessant scientific activity; and if Oxford refuses to be other than what our German friends truly call us, 'a great gymnasium,'—faculties will be established before long in the great northern towns, and learning will migrate from the Isis to the Irwell or the Tyne. Already the position of the University of London, relatively to the older universities has risen immeasurably above what it was twenty years ago. To meet her rivals, Oxford has advantages of which she cannot be deprived—an origin lost in the mists of antiquity, a history bound up with that of the nation itself, renown, beauty, wealth, priority. On the territorial families of England, on the clergy, and on a portion of the great industrial class, she exercises an attraction as potent as ever. If, content with this measure of influence, she renounces the pretension of leading, or at least powerfully stimulating and controlling, the thought of the entire nation, her ultimate humiliation, though the day may be deferred, is certain. But if, re-organising herself in accordance with the wants of our time, and the best light that reason and experience have struck out, she resolves that, so far as she is concerned, no country in the world shall boast a more complete system of superior instruction than England, a career of honourable service in the cause of truth and progress lies before her, which neither her medieval nor her modern annals would be able to parallel.

ANTIGONE.

THE words are uttered; now a pitiless fate
Draws me towards yonder desolate dark cave
On the dim mountain side, where steps of men,
Of wandering shepherds, homeward to the fold
Guiding their weary flocks at eventide,
Approach not—even the place where I must die.
And thou, O Hœmon! whom amidst the youth—
The chosen youth of Thebes—I have so loved
And given my virgin heart, remember me
With calm thoughts of that unforgotten time,
Long hoped-for, but now lost, for ever lost—
Yield not thy soul to a passionate despair.
The sunlight, or the eternal roll and change
Of gracious seasons—or the pitying stars
Which light me, moving towards perpetual night—
Or sad Ismene, with her fruitless prayer
For mercy—or the anguish in thy soul
Scares not the awful shadow, which not yet
Has ceased to hover, spreading fatal wings
O'er the doomed race of wretched Œdipus.
Ah me, unhappy! retribution comes—
Stalking in gloom thro' melancholy halls
Once beautiful, the stateliest in the land—
Thy home now, cruel Creon; yet my crime
Is not my shame, but thine; for I behold
Polynices the beloved one on the shore
In the silent land of shadows, and I come.
Lo! I depart thro' the dim wavering gates
The mist-like portals of that Autumn realm,
Where mighty Orcus reigns; and the stern queen
Persephoné, who rules, with sceptre pale
And calm eternal eyes, the gliding shades
That wail around the shores of Acheron—
Calls me, with sweet sad voice to take my place
In divine dells, and glades of happy rest.

JAMES BEALE.

The Angel of Eblis.

The caravan from Nejed to Mecca had halted for the night at a cluster of wells. The pilgrims, distributed into numerous little knots, were engaged in the many duties of an Arabian encampment; some pouring water for their camels into round holes scooped in the earth; some unlading or piling the baggage; while others made fires with the dry grass and roots of colocynth, or kneaded with their unwashen hands the coarse flour which, after roasting a few minutes beneath the hot embers, would become their midnight meal. Into one of these groups entered two men, carrying on their backs skins filled with water; the younger of them laying down some apparently disputed point with a vigour which at once attracted marked attention from the whole party.

'What is your quarrel, Said?' exclaimed one of them.

'Oh!' he cried, 'Hamud and I were arguing whether forgiveness was possible for Eblis,[1] and the angels who fell with him. We heard some Shakra men questioning at the wells.'

'And what think you?'

'Harut and Marut will be forgiven,' he replied, evasively.

'The angels of Babel sinned not as Eblis,' threw in Hamud.

'Allah is merciful!' answered Said.

'They who reject Allah's sovereignty reject his mercy,' was the rejoinder.

At this moment one of the number drew their notice to a stranger, who, leaning on his staff at some distance, seemed to drink in each word of the discussion. Tall, graceful, and singularly beautiful as the newly risen moon showed him to be, it admitted of excuse if the gaze of the company rested on him longer than was consistent with Oriental

[1] Eblis is the Mahommedan Satan; his name is said to be a corruption of *Diabolus*. Harut and Marut, the angels of Babel, alone showed no sympathy with the weakness of human nature, and were accordingly sent to earth, that they might undergo temptation. Yielding to it, they were offered the choice of punishment now or hereafter: they preferred the former, and are suspended by the feet in a chasm at Babel.

courtesy. His hair, too, was flaxen, or nearer the colour of pale gold; while his complexion was fairer than that of an Arab.

'I never before knew Circassians come this way to Mecca,' whispered an old man in the circle.

Perceiving that the stranger was conscious of their attention, Said advanced, and greeting him with the customary 'Mahraba' (Welcome), asked whether he was interested in the dispute.

'I listened to it while you were filling your skins,' he replied; 'and confess that I followed you hither from a curiosity to hear your conclusion.'

'Nay, then, since we are unable to satisfy each other, do you, O Mirror of the Koran, decide between us.'

'I will tell you what happened to an Angel of Eblis,' answered the stranger; 'but I know not whether you will believe me.'

The whole party hastened, with Arab politeness, to assure him of the impossibility of their doubting; and pressed on him a carpet near the fire. Declining this, however, and seating himself upon a camel that lay along the grass, he began:

'Until the Flood destroyed the old earth, Eden remained unchanged from the hour when Adam left it. On every side but one, the four rivers were its barriers, and on that side was the gate of the Garden. No man ever strove to enter it, save Yarad and Marad, the sons of Kabeel,[1] whom the angel of the gate struck dead. But to his own angels Allah gave leave to enjoy it, because not the fields of heaven were more lovely: also he permitted the angels of Eblis, who could not enjoy it, to enter, that it might bring them bitter remembrance of those eternal delights which they had abandoned for the fires of Gehim.

'A summer's day was closing over the Garden. Every tree, every flower, and every fountain, shone thrice-beautiful in the broad tide of rose-coloured light which streamed upon it. The light fell also upon the angels of Allah in the Garden, and every lesser angel appeared as one of the Azazil, and each of the Azazil as one of the seven that stand around the throne. Also the light blazed upon the Euphrates, till it fell upon Huriel, the Angel of Eblis, sitting on the river-bank of the Garden. Once he was fairest of the Azazil; still the brilliancy of a planet shot from his eyes; still the rippling gold of his locks flowed like a sunny cascade over his wings: but on his brow was the glowing brand set there by the hand of Allah to mark him a fallen rebel; and in his every feature, that agony passing all mortal agonies—the Agony Unspeakable that only the angels of Eblis and the dead in Gehim feel. Sometimes he raised his

[1] The Arab name of Cain: Habeel being that of Abel. Gehim is Gehenna. The Azazil are the order of angels who stand round the throne, next to the seven archangels.

head, and gazing at the scene around him wept. Sometimes he dipped his palm in the Euphrates and moistened his burning brow, as if the waters of a river of Paradise might possess a soothing charm even for him; while anon the spirit of one ready to bear his worst proudly and defiantly flashed from his eyes—to be succeeded again by a fresh burst of unutterable remorse and misery.

'"No rest," were his thoughts; 'no momentary pause from anguish measureless and eternal! To the sons of earth hath Allah given forgetfulness of labour and reward of toil in abatement of their curse; nor this alone: the hope of heaven is added. Yet irksome to both alike was the slight yoke of their duty: both alike rebelled. Alas! mankind fell part in ignorance—the angels of Eblis in their knowledge. Therefore no mercy awaits us; no moment's slackening of the penalty is granted us; no sleep—no mental age, to wear out reason. If we should bow to Allah and acknowledge our sin, shall it profit us? Nay; but to roam thus—bearing with us a double hell, in body and in mind—is the hope wedded to us for all eternity!"

'And the Angel of Eblis sent forth such a wail of anguish that the wood birds hearing it hung fluttering in their mid-flight; the very leaves seemed to shudder with an impulse which the almost motionless air had not given them; and the angels of Allah in the Garden bowed their heads, saying, "The might of Allah endureth for ever, and his enemies shall be confounded at it."

'But there was one of them standing by the river-bank that said, "The mercy of Allah endureth for ever." And Huriel raised his eyes, and saw beside him Asdraphel, one of the Azazil, with whom he was wont to sing praises before the throne and to wander through the meads of heaven; so that the angels of Allah said to each other, "May your love be to me as the love of Huriel and Asdraphel."

'And Huriel, looking up, saw Asdraphel, but could not answer. And Asdraphel said to him, "I saw thee last in the flying host of Eblis, and deemed that thy zeal had made thee foremost of the pursuers."

'And Huriel said, "Last of all was I deceived by him; and last of all I fled, when the battle was against us. In Gehim, when my companions cursed Allah, I knew my sin and was silent. To-day, Eblis said 'Let Huriel also go forth to tempt the sons of Adam; let his part be as the part of the rest.' And I arose from Gehim, and went not to tempt the sons of Adam; but came hither to lament my sin."

'Then Asdraphel said, "Hast thou prayed?"

'Huriel said, "The anger of Allah flinches not."

'Asdraphel answered, "Humble thyself."

'Then Huriel bowed to the ground, and said, "I have sinned against the Lord Allah; the Lord Allah remit my sin."

'Then spoke Asdraphel: "I too had prayed for thee, and He hath sent me with a message of hope: try thyself with the trial that is fiercest, and the portal of heaven shall open again. Till that day I may speak no more with thee;" and the angel of Allah flew up to the throne.

'But the Angel of Eblis went on his way through the earth. Three years he strove in vain to find the ordeal; the tiger and serpent fled before his fearful presence, the polar wastes could not freeze the veins in which the fires of Gehim flowed, the whole force of a mortal creation was powerless to inflict on an immortal the tortures which he sought from it.

'At last he said, "Perchance it will come unawares; I will return to Gehim." So Huriel went back to Gehim; and Eblis, sitting on his throne, saw him and said, "Has thy part been as the part of the rest, O Huriel?" And Huriel replied, 'O Eblis, I have no part with you save in Gehim: other part have I none with them that sin against Allah." Then there went up a great shout of mocking and laughter in Gehim, and Eblis cried, "Huriel, he that hath Eblis to his friend is powerful and free, and he that hath Allah to his friend is powerful and happy: woe to him that hath neither Eblis nor Allah." And he said to his angels, "Bind and carry him to the borders of heaven: us he hath forsaken—let us see whether Allah will have him;" and they rose at his word, and cast the bonds over Huriel to carry him forth.

'They rose, and the gates of Gehim opened wide—but not at their bidding: they rose, and a clash of arms was heard—but not the arms of Gehim. Michael stood before them with the sword of Allah, at which even Eblis trembles, and on either hand of him stood the Azazil. And Michael cut the bonds of Huriel, and said, "O Huriel, thou hast fulfilled the hardest trial: thou hast confessed Allah in the halls of Eblis, and in the halls of Eblis doth Allah acknowledge thee." And Michael took him by the right hand, and Asdraphel by the left, and the brand faded from his brow, the Agony Unspeakable from his face, and there was joy in heaven that day over one that had fallen and stood again, more than over myriads that fell not.'

The stranger ended amid a general exclamation from the Koran, 'Allah is forgiving, merciful.' Hamud alone added, 'Is this true?' The stranger replied, 'Did I not say that thou wouldst not believe me? ask Nebbayah therefore.' Nebbayah was the sick daughter of the prophet of the tribe, whom he loved more than the whole world, and carried with him even on the long pilgrimage to Mecca—so good and wise for her years that some said the angels talked with her. 'Yes,' said Hamud, 'we will ask Nebbayah: she knows everything.' But while their eyes were all turned to her, waiting for an answer and wondering at her speechlessness and fixed gaze, she pointed to the place where the

stranger sat, and slowly upward; and when they looked he was gone. 'It is late,' said one of them, 'he has returned to his friends; mayhap they are pitched at some distance from us.'

'He is a cursed Giaour,' exclaimed Hamud; 'what he said at the end is in the books of the Christians.'

'The true religion is known to Allah,' answered Said. 'Tell us, Nebbayah, did he go to his friends? are they far off from us? are they Giaours?'

And the sick girl replied in a strange low voice, 'I do not know whether they are Giaour or Muslim, Said; but they are very far away from all of us."

For some minutes no one broke the silence that followed, until Nebbayah said, 'Did you not see him shudder while he told us of the Agony Unspeakable—almost as if he had felt it? And then none spoke for the rest of the night.

But the next morning, Said found Hamud's Koran open at the place where we read, 'As for those who say "Our Lord is Allah," and go straight to Him, the angels shall descend to them.'

E. B. NICHOLSON.

SHE SANG.

SHE sang, dim night about us fell,
Draping ghost faces round the room.
She sang; her rising voice dropped light
In liquid glamour down the gloom.

She sang, some low preamble soft
Bound down awhile by staves and bars,
Till, loosened in a wild, sweet shake,
She flung her spirit to the stars.

She sang; I sang; we knew not what,
Some far-off music of the soul,
Till voice touched voice; one vocal kiss
Linked two half lives in one sweet whole.

She sang; I sang; our voices dropped;
The stars died out in rapturous tears
Of dewy dawn; she sang; I sang;
Our spirits sang, throughout the years.

J. E. HARRISON.

Pen Photographs of Charles Dickens' Readings.[1]

In this little work Miss Field presents us with nine sketches of Readings by Dickens of his own works, as she heard him in America, with her reflections and criticisms upon them. Our authoress commences her task by descriptions of the reception of Dickens at Boston and New York respectively, in the year 1867; and is decidedly humourous in her account of the scramble for tickets which occurred amongst all classes of the inhabitants of the two cities upon the occasion of Dickens' visit. 'Charles Dickens came, and we saw and heard, and he conquered,' writes Miss Field.

In drawing Dickens' portrait, Miss Field animadverts upon the photographs of him which are generally sold; asserting that in them he looks as if, previous to posing, he had been put under an exhausted receiver, and had had his soul pumped out of him; and she presently confides to her readers that it was not until she saw 'the twinkle in his eyes, that like a promissory note, pledged itself to any amount of fun—within sixty minutes,' that she became resigned to the fact that the great novelist did not closely resemble the Apollo Belvedere.

Miss Field then summarises the leading points made by Dickens in the Readings of the several pieces selected by him; passing a few slight criticisms upon his impersonation as an actor of some of the characters represented; and seeming to be particularly hurt at the curtailments made in the readings of the trial from 'Pickwick,' and of Mrs. Gamp. We must confess, too, that on this point we are inclined to sympathise with her: more especially in the case of Sam Weller, who is deprived in the Reading of his well-known reply to the little Judge, as to how careful he was of the first suit of clothes given him by Mr. Pickwick;

[1] 'Pen Photographs of Charles Dickens' Readings: Taken from Life.' By Kate Field, an American. With Illustrations. London: Trübner & Co., 60, Paternoster Row. Boston, U.S.: James Rosgood & Co. 1871.

and of his polite enquiry, upon being told by Serjeant Buzfuz that he 'may go down,' viz.: 'Would any other gen'l'man like to ask me anythin'?'

Miss Field is particularly happy when, at the commencement of the Reading of the 'Boots at the Holly-tree Inn,' she dilates upon the way in which certain books become as necessary to the inner nature as do the conveniences and elegances of civilization to the outer man; and these she styles 'human books.'

The book concludes with a description of the farewell scenes at Boston and New York, which, being of a pathetic nature, are free from the Americanisms that somewhat grate upon English ears, in the nevertheless graphic and humourous sketches of the receptions at those cities; and with a 'verdict,' finding Dickens guilty of five charges brought against him: 1. That he is without a peer, and the master of all English humourists now alive. 2. That he is one of the best actors, and as an interpreter of himself stands unrivalled. 3. That he is the most thoroughly successful literary man of our time. 4. That he has ever been faithful to the profession of letters. And 5. That by his second visit to America, he fulfilled the prophecy that he would 'lay down a third cable of intercommunication and alliance between the Old World and the New.'

We thank Miss Kate Field for this little volume, and we shall be glad to meet her again. For we hail her book as a generous tribute from a large-hearted nation to the genius and nobility of nature of our great English novelist; and although in such a work there is but little scope for the display of originality, we think that Miss Field gives signal proof of the possession of a fund of humour not unmixed with pathos, which we shall be glad to see further exercised; and we thoroughly agree with her in the hope and expectation that America and England may long continue to have no division but the Atlantic between them.

ERNEST RAWLINSON.

Recent Versions of Virgil.

1. Virgil in English Rhythm by the Rev. R. C. Singleton, is nobly ambitious in its aims, professing as it does to combine in an English version of the poet, the prime requisites of 'rigid exactness, poetic diction, and rhythmical flow.' Many years ago this translator made the same creditable attempt, but with the true instinct of a true scholar, not satisfied with the result of his labour, he has now 'rewritten, revised, and enlarged' his previous work, and with a happy feeling of satisfaction at last with his crowning labour, he sends it forth for the acceptance alike of those who learn and those who teach, as 'a manual for teacher and scholar.' It is only fair to Mr. Singleton to weigh his merits as a translator, according to the standard he himself sets up to weigh merits of this kind. His rendering of the fourth Æneid, to which we shall here limit our remarks, is scarcely to our mind, remarkably rigid in its accuracy, poetic in its diction, or rhythmical in its flow. Its rigid accuracy is scarcely consistent with such renderings as the following 'exhibits' for the frequentative term 'ostentat' (*parades*), '*ghastly* shades' for *pallentes* umbras;' while '*acerbo* funere,' is actually rendered '*felon* death!' In a very striking passage, v. 73—79, Virgil tells us that Dido was about to *speak* out her love to Æneas, but held it back while on her very lips with a feeling of modesty, which Tennyson's 'Lily Maid of Astolat' was incapable of maintaining against the madness of her passion.

Virgil says of Dido,

> Incipit *effari*, mediâ que in voce resistit.

In a few lines lower down he tells us that his heroine seeks to beguile the love she cannot bring herself to *speak out*, as poor Elaine has done in the Idylls. The former passage is here rendered,

> Begins to utter, and amid the word
> Stops short,

A translator rigidly exact should be a little more attentive here to the

[1] 'Virgil in English Rhythm,' by Rev. R. C. Singleton, M.A. London: Bell & Dalby. 1871

full force of the compound verb, 'effari,' (to speak *out*), especially in a passage the beauty and point of which entirely turns upon its observance.

If we look to v. 440 where the whole beauty of the passage can be brought out only by a careful rendering of the *repeated prepositions*, we find Mr. Singleton as usual, either with no eyes to see the beauty before him, or with no tongue to interpret it. For the golden line,

> Fata *obstant*, placidas que viri deus *obstruit* aures,

applied to Æneas tried by prayer and supplication to change his purpose of flight, we get in change such silver as this:

> The Wierds withstand,
> And blocks the God the hero's gentle ears.

Where we venture to think some such rendering as the following would be perhaps a little more in keeping with the sense of Virgil.

> *Against* it stand the Fates, *against* it Heaven itself
> Bars close the hero's fast relenting ears.

That portion of Virgil's magnificent description of 'Fame,' which runs thus:

> Magnas *territat* urbes
> Tam ficti pravi que tenax, quam nuntia veri
> Hæc tum *multiplici* populos sermone *replebat*
> *Gaudens* et pariter facta atque infecta *canebat*,

is here given to the English reader, after this fashion:

> And mighty cities *with alarm she fills*,
> As firm a grasper of the false and wrong,
> As herald of the true. She then with *maze*
> Of prate, the people *filled brimful*, in *glee*,
> And facts and fictions, in an equal sort,
> She *chanted*.

Here we must remind this translator of several inaccuracies. He has taken replebat for conplebat, he has missed altogether the force not merely of the imperfect tenses marked—which point to the *habitual* effect of *rumour*, but of the frequentative verb 'territat.' Nor can we accept 'a maze of prate' (whatever it may mean) as 'a rigorously exact,' and much less as a poetic version of 'Multiplici sermone.' We further beg to object to 'in glee,' as a bad example of a squinting construction, looking as it does two ways, to 'the people,' and to 'she.' Of this imperfect construction, we find another instance at v. 540, in Dido's bitter Invective:

> Trust me when safe, an outcast on the beach
> A beggar have I have harboured, and *a fool*,
> Enthroned him in the partnership of realm.

Here it is not very clear from the construction whether Æneas is 'the fool' or Dido. Many of Mr. Singleton's lines, and much of his phraseology, seem, we think somewhat wanting in those graces of poetic diction, and that flow of measured music which best reflect the sweetness, the majestic march, and the stately grandeur of the Virgilian muse.

'Parvulus Æneas' is rendered more quaintly than poetically. 'An infantine Æneas,' which, after all, is more acceptable than Stonyhurst's version of the words (1583): 'A cockney, dandified, hop-thumb.'

2. Mr. G. K. Rickards is an old Oxford man, and as a translator of Virgil he will, we think, occupy no unworthy place amongst the many Oxonians who have tried their skill and scholarship in translating the Æneid. With the single exception of John Dryden (a host in himself) the most successful translators of the Mantuan bard have been reared on the banks of the Isis. Lord Surrey—the hero of Flodden Field—the first translator of Virgil in blank verse (a metre which he was the first to introduce into this country from Italy), belonged, if we are to credit Anthony Wood, to the Alma Mater which reckons amongst her sons Professor Conington, Professor Trapp, Professor Lonsdale, and many other translators of Rome's immortal epic. It is singular, however, that the two most successful Virgilian translators hitherto, Dryden and Conington, in practice discarded blank verse as their metrical vehicle because of its difficulty, although they had admitted it to be the truest method of presentation of the Latin epic. A perfect translator should, we conceive, not only say what the original author has said, but he should say it as much as possible after the *manner* of the original. Now in Virgil's case this latter function of the translator is the more imperative, when we remember how much of the fascination and the finished beauty of the poet lies in his very manner and form. The authority of Milton ought to have some weight in deciding this mooted question, not so much because he has embodied his own immortal epic in heroic blank verse, and thus demonstrated beyond all question the transcendent capacities of such an instrument for such a purpose, but because by the many passages translated from Virgil and Homer, and woven into the texture of his heroic verse, he has shown that the stately dignity and the tender graces of the classic epic can be best rendered in blank verse. Tennyson, in our day, has set his seal to the same opinion by his masterly translation of the night-scene in Iliad viii. into blank verse. Against the ballad metre adopted by Professor Conington, Mr. Rickards justly urges the deteriorating effect it has had on the whole tone of the composition. 'The work,' he goes on to say, 'is pitched in too

[2] The 'Æneid of Virgil,' books I. to VI., translated in English blank verse by G. K. Rickards, M.A. London: Blackwood. 1871.

low a key. The metre has reacted on the diction, which in many passages is deficient in elevation, and disfigured by modernisms that jar with the classic model. The associations connected with the measure have a tendency to lower the great heroic drama to the level of modern minstrelsy, and the figure which rises beyond the translator's page is not that of Publius Virgilius Maro, but of Walter Scott.'

We may, however, give Mr. Rickard's credit for much more in this admirable version beyond the mere choice of blank verse, which we hold to be the most appropriate metre for an epic poem. Like Virgil's, his tone is for the most part elevated, his language lofty, terse, and tender. He fails to give us the exquisite grace and beauty which shine with matchless splendour in the Virgilian hexameters, but he has succeeded, nevertheless, in working out by far the most Virgilian metrical version of the greatest of Roman epics.

The grand episode of the fourth Æneid, which sings the love passages between Dido and Æneas, is, we fancy, no unfair test of the merits of a translator, containing as it does the most terrible and the most tender scenes in the whole 'Æneid.'

Dido is Virgil's masterpiece as a character in the grand drama: her transcendent beauty as a woman; her moving majesty as a stately queen; her tenderness as a sister; but, above all, her self-sacrificing passion as a lover—are all brought out, touch after touch, by the consummate skill of the poet, who has never been surpassed in the exquisite tenderness and delicacy, and in the terrific grandeur of his love scenes. He paints the passion of the stricken queen as 'a fire invisible, feeding on the fountain of her life, and holding her from her rest, through the length of the sleepless night, when she sees nothing but the one beloved form'—hears nothing but the only voice she loves to hear, absent though it is. Before the rising tide of her passion everything sinks; her honour and her heart are together overwhelmed in the resistless flood of love—deep, womanly love—which bears her to the arms of Æneas, in the hour of her 'madness' and self-abandonment to the wiles of Cupid, and the stratagems of Venus, when Venus sanctions the bond of bliss, which was 'not the bond of man and wife,' amidst the Dryads' shrieks of horror for her bridal songs, and the lightning flashes of the angry heavens for her bridal torches. It is, however, in the closing scenes of this stirring drama—so suggestive of the highest moral counsels to trusting womanhood—that the poet reaches the climax of supreme interest and consumed power. Deserted by the idol of her heart, to whom she had sacrificed her all, she resolves on death as the only means of bringing 'calm to the tempest of her shipwrecked soul.' Here the poet, putting forth all his power, after the fashion of a Rembrandt, paints by contrasts of light and

shade the universal calm and peace of nature without, and the war and the tempest in the recesses of Dido's heart before she mounts the funeral pyre, and passes to the shades, stabbed by the sword, and stabbed more deeply 'by the heart's affections, to the heart.'

From her lonely watch-tower, the broken-hearted queen looks out on 'the weary world wrapped in its deepest slumber.' She marks the 'stillness of the woods,' 'the repose of the raging seas,' the silence of beast and bird, and the noiseless march of the planets gliding quietly through the noon of night. But in the rest that 'soothes the sorrow and stills the care' of a sleeping world, 'the unhappy queen' has no share; the night enters not into her eye, sinks not on her breaking heart. This night-scene is, to our mind, the most finished and the most charming passage in all Virgil. Unlike its great parallel in Homer, which Tennyson has so worthily rendered, it is not indebted for any of its attractions to the moon, to whom so many poets, like the tides of the sea, are under so many obligations.

Now let us see what Mr. Rickards, Mr. Conington, and Lord Surrey have made of this wonderful scene :

Mr. Rickards.

'Twas night, and slumber wrapt all living things:
The rustling woods, the sea's wild waves were still;
Their midway course in heaven the planets kept;
Hushed were the fields, the flocks, the gay-plumed birds
That skim the mere or haunt the bushy dell;
All ceased their labours, and from carking care
Found welcome respite in the stilly night;
All save unhappy Dido; she alone,
Sleepless in heart and eye, sad vigil kept.

Professor Conington.

'Tis night: earth's tired ones taste the balm,
The precious balm of sleep,
And in the forest there is calm,
And on the savage deep:
The stars are in their middle flight:
The fields are hushed: each bird or beast
That dwells beside the silver lake
Or haunts the tangles of the brake,
In placid slumber lies, released
From trouble by the touch of night:
All but the hapless queen: to rest
She yields not, nor with eye or breast
The gentle night receives.

Lord Surrey.

It was then night; the sound and quiet sleep
Had through the earth the wearied bodies caught;
The woods, the raging seas, were fallen to rest;
When that the stars had half their course declined;
The fields whist, beasts and fowls of divers hue,
And whatso that in the broad lakes remained,
Or yet among the bushy thicks of briar,
Laid down to sleep by silence of the night
'Gan swage their cares, mindless of travails past.
Not so the spirit of this Phœnician queen;
Unhappy she that on no sleep could chance,
Nor yet night's rest enter in eye or breast.

Against Mr. Rickards's version, which has more of the manner and spirit of the original, although less faithful to details, than the other versions we have given, we must here note several sins of omission and commission. Our translator has omitted much that in Virgil is wonderfully significant of the scene he paints. Virgil describes the *weariness* of the world at rest by *corpora fessa*. Mr. Rickards here gives us brass for gold when he gives us 'living things' as change for 'corpora fessa,' the *weary* world. Then to the terms 'rustling,' 'carking,' 'welcome,' we object as nothing less than uncalled-for additions to the simple beauty of the original; and the more so as we find Mr. Rickards himself very hard indeed upon 'glorious John' Dryden for 'enervating' the strength of Virgil by additions, warranted only by the apparent exigences of the metre. The translator who condemns 'debilitating expansion' in others should be surely a trifle on his guard against the sin he denounces.

Again, Virgil does not tell us that the slumber 'wrapt all living things,' but the weary creatures of the world 'caught' (as Lord Surrey well puts it) or were *reaping* repose (*carpebant*); '*tasting* balm,' as Conington puts it with more imagination. For Virgil's 'tenent,' which Conington renders 'dwell' and Lord Surrey 'remain,' Mr. Rickards gives us very short change indeed in 'skim.' But still worse is the error of taste which renders 'corda oblita laborum,' '*all ceased their labours*'—a circumstance which is already *assumed* in the deep slumber of the world which is resting from its labour. What Virgil meant to tell us, and did in truth tell us, is precisely what his translator here forgets—that the universal slumber which was then prevailing found its way to the *hearts* of the sleepers, and that their hearts were no longer heavy with the recollection of their toils, and thus the poet heightens the contrast in the sleepless Dido's case, who cannot take the night and its slumber into her own *heart*. Tennyson, who abounds in imitations of Virgil, had in view the restlessness of Dido in this passage:

Neque unquam
Solvitur in somnos, *oculisve aut pectore noctem*
Accipit,

when he wrote in 'Elaine':

She *found no rest*, and ever *failed to draw*
The quiet night into her blood.

Looking at other passages of exquisite beauty in this book of Virgil, we are not altogether satisfied with some of Mr. Rickard's renderings, as where we read—

The *insidious* flame
Meanwhile is *mining at* the bosom's core,
And inly bleeds the *immedicable* wound,

as a version of the

est mollis flamma medullas
Interea, et *tacitum* vivit sub pectore vulnus.

Now the keynote of this passage, which reminds us most of Shakespeare's 'She never told her love,' is to be evidently found in the term *tacitum*, which is irretrievably lost in '*immedicable*.' '*Insidious*' and '*mining at*' are not mere mistranslations, but they are monstrosities unredeemed by a single gleam of beauty.

Amongst the many merits of this translation it is only just to Mr. Rickards to notice the singular fidelity, terseness, and vigour with which he has rendered many of the most memorable, brief, and compact lines of the original, which have come to be quoted by classical readers as proverbs.

T. H. L. Leary, D.C.L.

THE

DARK BLUE.

JANUARY 1872.

OUR PRINCE IS OUT OF DANGER.

'OUR Prince is out of danger!'
  How it glances far and near!
Whilst at the magic message
  A universal cheer
Rolls up from merry England,
  That it warms our hearts to hear.

'Our Prince is out of danger!'
  Over Tweed it sparkles forth,
Like silver summer lightning,
  Sheeted softly o'er the earth;
Whilst a Nation's acclamations
  Are its thunder through the North.

And westward, westward winging,
  The happy voice prevails,
From St. David's to St. Asaph's,
  O'er a hundred hills and dales;
Whilst Welshman shouts to Welshman,
  'Long live our Prince of Wales!'

Till westward and still westward,
Through ocean's sounding cave,
On the green shores of Erin
It has started from the wave,
With 'a hundred thousand welcomes'
From her beautiful and brave!

Till o'er all Lands and Waters
It has flashed our joy afar—
Where'er the hearts of Englishmen,
The homes of Britons are,
Like a radiant meteor rushing
From steadfast star to star.

For fled is the foreboding
That spread so deep a gloom
That the Nation all seemed kneeling
In one darkened Royal room,
Whilst our Prince's spirit fluttered
At the portals of the tomb.

Then, ring joy-bells! volley, cannon!
Flutter, flag! and trumpet, blare!
Whilst a million mingled voices,
Yestereve subdued in prayer,
Swell to God the great thanksgiving
For the healing of Our Heir!

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

'LOST': A ROMANCE.

By John C. Freund.

CHAPTER XLI.

MARY DOUBTS HER STRENGTH.

Du liebst
Du giebst dich hin dem Ahnen, Glauben, Hoffen,
Sie fühlt's,
Dass deine Bliske in ihr Herz getroffen,
Du seufst
Sie lauscht's
Ihr tändelt so—
Bis Ihr den Kuss der Liebe habt genossen.[1]

MRS. DAMER was lying on her couch near the open window, her eyes half closed, when a sharp quick step approached her, and somebody placed something on her lap. She looked before her, and saw a bunch of roses.

'My roses; these come from Newstead Hall;' she said eagerly, recognising her own flowers at once.

'So they do,' answered Zollwitz.

'How did you get them?'

'By going there for them.'

'You? Mr. Zollwitz, that was wrong.'

'Wrong? Wrong to go and serenade Miss Ethel? and then to gather a bouquet of roses for you, from that rose-bed of yours, and bring it away, as a token of my regard. Oh, Mrs. Damer.'

[1] You love!
You give yourself to guessing, doubting, hoping,
She feels
That with her heart your looks have been eloping,
You sigh,
She hears,
You trifle thus—
Till you and she are love's first kiss invoking.

'Pardon me, Mr. Zollwitz, I did not believe in so much romantic love in our time; pardon me, did you *not* see Ethel?'

'How could I? It was four o'clock in the morning when I sang to her beneath her window.'

'And you left directly?'

'Directly after I had gathered the roses.'

Mrs. Damer stretched out her hand towards him, as a sign of forgiveness; he took it and kissed it respectfully.

'Where is Mr. Damer?'

'On some exploring expedition or other.'

'My dear Mrs. Damer, I almost begin to reverence him.'

'Do you? Ah, you do not know all he is capable of.'

'You are right; there is unfathomable strength in him.'

'Here he is, and Professor Holmann too.'

'Ah, Mr. Truant,' said the Professor, 'and pray where have you been?'

'Don't ask me.'

'A pretty answer.'

'Mrs. Damer, will you speak for me?'

'I will; he has been engaged in innocent mischief.'

'Very well, we'll take your bail, my dear madam.'

Mr. Damer placed himself right before Hermann Zollwitz.

'Mr. Zollwitz,' he said, 'I don't quite understand you; where is our antagonistic point?'

'In that strength which we believe we both of us possess;—two equal powers repel each other and become antagonistic; for attraction, power and weakness are necessary. Suppose I give way, Mr. Damer, and plead to weakness; you, as strength, will become the attracting point, and we shall understand each other.'

'My dear Mr. Zollwitz, you always have a way of catching and subduing me; you have done so now. Suppose we agree on this relative position of moral forces. Well, then, if I am the stronger, will you give way to me and join our European expedition? Come with me and Professor Holmann to see what the various European nationalities do with the lower materials of their composition, and try to get some guiding ideas out of them for ourselves?'

Zollwitz looked at Mr. Damer, and considered.

'I cannot,' he said, after awhile.

'Why not?'

'Because, though my heart may yearn to be one of the party, I have to fulfil a duty; I have to do that which, in our times, is thought to be a password for intellectual respectability. I have to pass my examinations and take my degree.'

'Mr. Zollwitz, you are right. If we wish to *re*-form society, we have first to *con*-form to it.'

'I learned that in England. Why not take Mr. Harrowby?'

'He is not up to it; besides, I must now consider expense.'

'You?'

'Yes, I am a poor man.'

'With twenty thousand a year?'

'My dear Mr. Zollwitz, I have got rid of that, and made it over to my eldest son. I am now a poor man, not possessing a shilling which I do not earn.'

Professor Holmann looked up; Zollwitz stared.

'Mr. Damer,' he said, 'you are a very great man; to renounce that firm hold upon life which the possession of property gives us, shows an amount of moral strength of which even I had not thought you capable. I see that I am in reality the weaker; we shall understand each other in future, for I bow to your vast superiority.'

'Mr. Zollwitz, don't extol me too much; there is some selfishness underneath my motive. I wanted to be self-reliant without extraneous help, and I wanted to dive into the actual recesses of those feelings shared by men who *must* work and constantly exert themselves; not who *may* work, if it so pleases them.'

'My dear sir,' said Professor Holmann, 'in all my philosophical studies I have not yet met the formula that would solve the problem you give us so simply; but I admire it, I admire it very much. I must say, the moderate acquisition of this world's goods has always appeared to me a good motive for work.'

'I say nothing against it; on the contrary, I would myself employ that motive in a moderate degree; but I would never hoard. The hoarding of vast masses of wealth stops the free course of social circulation, and *must* produce plethora, or weakness. "Possession!" should not be our watchword, but "Exertion!" What I have done is, after all, no more than every man does who, either as poet, writer, artist, or scientific man, gives himself up to the realisation of some leading idea, without regard to the probable reward, or even fame, it may bring him —who, in fact, becomes the representative of abstract exertion in whichever way it may be.'

It was a beautiful picture to see that man, who had flung away the worldly impressions of half a lifetime, in order to find principles for human action—stand by his sweet wife's side, his hand resting on her head, and his eye looking out into the future realisation of his plans. What were to him at that moment twenty thousand a year? That inner soul-pulse of his beat higher than money.

An hour of loving consultation had the couple that evening; the port-

manteaus were packed; Professor Holmann and Mr. Damer started the next morning to look at the different aspects of poverty and labour. Mrs. Damer, George Harrowby, and Harry remained for the present with Mary, under Christian's guardianship. Mrs. Damer had well weighed the matter; it was best for the two men to go alone, hampered by no other care than that of their own persons.

Through Europe went the English politician and the German philosopher, to see, each with his own power of vision.

'Herr Heinrich,' Christian addressed Harry a few hours after Mr. Damer's departure, 'beg to report, write an English letter for me!'

'To be sure, Herr Sergeant.'

So the two went together into the Major's big room, and manufactured, with English-German and German-English, the following epistle, according to Christian's style:—

'From Christian Heller to his Landlord and Landlady.'

'Mr. and Mrs. Smith,—I, Sergeant Christian, am at home now. Couldn't come to see landlord and landlady, because, beg to report, was in trouble. Major Zollwitz dead; waiting up there for his sergeant. Left him on duty a little while longer. Beg to report, might go at once. Had some more money left by Major; owe some to landlord and landlady; send hundert thaler paper; change in place called Haymarket for fifteen sovereigns. All right, owe it to landlord and landlady; can have more if they want it. Shall never see England again. Beg to report, 'brave Lieut.' 'CHRISTIAN HELLER, Sergeant.'

When this letter arrived in the paved square near Holborn, matters were at a sad pass. George was sitting—this time muddled with anxiety—before the kitchen fire, shivering inwardly, though it was a terribly hot day.

'Shouldn't have thought it would come so hard, missis; what is to be done?'

'Done! I told you it would come; I couldn't make you mind.'

'Mind! Mind what?'

'Your p's and q's. People that don't mind them come to the workus.'

'Well, and what of that? No rent, no water rates, no taxes, no bothers there; it ain't so bad after all.'

'What! not so bad, when you have lived the life of a honest Christian all your days, and brought up your hoffspring in respectfulness and paid rates and rates and rates? Oh, George, where's your stomach for spirital goodness?'

'I say, old girl, shall we write to *him*? He's a Chrissian, a true 'un.

'Ah, but he left us without even a handshake; somethin' you did George, to offend.'

'I? What, I? Missis, I won't stand *that*.'

'The post; who may send now? Bless me, bless me, that's that horrid last 'peal for the water, that comes by post. They is civil before they cuts it.'

George had tumbled up to the door, and tumbled head over heels back again.

'Missis, missis, it's a forin one.'

The poor old folks trembled so much, they could scarcely between them open the letter, and neither could find the spectacles. Well, at last they were found. The money-paper was scrutinised, the letter read and re-read, and both sat down and cried, as only old folks cry, who expect the broker every minute for the quarter's rent, and are too proud to ask their children for it.

'Missis, missis, I'll just go and tell George at the Dragon; he felt it, he did, he was sorry.'

'George, I knows you want a drop; don't leave me, don't this time.'

'Look, old girl, I'll show him this, and he'll let me have a quartern on credit, and it'll do us both good. God bless a true Chrissian, a true Chrissian is a true Chrissian.'

The house on the esplanade was just now the attraction for the *elité* of Torgau. A mournful charm pervaded it, and influenced the inmates in toning down any exuberance of expression. No one would have laughed loud, or spoken brusquely, or given way to any other rough expression of temper; that stately, full-length portrait of Major Zollwitz looked upon all with such earnest, solemn eyes. Every morning, very early indeed, Christian stood opposite to the picture, and said:

'Beg to report, Major von Zollwitz, Sergeant Christian is on duty.

Every other day Mary brought a wreath of flowers, and hung it over the portrait, and then hurried to Christian for a few minutes' sympathetic cry, to ease her heart.

But Mary's heart began also to need other sympathy. She felt that George Harrowby's looks were becoming more and more dangerous to her peace of mind; she had been detected by Harry in the embrasure of the window, with a daisy in her hand, plucking its leaves, and softly repeating, 'Love me, love me not; love me, love me not.'

'What are you doing there?' Harry had said. Mary had blushed and turned away. German girls are so sentimental.

George Harrowby moved in a new atmosphere. He whose desires had been rather of the realistic school, whose sphere of thought had been circumscribed, and whose sympathies had never extended beyond the

narrowest limits of his own circle, was becoming imaginative, anxious to improve the opportunities for culture offered to him, inquisitive on the subject of the wider concerns of society, and was, at last, growing into a man, whose heart and soul were awaking to the fact that there is something else to be sought for in this world of ours than the mere gratification of individual taste, sight, smell, hearing, and touch—in short, he was being aroused to the consciousness of the worth and beauty of an existence, superior to the gratification of the senses. The young German girl, whose perhaps over-idealistic soul was ever and ever pouring some of its own precious spiritual essence into the souls of those around her—that young German girl had also woven her dainty web around him, and do what he would, the foot once caught in the tender meshes, the whole body was being quickly drawn in, and George Harrowby was a captive.

Walking with his cigar late in the evening under the acacias, he thought: 'Old fellow, could you now go to the Argyll Rooms, to the Alhambra, or Cremorne Gardens? Could you now waste those precious hours in the most idiotic companionship? Could you now air your pride in disdaining those who labour honestly for their daily bread? Could you now play upon the first loving fancy of an innocent, fresh girl? Ah! *that* recollection clung to him like the hydra-headed memory of our evil deeds; as soon as we have killed one head of the avenging snake, so soon does another spring forth to taunt us with its venomous hisses.

Young Harrowby knew by this time that Mary was a wealthy girl; but this had nothing to do with his passion. Even at his life's worst period he would not have thought of marrying merely for money, and *now* the idea of married wealth was even repulsive to him. But naturally her wealth and beauty—for what man does not love female beauty?—would attract many suitors, and he must be left in the shade. It galled him to think of it. Suppose he tried to find out if he had made any impression upon her heart; suppose he became a little more demonstrative; suppose he were to declare his love? How in the world was it to be done to this modest, seraphic girl? Who could possibly venture to address her with a sober offer of marriage? Why, she wouldn't understand it. George was racking his brains. 'Dear me,' he soliloquised, 'if I did but know the language of flowers. Just like my luck. I don't know a word of it, and might choose the wrong flower and offend her. I must find out some way of saying what I have to say. I shall look for a piece of suitable poetry, and ask her if the passage is not beautiful? Now, that is a good thought.' Thus George Harrowby soliloquised himself into bed.

On the following morning Mrs. Damer received a whole heap of English letters. Some were for George Harrowby. All sorts of letters, pleasant

and unpleasant; but George Harrowby was now courageous enough to read even the latter; and those who have received unpleasant letters, or dreaded receiving them, know what that means. *The man who can pluck up moral courage enough to beard an epistolary foe, that man is not a Hercules—that man is a Demigod, and likely to overcome all ordinary human obstacles!*'

'How very sad a story this is, to be sure,' said Mrs. Damer, on looking up from one of her letters. 'It is terrible to think any young creature should be driven to commit suicide.'

Something cold shot straight down George Harrowby's back; why he did not know.

'Is it about that poor girl that was drowned, mamma?' said Harry.

'Yes, my boy; they have traced her at last. She was a French curé's daughter.'

'How dreadful, mamma.'

'Wha—a—t, wha—a—t did you say? Dro—owned, did you say?' Pale, staggering, eyes protruding, so did George Harrowby address his aunt. Wha—at was her na—ame?'

'Her name was Charlotte Dudin. For Heaven's sake, George dear, what's the matter?'

'No—othing; it is hot, I think. I'll go o—out.'

George drew himself up spasmodically, staggered, and left the room. On the stairs he met Mary, who had been engaged in household duties.

'Mr. Harrowby, are you ill?' Mary asked, so anxiously that she forgot her reticence and touched his hand. He grasped her's, led it tremblingly to his lips, and on it fell a tear, a scalding tear of repentance. The hand was released, and with an effort George went down the stairs and out of the house. The poetry was not wanted now.

Little Mary, little Mary, what *are* you doing there? Kissing away that tear, every drop of it—not the daintiest lace handkerchief would have been good enough to wipe dry that pretty small hand! Little Mary, that tear was like the death-knell of the hopes and life of a sister; how should little Mary know? Would the death of her for whom that tear had fallen require, in the everlasting round of life's combinations, another sacrifice?

Little Mary, remember the smart young Army-Doctor, whose hopes you killed on those same stairs?

Mr. Damer and Professor Holmann would be away many weeks; but Torgau was determined *not* to let Mrs. Damer pine in solitude! German visiting is carried on in more eager fashion than English calls, and the ladies of Torgau availed themselves of the national privilege. Morning after morning, rather early for English ideas, they came to enquire after

Madame Damer, always bringing some present—flowers, books, fruits, charming embroideries, music—it was endless. Beautiful children were sent to the nice English lady, and marshalled in by Christian, as if to offer their devotion to some divinity; old generals, clever and learned men, whoever could scrape an acquaintance with the family of Zollwitz, came to pay some attention, present some complimentary sign of hospitality. Mrs. Damer was extremely soothed by so hearty a way of welcome, and showed it in becoming much more animated in her conversation than she had ever been. 'Where,' said the good Torgauers, 'where is the English stiffness people talk so much of? This high-born lady is the most delightful being on the face of the earth.' While the men paid compliments, the women admired and were *not* jealous.

CHAPTER XLII.

MR. DAMER AND PROFESSOR HOLLMAN ON THEIR TOUR.

> God loves from whole to parts; but human soul
> Must rise from individual to the whole.
> Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
> As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
> The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds;
> Another still, and still another spreads;
> Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
> His country next, and next all human race.
>
> *Pope's 'Essay on Man.'*

THE English man of action and the German thinker went together to look at the world, or rather, at that part of Europe's inhabitants who are bearing the burden of actual primary labour, which has as yet found so little recognition among the stale systems of our modern civilisation. It is all very well for Carlisle to say of the day labourer: '*Hardly entreated, brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred.*' Whoever thinks of enquiring into the processes of gradual material advancement that has produced that marvel of all selfish marvels—an elegant modern home? Whoever thinks how much down-trodden humanity has raised the temple of modern artistic civilisation? Shades of the Ancients, your *slaves* built up the self-indulgent, self-engrossing housings for your passions! You fed them, at least; we, in our time, do not even inquire can our slaves feed on the price of their work!

Avaunt! black shadows from the human slums of unrecognised humanity. Are we not a free political nation—the key-note to free political institutions? Who is not quoting us?—who? They *must* respect England—for England is rich! Rich in amassed heaps of gold, on which sleeps a head of hair heavy with anxiety; rich in amassed heaps of rags, on which sleeps a head of hair heavy with the misery of want!

All hail! sweet green isle of Western Europe, thou star of political freedom. Come and let us see if by trying but a little, a very little, thou might'st not become something greater still, greater by far—the home of sound, healthy, honest, primary labour! The land in which pauperism or disability of social assertion, is unknown.

The two had started on their mission, and once started, heart and soul were in it. They went first to Berlin, as the point from which to extend their route. That route lay by Russia, the Danubian Principalities, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, and France. Germany was to be left to the last.

Rolling along in the railway carriage, Professor Holmann said:

'My dear Mr. Damer, I wish most earnestly to impress upon you the necessity not to waste our time. I have been thinking it over, what we ought to see, and what not, and I can but come to the conclusion that my old experience in philosophical studies will bear me out here. I never studied a book from first to last but always considered the aim of my author, what he meant to prove, and what he meant to teach. Then I identified myself with this object, cleared up my own ideas on it, and dived into his. Every now and then I rested, digested my matter, compared my thoughts with the author's, and made a living and moving organisation out of the whole. So I became myself a most successful teacher, never sending away my pupils unsatisfied, always endowing them with strength to search for themselves, always watering the tree of their individual knowledge. I want to apply this method to our tour, by avoiding sterile forms and following living images. Suppose we see all the institutions devised for poverty, want, or disease; suppose we visit the artistic or industrial storehouses of large cities, my dear sir, that will teach us nothing. We must see the phases of life where these are *not* applied; we must eschew all governmental appliances, and dive down into the living parts of the various populations that constitute the lower or primary regions of a country's civilisation; then we shall be able in some little way to find out what that country has done, and what it has not done, for labour and pauperism.

'You are right, Professor,' it is this realistic way I wish to pursue; it is for that I denuded myself of my money; it is for that I searched among the miserable sights in London; it is for that I worked myself at

the Docks. The difficulty for the higher strata to govern the lower will always be that the link of identification of feelings and interests is wanting.

'Take my advice, Mr. Damer, let us visit two or three large towns and a few villages of each country, and form our own conclusions on what we see.'

From Berlin they proceeded to St. Petersburg, passing through some of those German Baltic provinces that have furnished so many clever men for Russia. Professor Holmann knew St. Petersburg from a former visit, and allowed Mr. Damer little time to admire the palaces, and bridges over the Neva, and the large open squares and streets. He took him into the gin-kiosks; into the low-ceilinged, dirt-begrimed spirit houses; into the workshops of the higher and lower trades, mostly overlooked by Germans. He took him to a prison or two, a couple of the minor Greek churches, and got admittance to a Court of Justice. He made him stand for hours in the market-places of the poorer class, and watch their buying and selling. For three days, not longer, they rummaged the most forlorn and most nauseous quarters. They saw besotten drunkenness, filth, and dirt, the meanest types of countenance, the most bigotted religious superstition; but for all that they did not see those living ragged skeletons they could see at home. It was the pressure on national life that struck Mr. Damer, not the pressure on the working portion only.

Moscow was reached a few days later, and the same experiences were made. Here, however, Russianism, that mixture of Sclavonian and Tartar characteristics, showed itself in grosser guise, and displayed particularly a new quality, a certain sly cunning by which any superior seemed inclined to catch an inferior. The way to the Danubian Principalities, and to those odd Austrian appurtenances, struck through Russian country districts that teemed with the life of the villages. Everywhere the same signs were visible—actual inferior civilisation, but adequate provision for existence. That existence was low, but could be maintained. When the Russian frontier was reached Mr. Damer observed:

'Russia is as yet low in the national scale, because the intermediate steps are very fluctuating; but the Russians are a nation, I feel that, and the Russians are *not* pauperised.'

Professor Holmann's hobby were the odd provinces in that corner of Europe. He *did* love those strong national phenomena; he found endless excuses for their faults, and historical data for their long standing worth. Along the Danube and some of its tributaries, he showed glowing countries to Mr. Damer—vast uncultivated tracts—prairies where horses, sheep, and horn cattle grazed in freedom—mountainous districts, which the miner's hammer had not yet reached—and wild, luxurious

lands, of exquisite richness. A spare population everywhere, even in Hungary. But somehow, Mr. Damer, looking at things with his new eyes, and judging peoples by their idiosyncracies, Mr. Damer no longer thought these Sclavonic and Magyaric nationalities outside the pale of civilisation; on the contrary, he saw that the lower grades of these people *lived*—it is true, very humbly—but they lived. Things got worse as they approached the German portion of Austria—more cultivation, more pauperism; Mr. Damer now became attentive to those minor points that often explain so much. Vienna did not appear quite so bright to those two, who were visiting places for the sake of looking at lower humanity, as it does to those who visit it for the higher social plateau. Poverty, despondency, and *hidden* misery were here, as usual, the *necessary* companions of metropolitan grandeur. Things were nicer and cleaner, obviously, but not so hopeful under the surface.

'No use to show you Turkey and Greece for our purpose,' said Professor Holmann. 'In the former natural beggary is chronic, no disgrace, and no one tries to improve it; in the latter, beggary is credited as a license to get from your richer neighbour what you can.'

So down to Italy they departed. It required little sagacity to see the evident signs of poverty in Rome and Naples; they were shown in broad daylight, affording a pretext to live the daily life of supply from hand to mouth. In the north, poverty hid itself and work was brisk; in the south, poverty proclaimed itself, and work was carried on as a very tiresome necessity.

'The Italians,' thought Mr. Damer, 'please me less than those Sclavonians; but when they have enjoyed a period of national freedom, pride will regenerate them and improve their inborn moral lassitude.'

A few days' cruise in the Mediterranean landed them in Spain, where beggary was found to be carried on artistically, and work had but spare channels of outlet; yet Mr. Damer liked the Spaniards. What could you expect of a people whose soul had been swamped by an influx of gold some centuries ago! For the life of him, Mr. Damer could not despise those Madrid beggars, they did it so systematically; it was a branch of national life; bah!—it was existence. 'There are worse things than beggary,' said they. Work in Spain seemed like an unswathed infant, kicking its legs for want of decent covering; it had spasmodical stretches, but no regulated action.

'France—La Belle France!—would be a larger field for study,' imagined Mr. Damer. Marseilles, Lyons, and Paris had to be visited—country districts to be searched. It was still Imperial France those two saw, but neither were deceived. Naturally the streets were swept so clean that the dirt and the weakness lay in the corners; but dirt and weakness existed, and, worse than all, a superficial high-pressure, to keep

matters looking very nice. 'I would rather have the mess at home,' thought Mr. Damer; 'we know of it; but here no one seems to know what they are about. The talk is too fine.' They found a kind of cynical want that seemed to lower human nature; dogged bigotry and great ignorance among the country population; smart, crude self-assertion among the higher class of workmen, *not the lower;* and altogether a deteriorating influence on the national spirit.

A few days were passed in Switzerland; October was declining, and there remained Germany. To own it, Professor Holmann was a little ashamed. After all, there were those poor districts in the Black Mountains, the wretched inhabitants of parts of the Enggebirge and slums, as well in Berlin as in Dresden and Frankfort. All that could be said was, 'the poor were taught and work was encouraged.'

Their pocket-books crammed with notes, and their bodies exhausted with fatigue, they reached Torgau, glad to be ushered into the presence of the loving smiles of welcoming faces. A week later the Damers bade Professor Holmann and Mary Zollwitz farewell, and hurried back to England and Suffolk.

George Harrowby and Mary Zollwitz had understood each other after that meeting on the stairs, although no further word of love had been spoken. The little white face looked very desponding in its pretty bonnet, as it wished an adieu to the young Englishman, for it knew its fate to be 'renunciation.'

Torgau went into social mourning when Mrs. Damer left! Zollwitz had come from Halle for the last few days, and Mrs. Damer had a tiny parcel to deliver to some one at Newstead Hall.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE SOLITARY ENGLISH LADY.

'But he who through life's dreary way
Must pass, when heaven is veiled in wrath,
Will long lament the vanish'd ray
That scatter'd gladness o'er his path.'—*Byron.*

DURING the summer months that Professor Holmann and Mr. Damer were making their rapid survey of European poverty—to be digested and completed later by careful comparisons and renewed researches—one of the smaller villas near Lake Como was inhabited by a tall, handsome, English lady. But one English servant, her maid, had accompanied her from England; all the other household was Italian. German servants

had offered themselves, and had been rudely sent away. The lady could not bear to hear a word of German spoken. Neither newspapers nor letters were brought to her—an extraordinary fact in connection with any English person—and she scarcely ever opened her lips to those around her. The grand neighbours in the surrounding villas were inclined to be sociable; the lady repulsed every approach to civility, and lived her own solitary life. Was she mourning the dead? You would not have thought so, for she never wore black. What could it be that had driven her away from social intercourse? Some love affair? She was *not* young. Loss of fortune? She lived well, and paid everybody. They gave it up, and fixed their attention on some other new comer.

On the margin of the lake walked the lady. 'Really, I cannot bear this,' she murmured; 'that man's shadow is always following me; I cannot get rid of it. What have I done to him? He is dead, and there is an end of it.' The lady walked on a few paces. 'There it is again, morning, noon, and night, asking me if I forget that sincere respect accorded to me in his life-time? What was it to *me*, that secret of his former years? He never swerved in duty to *me;* he smoothed my path, and gave *me* no heart-ache.' The solitary lady re-entered her villa; there it was again, that spectre of a woman's solitary existence—a woman whose hand has known the grasp of another, whose lips have touched those of another, whose smile has been given in return to the smile of another. The want of those hourly and daily attentions was telling upon her. She missed the bouquet that every morning of her married life had brought; the graceful conversation of a cultivated man, the sight of new books and pieces of art; she missed that sweet constant reminder that some other being was devoting his thoughts to her comfort. Listlessly the lady sat at her window and looked upon the glorious scene before her. What was it to her? It could not awaken one throbbing pulse of interest, for every minute the feeling became stronger and stronger that she had loved the man she had called her husband without knowing it; that she would have loved him on, had she even known his disgrace. 'If he had but trusted me I would have saved him.' Little she knew how determined had been the vengeance that had destroyed him.

One morning you could have seen that lady dressed in deep black, startling her own servants by her solemn aspect. For a few days she wandered about helplessly; a few days later still she had entered the little Catholic road-side chapel in the mountains, and knelt to pray. The morning after that she had gone—gone alone,—leaving instructions to her maid to give up the villa and follow her to Rome.

In the church of Santa Cecilia knelt a tall lady, in the evening hush of surrounding religious influences. The imperious will that had made that woman almost insufferably haughty, that imperious will was broken,

and the weak soul rushed to find consolation in the observances of the Church of Rome. To return to her friends seemed to her an impossibility; she preferred to sever herself from them for ever, since her best friend was gone. Here on the marble pavement of that beautiful church, the low chanting of the nuns in her ears—here she made a vow! Where does a suffering soul not lead us to?

Mr. Ross, of Lincoln's Inn, received a letter from Lady Julia Crofton, dated Rome. When he had read it he put it down quietly.

'Bless me, she had a heart after all! Well, he deserved her regret so far. He was the most attentive husband I ever knew; made a fool of her and spoiled her; serves her right to feel it.'

But somehow Mr. Ross read that letter three times, though he was very busy, and wanted to be off into the country; and before he touched other business that morning, he despatched a long, kindly, and earnest epistle back again—quite out of a lawyer's usual way. Mr. Ross seemed a little subdued that day. A lawyer has great opportunities to study the opening and shutting of the human heart-valves till they open and shut no more.

Mr. Ross's answer had reached Rome; the maid had joined her mistress, and immediate preparations for travelling were made.

In a little Prussian village, lying on the estate of the d'Alvenslebens, arrived two foreign-looking women. They found some kind of shelter in the curious inn, and were overloaded with questions as to what they might and what they might not want.

The noblest looking and tallest of the two, asked in German for the verger of the picturesque old church, and was taken to him. A handsome present made him leave his pipe and beer, and precede the lady, with his keys, to the churchyard. She trembled very very much, as she felt the soft grass of that place under her feet. The smell of the dead seemed to fill the air and their remembrance to fill her heart.

They entered. The verger, not by any means a garrulous one, pointed to a side aisle, and to a tablet on the wall, on which could be read the name of 'William Augustus, Count d'Alvensleben,' in fresh-cut letters. On that tablet the lady fixed her eyes, and bending her knees before it, humbly and reverently, she lifted her hands towards it, crying, in the agony of her heart, 'Forgive me! forgive me! my husband! I sinned against thy memory in pride; I have been punished; to your grave have I come to say farewell, before I retire from the outside world for ever.

The lady, draped in black, knelt long, and murmured many sweet words, as if that poor tablet could have heard her—she fancied the

spirit of him who slept beneath, did. The verger waited patiently. That visitor would be food for the German, building castles in the air over his pipe and beer: he liked a bit of romance.

The church was shut, the lady was gone—gone back to Rome. The Convent here received her, and Sister Julia would, after her probation, represent all that was left of that proud, haughty priestess of artistic, high-classed fashion. She had never felt a general sympathy with the world; she could not find her way back to it, she entombed herself in its religious recesses, and brought a heavy dowry with her.

CHAPTER XLIV.

AUNT SARAH'S NEW FARM-VILLAGE.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Catton's Fireside.

NEWSTEAD HALL was shut up, Edward Damer had gone to Cambridge, and Ethel Harrowby had come over to Aunt Sarah's farm. Aunt Sarah liked the clever, joyous, high-spirited girl. In the early November days came the news of the Damers' return; Aunt Sarah was busy now. She had never known sympathetic faces; cheery laughter, low rustling of dresses, fussy attendance on men, and all the paraphernalia belonging to a complete home-circle, aroundher cosy fireside before. She would know it now, for the farm was to receive the whole family. The lady liked it; the wrinkles were filling out, the crow's feet were disappearing, she was getting plump and jolly, and having wasted the better part of her existence in striving to enrich herself by the labour of her farm-servants, for no earthly purpose whatever, she was taking up a nobler strain in her older days, and going to enjoy herself for the last few years of her life.

She had no conception what Mr. Damer intended to do with her money—ducks and drakes indeed—going to improve the agricultural labourer's position!

George Harrowby was the saddest of the party; some unaccountable misery seemed to oppress him. He went to London to see his Uncle

Wharnton, who had become a confirmed invalid, and by his advice had proceeded to Oxford to arrange for his return next term. After this visit he took up his stay at the farm, as Harry's tutor, for the time. Mr. Damer would not hear of his leaving them now. Often as the enquiry after the curé's unhappy daughter had been on his lips, he had never been able to make it—and Mrs. Damer had no idea the affair concerned him.

'Ethel, dear,' called Mrs. Damer to her niece, half an hour after their arrival, 'won't you look at your present from Mary Zollwitz?'

Ethel came, blushing and hesitating, not a word had she heard since the serenade. It was hard work to lock up all that treasure of love in her heart. When would he come to ask for the key?

Mrs. Damer quietly placed a little parcel before her. What was in it? Fluttering hands opened it. Well, what was it? A diary, the substitute for correspondence. Mrs. Damer smiled; a curious present from a lover, thought she, but she understood Zollwitz, so did Ethel. Kissing aunty, holding fast her property, and rushing away to a nook to dive into it once, was a matter of seconds!

Mr. Damer was not the man to put off any active operations he had resolved upon, so he began to tackle Aunt Sarah's good intentions the very morning after his arrival.

'Well, Sarah, are you still of a mind to part with your money?'

'Ah, you'll take it, dear Robert, won't you; after a bit you'll want it, and then there's Harry.'

'Don't give it to me; look how strong my arms have got. I can work. Papa, am I not getting on in my studies?'

'That you are. You'll not want from lack of exertion; you're all right now.'

'Come, aunty, I can have no backsliding; you promised to put the money to a good purpose.'

'Well, what am I to do? Are we to build a hospital, and starve our selves?'

'Look here, Sarah, I won't have you go off in that old strain again. I'm going to make you do your duty; or, on my word, I'll leave the farm, and go up to London at once. We've got a few hundreds left, Jane has her allowance, the house is furnished, and I can earn the rest!'

'Earn it,' said Aunt Sarah, laughing; 'pray at what, soldiering, doctoring, tailoring, or shoemaking, sir?'

'At nothing of the sort. At making wits for other people.'

'Wits for other people?'

'Writing articles for the newspapers whose purpose is often enough wasted because people can't understand them.'

'Never mind, if they pay for it.'

'Joking aside, Sarah; come along, put on your bonnet and cloak, and let us measure the farm.'

'Measure the farm? Good gracious, what are you going to do with it?'

'Parcel it out.'

'Parcel it out? You horrid man, it's getting worse and worse.'

'We're going to have a real peasant's village.'

'Peasant's village? Where are the peasants to come from?'

'You've got them; *your* labourers, and those of other farms.'

'And you're going to give my farm-land to my labourers? There'll be a jolly row, the other farmers will smother us!'

'Oh, I'll stand that; besides, I mean to give away nothing. I mean merely to let out a portion of the land, and assist them a little till they can begin to repay by very small instalments.'

'You'll upset the constitution.'

'No I shan't, I'll help to patch it up a bit.'

'Let me go in the walk and think; what one may come to, to be sure!'

Aunt Sarah soon returned, with bonnet and cloak.

'Come along, you tyrant; don't talk to me, there isn't a greater despot in creation than one of your reformers. We shall make a mess of it, and be sent to prison.'

'If we are then I'll begin to improve the prisons.'

'For God's sake, stop; you shall have the farm to begin operations.'

They stumped about, right and left; Mr. Damer left no stone unturned.

'It won't be quite so flourishing, I daresay, at first, but it will be more natural. Sarah, dear,'—he was getting over the old maid by gently taking her arm—'Sarah, dear, won't your old eyes rejoice to see new, smart cottages, with an outhouse or two, a piece of land attached to them, a cow, a couple of pigs, and some fowls belonging to the land, and a man and woman presiding over it, who make you a little poorer, but themselves a deal richer.?'

'But I can't see it; there are so many obstacles.'

'There are, and I may make a good many blunders, but I shall persevere, and I shall try whether it is not possible to give some start for a subdivision or a subletting of land.'

'Dear me, dear me; it's heretical, or I mean political; no, no, it's rank conspiracy.'

'The conspiracy of humanity. Sarah, you know I'm not a fool—'

'I don't know that.'

'Yes you do. Well, I'm not going to pamper the labourer, I'm not

going to treacle his bread and butter; I'm going to see how he can *get* bread and butter, and one thing more, Sarah, you precious old aunt, if you will but help me; I'm going to make experiments to see if we can't grow cheaper food for the lower classes and the poor. If the poor man is to pay the same for the loaf as the duke, he *must* starve. I'm going to find out a new loaf for him. We've never tried yet to feed the poor from the money they can pay; either they must be extravagant in purchasing what they cannot afford, or they must buy the offal of many provisions, or they must suffer hunger. You and I are going to try something else.

He was getting up Sarah's enthusiasm a little.

'I shall bring you a proper plan in a day or two; nothing fine, but something sensible and sound. I shall go through it with you, and then we'll put in advertisements in the county papers, and call our own labourers together.'

'Robert, take it, take it; there is the whole, land and all. Take the cash book for the bank, but leave me out; I'll go to your wife's room when you see them. What, I am to make masters of my own servingmen? Never.'

'You see my plan first; how the work will be divided. I should think it a crime to teach a man that he can better his position without working for it; *I have no sympathy with fantastical plans.* I cannot yet say how it will be done, but it shall be done soundly or not at all.

'I tell you, take the lot.'

'Thank you, I shall, for my *purpose*,' answered Mr. Damer.

'Jane will keep *me*, I suppose.'

'That she will, but *I* don't think you'll lose; and then, aunty, whispered Mr. Damer, who never paraded religion, 'aunty, you'll lay yourself in a store up yonder.'

She kissed him as he stooped down.

'I must be at it at once. There is a great deal to be done, and I have an immense amount of work to do in visiting soon the large towns, and getting information there. Next year I must again travel, because we only skimmed the surface this year. Where can Jane be? She promised to meet us; she will be so pleased to hear you have consented.'

'Consented to be cut up in bits.'

CHAPTER XLV.

TWO OFFERS OF MARRIAGE.

Marriage is the high feast of existence,
Often spoiled in the serving.
That happy minglement of hearts,
Where, changed as chymic compounds are,
Each with its own existence parts
To find a new one happier far!—*Moore.*

It was snowing in Suffolk; the light masses of flake matter were gambolling in the air, and coming down in rushes of exuberant joy. Harry Damer stood at an upper window in the farm, leisurely looking out upon the snowy turmoil; that morning George Harrowby had been summoned by telegram to his uncle's sick bed in London.

A fly drove up, and Harry opened the window to look out. It was Zollwitz, Hermann Zollwitz, to come in such weather, as if *any* weather would have stopped the Zollwitz spirit!

'Oh, you dear Zollwitz, to come all this way to see us!'

'My exams. are passed, Harry; it is all over, I worked *very* hard. Is Miss Ethel here?'

'Why do you ask after her before you ask for papa and mamma?' said Harry, suspiciously.

'Harry, let us have a quiet talk, no one has seen me yet.'

Harry took Zollwitz into his father's little working room, and sat down gloomily.

'You are going to ask something dreadful of me, I know.'

'Harry, my dear, dear boy, you always said that Ethel must wait for you; you indulged so much in this boyish fancy that you have come to look upon it as a reality.' Zollwitz bent over Harry: 'If I tell you that I think Ethel loves me a little, and I love her a great deal, will you give her to me? Think of our long friendship.'

Harry was thinking, and finished thinking, by shaking Zollwitz's hand firmly.

'You have caught me at the right moment, though it is very very hard to fancy Ethel will belong to me no more. But I must not forget *that* day, *that* hour when I saw your face first, when we were all divided against each other, and I was the wretched cause of it. *You* saved us, *you* changed me. Come here, Zollwitz, I'll bring the sacrifice. Take her,' said Harry magniloquently, as if he had to give her away.

'Thank you, Harry; now bring me to her, quick.'

'No, I'll fetch her.'

Presently someone opened the door and pushed someone else in, shutting the door quickly: Ethel stood before Zollwitz.

'Miss Ethel, Ethel, Ethel, my, my—Give me your hand!"

She gave him her hand, she gave him more—she gave him the first long kiss of love!

Oh, that first kiss of love!

Harry went to his mother.

'I have done it, I have given my consent; she's gone from me!'

'Pray, Harry, what do you mean?'

'Zollwitz has got Ethel now all to himself.'

'Where is he? Is he here? I heard a fly drive up a little while ago.'

'Oh, it's all over,' said Harry, despondingly. At the same moment Zollwitz, leading Ethel, entered the room.

'My dear Mrs. Damer, I have come to speak out, and have Ethel's consent;—have I yours?'

Mrs. Damer shook hands with him, patted and kissed that brave, good girl, and found Harry was gone—he couldn't stand it.

He met his father in the hall. 'Zollwitz has got Ethel, he's got her away from me.'

'Whose fly is that, Harry? What nonsense are you talking? Help me off with these wrappers.' Mr. Damer had been rummaging over the land and the cottages the whole morning.

'Now, Master Harry, what is it? Why do you look so desperate?'

'Oh, they are upstairs with mamma—I tell you, papa, Zollwitz has come for Ethel, and I have given her up.'

'Oh, that's it, Mademoiselle Ethel, why you hadn't got a heart to give, and why you didn't care to be a duchess, I see it now. How sly those girls are!'

The big man stood behind them; they had not heard him enter.

'I congratulate Mademoiselle Slyboots,' he said.

'Uncle, don't scold, don't say no.'

'Come here, Zollwitz, I'll say like Harry: "Take her, she's a good girl."'

'Take whom?' sharply added Aunt Sarah, now joining the group.

'This girl to wife? Aunty, you are too late for that nice young man.'

'No I'm not, for they have my blessing.'

George Harrowby had reached his uncle's house in Hertford-street, Mayfair, in time to receive his last instructions. A ruined constitution, the shock on hearing of that dreadful tragedy in the Zollwitz family,

and some over-fatigue in looking over his heavily-mortgaged estate in Hampshire, had brought Lord Wharnton to death's door; while already dangerously ill, a telegram had come to give him news of the death of his only younger brother and heir, while out hunting—*had been thrown from his horse, and killed on the spot.* How strangely high names and great interests sometimes change hands in quick succession! Before that day was out, George Harrowby was Lord Wharnton—a baron of one of the oldest dates.

He spent a couple of weeks in seeing his uncle's remains to their resting-place, and arranging his affairs. Mr. Damer came up to London to assist him during a time, requiring all his energy and composure. That man was becoming everybody's moral support.

It was all over. George Harrowby was installed in his new honours, and knew that he should have to manage close and work hard to free the family estate in some way from its heavy incumbrances. His thoughts flew over to that place where she lived, whom he wanted to help him in this life-work. Mr. Damer had left him, having obtained a sacred promise respecting 'the agricultural labourer, the bit of land, the cow and the pigs.'

The new Lord Wharnton crossed the sea, and landed on German ground; he arrived in Torgau, he entered the house on the Esplanade, covered again with those errant, tricky snowflakes. Mary Zollwitz started with inexpressible joy on seeing him, but turned deadly pale the instant after, and held her hand to her heart. Professor Holmann caught her in time.

'She is not well, poor child,' he said despondingly. 'I do so wish I had not let her witness the death-bed of a near relative last summer. She has never been so strong since. After all, Zollwitz is right; these harrowing scenes can do the young no good, may have a very sad influence on them, and cannot benefit the dying. I repent it greatly; I am afraid I have done serious mischief.'

Mary had recovered, and was sitting in the same easy chair in which Holmann had sat the year before, George bending over her. He looked down upon her and forgot Holmann was in the room.

'Mary, may I speak now? I have expiated some great fault I had committed; I have done what I could. I would not ask before; I trusted after that day on the stairs. Can you love me?' he whispered.

She looked up at him in full, loving response. The look went to his soul, but he felt it was not a marriage look.

Holmann had gone; they were alone. It was so sweet to feel he was by her, to touch his hand, to hear his broken German. Mary did not like him to speak English—it brought such ugly pictures before her mind.

'Mary, will you be my wife?'

Mary rose, turned pale again, trembled very much, and sank into his arms. His lips were pressed to hers, but he felt hers to turn colder and colder; she had now really fainted.

He caressed her, called her, and his warm breath restored her; as her quivering lids opened, she looked on him with exquisite feeling, she threw both her arms round him, and sobbed on his breast.

'I love you dearly, dearly, dearly; but I must not marry. Oh! my mother!'

'Mary, you will make me miserable if you say that. Don't, pray, let us talk about it now. Come, be gay!'

'I cannot!'

'But you love me a very little?'

'Much!' was the answer, in such low tones. 'Only there is that picture before me.'

'Have *me* before you; I'll nurse you. Mary, call me George.'

A bright smile flitted across her sweet little face.

'Dear George!'

He knelt before her. A dreadful fear took hold of him that as he had been the curse of that French cure's daughter, so would fate take this lovely girl from him. He said in heart-broken accents:

'Mary, Mary, don't go away from me!'

He pressed his head on her arms. Poor erring George Harrowby—his love was dead.

[*To be continued.*]

Personal Reminiscences of a War Correspondent at Versailles.

By the Right Hon. the Earl of Dunraven.

It was my good, or bad, fortune, according as the case may appear to the intelligent reader, to pass the four winter months of 1870-71 at Versailles. I leave it an open question whether it was bad fortune or good luck to have been so situated, because I never can quite make up my own mind on that point. Looking at it through the softening shadows of nearly twelve months, the stirring incidents and moments of excitement stand out clear and vivid, while the recollection of many dull, miserable days is almost blotted out, and I am inclined to agree with my friends who envy me the chance that compelled me to witness a great siege. But, then, truth urges me to state that when I can sufficiently abstract myself from passing events to realise what was taking place this time last year, a benumbing feeling of weariness becomes the predominant sensation in my mind. And I think in this respect my memory is correct, for I verily believe that on the whole a cathedral verger, or the sexton of a small and healthy country parish, has a lively life compared to ours before Paris. The troops arrived triumphantly, and expected to walk straight into the capital; they waited about a little, wondering that the gates remained closed, and then we literally sat down before the walls, and to all intents and purposes never got up again for four months. This was not good conduct on the part of the enemy. The best judges considered that either they would open the gates at once, or would have a revolution inside in a few days, which would cause them to do so, or that they would be starved out in a few weeks. They did none of these things, but kept us out in the cold all the winter through. My reminiscences, therefore, of Versailles are of a gloomy nature, whereas a feeling of satisfaction glows within me when I think of the first few days following the armistice that preceded the peace.

Our society was pleasant enough, very pleasant, in fact, for individuals

were more agreeable than they would have been under apparently more favourable circumstances. Dinner parties we had, wet and jovial ones; and whist parties prolonged far into the night, but there was more of barbaric profusion than of comfort in our feasts, and we had to go to bed in fur boots and coats, because green fire-wood will *not* burn. Music! yes, and dancing too. Had we not a most gifted pianist among us, and have I not seen a great authority on military matters dancing reels in his shirt sleeves to the bass accompaniment of bombarding guns? Quiet evenings we enjoyed also, when anxious correspondents endeavoured to weave 'copy' from the casual observations of diplomatic lips. But noisy evenings pall at last, and after all, one does not go to war to play whist or even poker, which is a much more exciting pastime, and one which kills a man, in a pecuniary sense, far quicker than does the former game. There certainly was this advantage about the place, that if any luckless wight lost more than a few francs it was utterly impossible for him to pay, and he might write any number of cheques, drafts, bills, and other documents in the most honourable, and 'pay you at once, my dear fellow,' sort of way, feeling quite satisfied that he would not be one whit the poorer for all his literary efforts. Cash was a thing unknown, and Craig's Court, though distant in ordinary times less than half a day, was it not practically further off than the Isles of Araby, wherever they may be. This tightness in the money market amounted to suffocation, and many must have been the blessings showered upon the heads of those humane persons who eventually came to our relief.

It was towards the end of the business, just about the time that the British public, following the opinions of the British press, had made up its mind that it was all up with us, and that, swooping like eagles from their eyries from North, South, and West, Keratry, Chanzy, Bourbaki, uniting in one fiery charge, would strike with beak and talon their Prussian prey, and sweep us, vainly struggling, across the insulted provinces of France back to the impious land from whence we came, or, as a most gifted French writer has, with the peculiar delicacy of his race, put it, would 'revomit us across the Rhine.' It was not until the intelligent public had quite made up its mind that the tide of fortune was about to turn, and that gathering strength on its way, it would speedily overwhelm the feeble barriers opposed to it, and rush triumphantly to relieve the capital, that certain gentlemen from Hamburg arrived, travelling, for the most part, in greasy, plain clothes, combining the use of the nose with that of the ordinary organs of articulation, and carrying each a wonderfully heavy portmanteau or carpet bag. They took quiet, secluded lodgings, and began to do a nice little business in finding ready money for the French authorities. They also provided the necessaries and luxuries of life, in order to purchase which the money

was required, thereby keeping all the profits to themselves, and combining in their own persons the offices of capitalist and speculator. It was a very nice little game, played by three persons. A says to B, 'I must have tea, sugar, coffee, tobacco, and snuff; I will pay you a reasonable price in paper bonds, redeemable, subject to certain contingencies, at some future time; the exact date is uncertain, but immaterial.' 'But,' replies B, 'I have not got any.' 'Ah!' says A, 'here is my friend C will sell you plenty; the price is a little high certainly, and he requires cash payment, but you know the times are bad, and, in fact, you must get the articles, and at his own price, for there is no competition.' 'Well,' chuckles B, 'I should be delighted to sell to you, in exchange for the valuable securities you are kind enough to offer, and I would gladly buy from Mr. C, but unfortunately he requires cash, and I have not a blessed cent; you were obliging enough to borrow all I had some time ago.' 'Don't distress yourself,' answers A, 'we can easily get over this little difficulty; C is such an obliging fellow; he does not do that sort of thing himself, but he tells me he knows a friend who he thinks he might induce to lend you the money at a reasonable rate—reasonable, of course, considering the extraordinary circumstances of the case.' And so B has not got a word to say, but goes off to find C's friend, who considerately does his little bill, and some Hamburg gentleman puts the money in one of B's pockets, while his friend takes it out of the other. It is all right and above board, and if B does not like it, he must not complain, because the arrangement was quite satisfactory to two parties out of the three, and if the majority is satisfied, it is, of course, all right, and the minority must not kick up a row. All political economists know this. I believe—that is to say, I was informed—that these gentlemen who talked with their noses—and therefore, I suppose, smelled with their mouths—would condescend sometimes to stoop from their great financial arrangements, and assist the poor and needy private individual. I was glad when these people came—not that I had any desire to present them with my autograph, but because their presence reassured me amazingly, and in spite of false prophets at home, I felt certain that I never should be compelled to leave Versailles. Their arrival was a symptom of the approaching end, too evident to be mistaken. So I gave up thinking of the simultaneous movement of Keratry, Chanzy, and Bourbaki, who never combined in anything except in the formation of the last syllable of their names, and being deprived of the tonic effects of fear, I became duller than ever.

There was really nothing to do. You might knock your horse's hoofs about on the hard high road, or splash around in the mud, accordingly as it froze or thawed. Skating, certainly, we could enjoy to our heart's content; and I have frequently whiled away an hour gazing with envy,

not unmixed with awe, at what at first sight appeared to be a pair of boots, performing wonderful evolutions on the ice. On approaching nearer, the guiding element, in the shape of a cuirassier, would become visible, inserted in the boots, and gliding with agility, if not with grace, over the frozen surface, notwithstanding the terrible incumbrances on his legs, and the length of the sword to which he was attached. On great occasions, too, the *grandes lanse* played. I don't know what the letter writers would have done without these *grandes lanse*. Whenever they were turned on there was a sure column. The animated foreground, gay with bright uniforms and glancing arms; the desolation in the distance; the merry laugh, interrupted by the boom of great guns; the conquerors marching about under the inscription *à tout les gloire de la France*—had all to be worked up into 'picturesque letters.' My goodness! how these wretched themes were washed out, mangled, and wrung dry? Then there were the individuals to describe. This style of thing. Who is that tall Colonel of Cuirassiers, who looks as if he had never known a care? Hush! Bismarck! And who is that gallant officer, with such a frank, enjoying manner, smoking his pipe, conversing affably with common soldiers and wounded men? That is the future Emperor of Germany. And the quiet, silent individual, who looks as if he had nothing to do with anything, and had nothing to say to anybody? Who would have thought that beneath that unpretending forage cap lurked the brain of a Moltke? And so on, and so on. You might take constitutionals in leafless avenues, or shiver and shake about the Palace Gardens, and look at the cold marble statues till you were nearly frozen, and then try and warm yourself, on the principle of Mr. Jorrocks, by gazing at the wonderful pictures in the Chateau, of Algerian raids, and thinking how delicious the hot sunlight and cloudless sky looked, and how much more life-like were the voluptuous inmates of the harem, falling with so much graceful display of rosy limbs from off their camels, than the chill, chaste Dianas and snow-crowned Venuses outside.

The Park was open to everyone, but it is monotonous work riding without an object, and such an idea as a steeple-chase, hurdle-race, or paper-chase, never entered the heads of the stern warriors at head-quarters, who, not being able to kill and slay their enemies, worked hard at the only method of destruction in their power, and laboured incessantly to waste the land by eating and drinking up everything in it. An expedition to St. Germain was a favourite way of passing the time, and the *friture* of gudgeons, and the peace and quiet of the hospitable *Pavilion de Henry IV.*, were certainly preferable to the bustle, hurry-skurry, and bad cooking of the *Reservoir*. Better a dinner of herbs, with plenty of

elbow-room, than a stalled ox, with many princes. Whether it was the gudgeons, or the civility of Mons. Barbotte, the benignity of the old lady at the *Comptoir*, or the obliging disposition and nice manners of the young lady who made the beds, I know not, but certainly there existed some attraction at St. Germain that drew many of the genus 'Correspondent' to that pleasant place. Of course, they ostensibly went to look at Mont Valerien—a fertile theme for letter-writing, and of as much use to the 'Eternity' as the moon was to the 'Weekly Wire.' The former journal was always narrating how Valerien frowned, or Valerien smiled, or how the electric light, slowly revolving, pierced with its far-searching eye the surrounding gloom, in much the same way that the contributors to the 'Wire' were continually talking of climbing up the heavens, and, I suppose, sliding down the other side, for they never mentioned how they got down; or bursting by moonlight, or being shelled by moonlight, and so on—a very harmless practice, with which the 'Piccadilly Pamphlet' was ungenerous enough to find fault, asserting even that there was no moon at the time; as if it were likely that the proprietors of a journal with the largest circulation in the world would send out their young men on the war-path, unprovided with proper almanacks. It is true that occasionally it was possible to pay a visit to the outposts—a proceeding which was not unlikely to draw the enemy's fire, and was not much appreciated by the sentries, who were unable to retire gracefully like a visitor, who could, if it began to get unpleasantly warm, always remember that he had an urgent appointment up town. On purely unselfish motives, therefore, we refrained from troubling the outposts much, and making the most of the little liberty accorded by the authorities, who, after that an 'hereditary Grand' was half scalped by a bullet at St. Cloud, became so solicitous of our welfare as almost to forbid our exposing our valuable lives.

It was a fine opportunity for moralising, but a little of that goes a long way. It was possible to philosophise, too, and to advance strange theories to account for the decadence of France, and there was plenty of scope for self-congratulation on being a Briton, and 'not as other men are.'

The general aspect of life was certainly most strange and startling. Suffering and mirth, callousness and morbid sensibility, the sublime and the ridiculous, bathos and pathos, the grotesque and the horrible, were all mixed together, and formed a phase of existence difficult to realise and impossible to describe. You might see in the hospital wards of the Chateau, men beating their brains out against the floor in the most fearful agonies that the human frame can feel, waiting till the busy surgeon came round to them, and in two minutes you might hear a farcical ebullition of French arrogance sufficient almost to move wounded men to laughter. You might listen to a tale of woe and misery

truly, simply, and graphically told, unfolding an almost fathomless depth of grief, and in the next minute some one will pour out their grievances in such a ludicrous and yet so dramatic a way that the feelings stirred up by the first story would be obliterated by the last. I have laughed many times over the absurd gestures and conversation of the old women who used to wait patiently in the cold for hours at the tobacco shops, in the hopes of getting a little snuff, and at the same time, there would pass across the '*place*' the sad daily procession carrying, to the sound of the grandest music ever played by man, the bodies of the dead. I remember, at Rheims, I think it was, coming off a long journey, and going into a restaurant to get a cup of coffee. The landlord, one of the burly type of Frenchmen, rose impatiently from his seat, and, leaning over the counter, addressed me at some length on the subject of the war, ending his peroration with a gesture of despair, and the words 'France is lost, we have *no* coffee.' I returned pensively to mine inn, pondering on this evidence of the decadence of France, and there I obtained my cup of coffee; but on asking for some cream, the smiling visage of the trim grisette suddenly grew grave. With uplifted finger she approached me, furtively glancing round to see that no one was near, and whispered, 'Sir, this is not a war, it is a pillage; those gentlemen have taken all the cream.' From thence I wandered, sadly ruminating upon this fresh evidence of utter ruin, to a barber's shop, where I was partially flayed by a young rustic armed with an exceedingly blunt razor. In a corner was crouched an old woman, blear-eyed, shrunk, and shrivelled. Out of natural politeness I hazarded the remark that we lived in troublous times. She replied not, but slowly stretching out her skinny arm, she beckoned me with ominous finger to approach. I did so. From the unknown depths of her dilapidated dress she drew a pill-box, and, removing the lid, extracted a lump of camphor, wrapped up in a rag, and a fragment of a cigar stump. Plaintively applying these to her ancient nose, she said, 'Alas! France is lost! lost! there is no longer any snuff. Oh, lala, lala! oh, lala, lala!' It is natural, no doubt, for man to judge of the feelings of others by his own sensations; but where out of France would one hear such trivial circumstances as a scarcity of coffee and snuff quoted gravely as signs of the ruin of a nation, and of the brutal manner in which war was carried on.

So the long days of the siege rolled slowly by, the intervals between the sensation scenes being filled in as best might be; and it was with feelings of intense relief that, on riding in from St. Germain one fine morning, I learned that the terms of an armistice had been agreed upon, and that at last there was a fair prospect of peace. The news seemed too good to be true; but we were not doomed to suffer long suspense. The armistice became an accomplished fact, the great siege guns ceased

to roar and to echo through the streets and leafless woods, and with the last stroke of midnight, on an ever-memorable day, we entered upon a new era of the war, and experienced a complete change in our lives, our modes of thought, and occupations.

If this change was so much appreciated by us, how much more intense must have been the feeling of relief to those who for months had been separated from friends and relatives in Paris. Men showed it on their faces; they had a sort of reprieved, released look, as if the tension on the nerves had been suddenly withdrawn, and they could breathe freely once again. The French outposts beyond the broken arch of the bridge of Sevres became quite wild when they heard the news. Holding out their wide trousers like petticoats, they danced with the demonstrative energy peculiar to their race, and laughed and cried, to the astonishment of the stolid sentry on the other side, who wondered what the 'pigs' were about. Ah, he had never once suffered defeat. He did not know what it was to struggle on, weary and half-starved, in a hopeless cause, or he might perhaps have joined the others in a clumsy caper on his side of the bridge. It was difficult to realise our freedom at first. There was no longer any question of keeping under cover or getting under fire, of special passes and *sauf conduits*. You might go where you liked, and do what you chose, and could almost fancy yourself once more a free man, walking upon independent soil. There had been all along a sort of no man's land, *a terra incognita*, unknown and unexplored except by the pickets and outposts, a great tract of country lying at the foot of the hills, extending all the way round north-eastward from Bougival, which we could look at and peer into from a distance, but which was more utterly unattainable than the isle of Avelion. Now all was altered, and you could ride safely through woods, parks, and villages which a few days previously would have offered most marvellous facilities for shaking off this mortal coil. You might visit mysterious batteries, examine the marks of shot and shell, follow the devious windings of the trenches, sit and smoke a cigar in the most advanced rifle-pit, and peep through the interstices—just sufficiently large to admit of the muzzle of a needle-gun, left occasionally under the faggots or sandbags forming the coping of an earthwork, pushed up to within a few yards of the enemies' lines. You might walk over and examine the French works, similar in construction, and try and realise what the scene must have been a few days before, when, sheltered in these two shallow trenches, angry, anxious men, eager for each other's blood, lay so near together that, without raising their voices, they could exhaust upon each other the vilest epithets and most ingenious oaths in their respective vocabularies. There was something very fascinating in this new liberty—this suddenly acquired right to 'circulate' where you pleased, to visit places hitherto utterly impossible,

to go where you had always been told you must not go, and to do that which you had been continually forbidden to perform. We tasted the sweets of realisation. We had had one end and object before us for months, and at length we had attained it. It was impossible to entirely eliminate the feeling that there was something decidedly wrong in going about as we did, a feeling which, owing, I suppose, to the depravity of the race, always gives pleasure. It is wicked, no doubt, and similar to that experienced by bad, bold boys, who successfully steal their dear good tutor's fruit. Freedom is very sweet. We felt like school boys on a half-holiday, and we made the most of our time in examining all that was to be seen.

[*To be continued.*]

WINTER.

How hushed the world is: how the sea-like sound
Of multitudinous streets, that shriek and swell
With life, is muffled, save for some lone bell
Making the sunless silence more profound.
The awful whiteness, spread along the ground,
Of the inviolate snow, seems to compel
The flames of fire to flash with visible
Increase of radiance, by drear norlight bound.

Thou, too, O heart, sore beat by roar and flow
Of heavy-weltering, clamorous-tongued desires,
Liest hush'd, as yon shrill streets smooth'd by the snow,
Each louder wish 'neath fresh-fallen peace expires;
Yet all the intenser throb thought's quenchless fires,
Wan Memory rims with tears and years of woe.

MATHILDE BLIND.

Enchanted Embers.

When bright flames flicker o'er the burning coal,
And throw gaunt shadows on the dusky walls,
And my black cat sits by the mouse's hole
With two round glaring eyes like fiery balls,
Then in your ruddy, sympathetic blaze
I see old friends and live in other days—

Live o'er again a time that was to this
As sunny summer is to winter's cold,
Or as long troubles are compared with bliss—
Enchanted embers—the dear time of old,
What now is out of reach I'll wish it here,
And that which cannot be deem doubly dear.

See, from your dreamy glamour in the grate
Start the quaint pictures of my boyhood's prime;
I swing again upon the farmer's gate,
And hear the sheep bells, and the evening chime
Floating o'er gabled roofs with drowsy hum,
And telling of the happy days to come.

Days that have come, alas! without the joy,
Without the golden hours, without the wealth,
And all the sweets I dreamt of when a boy
Full of fond hopes, and bright with rosy health,
I did not think of weary ways beset
With sickness, sadness, and continual fret.

I did not think on't then, nor will I now,
Although 'twill come with sunlight on the morrow—
Thy aid, forgetfulness! O teach me how
To banish all remorseful thoughts of sorrow;
O let not penury have power to craze,
And keep calamity from out your blaze.

Ah ! now I see the house where I was born,
The sleepy village, and the pebbled brook ;
The meadow pathway, daisy-edged and worn,
The busy mill, and many a woodland nook
Where I have lain whole hours, 'neath oak trees hoary,
Deep in the spell of some fantastic story.

Dim legends that of chivalry do tell,
Of Arthur bold, and of the Red Cross Knight
Who overcame the power of magic spell,
And with the fearful Dragon fiend did fight,
For love of that fair lady Una hight,
And for the love of Errantry's bright light.

Why mingle in imaginary strife ?
Why dream of poets and of old world lore ?
Of honeyed peace and simple country life,
To make the city duller than before ?
No, let us not repine in murky weather,
The sun will shine again and gild the heather.

Yet, mystic flowers of romance have grown
To mandrakes, and no more are friends of mine ;
The veil is ta'en away, and truth hath thrown
The root of hemlock in the fairy wine,
And what was once a solace now destroys,
So the rude Real slays all Fancy's joys.

Ah ! . . . Hedges are just washed with April rain,
And shimmer softly in the noonday light,
Could shadows chase each other o'er the plain,
Coming and gliding by in dreamy flight,
And trembling leaves, with swelling buds between,
Make up a charm of blushing white and green.

And now 'tis summer, and sweet gossamer
Is hung from twig to twig for elves to swing
By moonlight when rude feet are not astir,
When bright Titania bids her birdie sing ;
When Oberon cheers the happy band, and when
Puck tells of all his gambols among men.

. . . . .

I see a cozy room with ivy sprays
That tap the panes and through the window peep,
And on the hearthrug, where a kitten plays,
A boy sets up tin soldiers half asleep.
The cricket chirps, and a tall brown clock
Conducts the kettle's song with steady knock.

. . . . .

E'en now I cannot tell you what I see—
It is too full of hazy joy to preach;
If heart throbs and big tears could speak for me,
Then I should be more eloquent in speech:
Oh! cherished home, and friends true to the core,
I never knew how dear ye were before!

GUY ROSLYN.

WINTER DAYS.

THE birds have flown:
Their barren nests are left alone,
Clinging to leafless bush or wind-tossed tree,
Mementoes mute of spring-time's blue and green,
Of fragrant orchards blossoming between
Brown, sun-warmed walls,
Of wide-swung doors and breezy halls,
And flower-beds decked to lure the drowsy bee.

But now, alas!
The blighting frost is on the grass.
Torn are the wither'd leaves from each loved tree:
The brooks are still, the woodlands dim and cold,
And harvest fields have yielded all their gold.
O, swift-winged bird!
To that bright land where now is heard
Thy tuneful lay, I'd gladly follow thee.

MAY MATHER.

The Grandson of Candide.

When the great thunderstorm burst upon the Rhine from the clear sky of July, 1870, and scattered the tourist tribe in all directions from its banks, I struck my tent with the rest. Not, however, to follow in the track of the flying pleasure-seekers; for, whether it is that I am by nature melancholy and slow, like Goldsmith's 'Traveller,' I know not, but, certainly like him, I prefer being remote and unfriended when I go abroad, and, much as I love my countrymen, I could endure being a whole month without seeing the face of a Cockney tourist. On the other hand, I was a social philosopher and philanthropist, and a believer in the reign of universal peace, so it was not likely that I was going to remain where I was, to witness the refutation of my theories by what threatened to be the most gigantic war of history. So while the two great streams of baffled holiday-makers flowed west and north—one in a rapid unquiet current through France, and the other in a slower stream down the storied river for whose possession men were soon to fight so madly,—I followed the course of the latter only for a short distance, and then struck off to the north-east and left them. From Baden, already swarming with armed men—as France had anticipated, only unfortunately 'with a difference'—up through Rhenish Prussia, where the dragon's teeth of the Duc de Gramont's sowing were bearing a still richer crop—into Hanover, the *spes altera* of France, sullen but quiescent,—but everywhere with the war-note sounding in my ears, and war, war, ever and everywhere before my eyes. At last the hateful sights and sounds, driving me always northward, forced me fairly into the Baltic, and thus it was that I found myself on one of the early days of July strolling listlessly along a suburban road with the spires and roofs of Copenhagen behind me. The afternoon was sultry, and I was soon glad to take shelter from its splendours on a rustic seat at the road-side, beneath the friendly limes, and drawing from my pocket the book I had brought with me from my hotel—a volume of Voltaire's romances I was soon deep in the fascinations of the ever fresh *Candide*.

There are, however, certain seasons when the most attractive of authors has a dangerous rival, and one of these seasons is undoubtedly four o'clock on a summer afternoon. Still, I resisted manfully the temptation to sleep, and the struggle between Morpheus and his unwilling victim was at its keenest point, when the god was suddenly put to flight by the sound of voices close at hand; and looking up I became aware of two men leaning over the palings of the pretty little villa garden that fronted me as I sat.

They were both men of middle age, and both alike wore that easy style of costume which characterizes a lounging in his own or his near neighbour's garden; but in all other respects they were strangely dissimilar. One of them had a singularly mild and placid expression of countenance, and a voice of peculiar gentleness; the features of the other were not lacking in nobility or intelligence, but they were marred by a settled expression of discontent, and the forbidding lines round his mouth deepened when he spoke into a savage sneer. Of the conversation that followed I heard and understood every word, for they spoke in Danish, with which I am well acquainted, and presuming probably on so unmistakable a tourist as myself being ignorant of their language, they were not careful to moderate their tones.

'Physiognomy!' said the sour-looking stranger in a tone of the bitterest contempt; 'it is the astrology of modern times—nay, for my part, I think the elder folly the preferable one; I would rather gape at the stars than at a man's face to read his future—they are the less unpleasant sight of the two, and there is about the same amount of information to be extracted from either.'

'And yet the science must have some foundation?' said the other in a musing tone. 'The passions cannot fail to stamp themselves on the face; the soul must leave the traces of her will upon her slave the body.'

'Her slave the body!' echoed his companion, in a sneering tone. 'My poor friend, you are woefully behind your age; your language is sadly antiquated. That notion of the body being the slave of the soul is a remnant of old feudal ideas. The sovereignty, if it ever existed, was extinguished with other obsolete seigneuries in 1789. We have long ago shaken off all despotisms, spiritual as well as political, and are now enjoying the mild blessings of a republic of the passions.'

'But to return to physiognomy——'

'Exactly—to return to physiognomy,' said his companion. 'The alleged value of that precious science is fortunately capable of being tested by arithmetic. How many men, I would ask, bear "murderer" written on their brows, of the thousands that commit the crime? Nay, how many of the faces of the street proclaim their owners to be cowards,

traitors, misers, or rogues? And are there no more of these in the world than walk self-convicted in the public ways? Folly! to imagine that so necessary an art as hypocrisy should be so unprogressive; that hundreds of years' experience in lying with his tongue should not have taught man how to lie with his face!'

'There, that's enough!' said the other stranger, with a pleasant laugh. 'No subject can be started, Martin, which you do not make the text for one of those disspiriting sermons of your dreary faith; what shall I call it?—Cacangelism—the sad tidings of all bad things. Come, man, look out upon the scene before us—the beautiful August afternoon, the rural quiet of this suburb—near as it is to the city's turmoil—not a leaf stirring, unless, perhaps, it be the leaves of the book which yonder amiable-looking tourist is turning over; doubtless,' he added, jestingly, 'some philanthropic work of a philosophy as bright and cheerful as the scene around us.'

'It was on just such another beautiful August afternoon,' replied Martin, 'that I caught the rheumatic fever, which will cling to me to my grave. The peaceful suburb is inhabited, as you know, by the most turbulent class of the population, and is, I may add, the worst drained in Copenhagen. As to the amiable-looking stranger—ahem!—well, looks are a matter of opinion; and as to his book, why I would wager that it is——'

'Voltaire's "Candide," gentlemen,' I exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by them, for I thought I was by this time bound to let the strangers know that they were understood; and as I spoke, I rose, and advanced towards them with the open volume in my hand.

'A bright and cheerful philosophy, indeed!' said Martin, without the slightest sign of surprise. 'I should have won my wager.'

Words fail to describe the astonishment with which the other stranger regarded me, and with which he still continued to regard me, even after I had explained to him that I understood Danish, and that I had overheard their conversation. His amazement at last appeared to me so out of proportion to its apparent cause, that I ventured to enquire its reason.

'Sir,' he replied, 'it is the most extraordinary, the most marvellous coincidence I have ever experienced.'

'Oh, true!' I exclaimed, as, after a moment's reflection, I was struck by a sudden thought; 'it is indeed singular that you should discover a stranger reading "Candide" in the country of Candide's adoption.'

'Sir,' said the stranger, gravely, 'the coincidence is far more singular than you imagine. You are reading "Candide," not only in the country of his adoption, but in front of his suburban villa, and in the presence of his grandson!'

It is certainly an unusual thing to meet a stranger in a foreign country, who, with no appearance of insanity in his manner, gravely introduces himself as the grandson of one of the characters in a work of fiction; and yet, somehow or other, I was not surprised by it. Beyond the astonishment (which, of course, I shared with the speaker) at the singular coincidence which brought us together at a moment when I was holding his grandfather's biography in my hand, I felt, I believe, no other sentiment. I was surprised, in fact, at my meeting my new acquaintance, but not at his existence. Indeed, I may as well say how that, throughout the whole of my intercourse with the two strangers whose acquaintance I thus made—from the time when I met them here, to the time when I lost sight of them, I fear, for ever—the same phenomenon was repeatedly occurring. Events which, now that I look back upon them, I must admit to have been singular, and indeed marvellous in the extreme—were accepted by me, at the time, as matters of the most ordinary description—the common-place incidents of the most uneventful life.

Accordingly, on this occasion, I merely acknowledged the introduction with a polite bow; and addressing the other:

'And you, sir,' I said, 'are the grandson, doubtless?'

'Of the unfortunate Martin,' replied the other stranger; 'the consistent adversary of the ridiculous philosophy of Pangloss? The same.'

'And the doctor himself,' I continued; 'has he left descendants?'

'Alas, no!' replied Candide. 'The family of that great philosopher is extinct.'

'Paquette and Giroflés?' I said, in an inquiring tone.

'We know nothing about their descendants,' answered Candide, somewhat stiffly; 'but as for Martin and myself living together, that is easily explained: we are brothers.'

'Indeed!' I said, but without any astonishment—'but the difference in your views——'

'Is explained as easily,' answered Candide, with a smile. 'Our grandfathers were unable to live apart. The desponding Martin sought out the cheerful Candide in his old age, and they passed the remainder of their lives together. The son of Candide, and the daughter of Martin, remained for some time true to the philosophies of their respective parents, but at length they fell in love with each other, and during their courtship the young woman, as I believe not unfrequently happens, became converted to optimistic views. They married, and I was the first fruit of the union, thus inheriting, as you see, a double portion of my grandsire's spirit. After a few years of married life, however, both husband and wife relapsed into the most extreme pessimism. This re-conversion, although strange, is I believe also, not without precedent. Martin is the

offspring of their later epoch, and he therefore is doubly imbued with the principles which *his* ancestor had embraced.'

'But,' I said, 'can it be possible that *you* still hold the doctrines of Pangloss and Leibnitz—the opinions which Voltaire——'

'Has grossly caricatured,' said Candide, loftily. 'Yes, sir, but I hold the doctrines themselves, and not the travestie of them, at which all Europe has laughed. All things *are* for the best, in the best of all possible worlds, which does not mean that evil is non-existent, or that evil is good here, now and to us; but that evils themselves are necessary steps in a fore-ordained succession of events, of which the result will be happy, and that such evils being necessary to the good are *in themselves*, and in their highest essence good. No more than this was ever held in a philosophy of optimism by any man of common sense.'

'Let us avoid digressions,' said Martin, 'we were speaking of philosophers.'

'Common sense and philosophy are as one in this matter,' said Candide. 'Nay, what is this doctrine,' he added, turning to me, 'but the creed of your own nation, of all vigorous and thoughtful minds—the belief in human progress?'

'Progress!' said Martin, with indescribable bitterness. 'Where is it?'

As an Englishman, I found this rather too much for my patience, and I was about to point reprovingly to some of the glories achieved by English enterprise, when he cut me short.

'Stop!' he exclaimed, rudely. 'For Heaven's sake, spare me the old vulgar strains, the hymnal of the Manchester millenium. "We have spanned continents, we have enlisted the powers of Nature in the work of;" &c., &c. Don't tell me of your commerce, which exports opium with its Bibles, and gains cent. per cent. on the introduction of a new vice amongst a people; nor of the electricity that you have enslaved that men may lie to each other across the globe, and rogues "rig" the money-markets of two hemispheres at once; nor of the steam that you have tamed, that kings may hurry their human herds more speedily to the bloody shambles of war. This is not the progress which we want, and ——is there any other?'

'Yes,' answered Candide, in raised tones, and with a kindling eye. 'If it be progress that good is waxing and the evil waning every day, that blessings fall daily thicker upon the head of man, and the scourge lighter upon his back; that his darkness is less dark, and his daylight more intense than of old, that his brain is wiser and his heart kinder, and his hand stronger and more cunning day by day. If this be progress, this we have at least in civilised Europe.'

'Let us go and look for it,' said Martin, 'on the banks of the Rhine——'

'I accept the challenge,' cried Candide, after a moment's silence. 'If you will join with me in the search for it, I will pledge myself to find it even there. Will you go?'

'I will start with you this very evening,' was the reply; 'and we will take this gentleman with us as umpire, if he will come.'

I had caught a spark of Candide's enthusiasm, and I sprang to my feet.

'I should like it,' I said, 'of all things in the world.'

CHAPTER II.

PERHAPS the most singular phenomenon connected with the tour which I was about to undertake, is the remarkable inequality of the impressions with which the various incidents of it impressed themselves in my memory. Thus, while on some occasions the most trifling matters of detail and the exact words of conversations have affixed themselves indelibly on my memory; they have been as frequently succeeded by long blanks of memory, extensive solutions of mudmic continuity, in which a whole series of succeeding events have been completely lost. Thus, for instance, it would puzzle me excessively to recall with any minuteness the details of our journey from Copenhagen to the seat of war, or even to state where and when we first fell in with Professor Grenzentoll. I have no recollection of him on board the steamer which conveyed us to Lubeck, and I think, therefore, that we must have picked him up first in that town. It was at any rate at Lubeck, that we first learnt that he was bound, like us, for the seat of war, and that Candide first discovered the similarity which existed between their opinions. This discovery led him to propose definitively to the Professor to accompany us on our tours, which he very willingly consented to do.

Professor Grenzentoll had a wonderful command of language, which, with a German, means a great deal more than with a philosopher of any other nationality. He was a perfect master of that peculiar verbal carpentry, skill in which is an essential condition of successful German eloquence. He could string you together a little heap of noun-substantives, whip on '*schagt*' or '*keit*' at the end, and repeat the process with another lot, as fast as a man jointing fishing-rods against time for a wager. But his language, so far as we understood it, was exceedingly beautiful; and he and Candide would sing amœboean hymns to the new era by the hour together. Once, however, at the conclusion of one of these lyric contests, the Professor exclaimed, with a sigh:

'Ah! but we must first finish the business we have in hand.'

'The business?' echoed Candide, interrogatively.

'Yes,' said the Professor. 'France must be crushed; she has been the aggressor for three hundred years.'

'True!' said Candide.

'*Tausend teufel!*' continued the Professor, warming rapidly, 'we must make ourselves safe. We must take from France every acre of land of which she has robbed us; dismantle every fortress on her eastern frontier; bleed her of lives and money, till she is exhausted; we must, in a word, get her down, and keep her down; and then the reign of universal brotherhood will begin. *Mein Gott!* yes!' and the Professor glared round him with an entirely novel expression of countenance. 'Germany united,' he added, in a milder tone, 'will unite the world.'

Candide gazed at the speaker a few moments in amazement; then sighed deeply, and relapsed into silence.

Nothing more occurred worthy of relating until we had crossed the great river of contention, and found ourselves fairly on the track of the war. Candide had now recovered from his temporary discouragement, and confided to me, in cheerful tones, his sanguine hopes of success in the curious contest in which he had engaged.

'The fact is,' he said, 'that Martin, in selecting the seat of war as the scene of our enquiries, has rendered me the greatest service possible. He has selected what your Lord Bacon calls an *instantia crucis*; for if I win the day here, as I confidently hope to do, the rest will be easy.'

'What is that?' said Martin, overhearing the last words.

'Why, I say,' said Candide, 'that, paradox as it may appear, civilisation and progress nowhere more strikingly make their presence felt than on the battle-field itself. Do but see how they have insensibly softened even the savage spirit of war; how vastly they have limited its baneful influence, and circumscribed the area of human suffering.'

'Ay!' said Martin, in a solemn tone; 'let us see, indeed! Dreamer open your eyes, and look around you!'

In the eager conversation, of which I have related merely the conclusion, we had advanced several miles without observing the surrounding country; and now that we again looked around us, we were astounded at the sight. We were in the very rut of Bellona's chariot wheel, and the marks of her scythe stretched far and wide on either hand. As far as the eye could reach over what had, a few days back, been fields of yellowing wheat, all was desolation and death—broken hedge-rows, disjointed gates—the corn beaten down, as though by the scourge of a thousand tempests. Instinctively we paused, and looked around us for anything to remind us, even faintly, of the millenium.

'The area of human suffering would stand a little more circumscription,' observed Martin, at last.

'You mistook my meaning,' said Candide, colouring slightly. 'When I spoke of the diminution of human suffering, I referred principally to the increased respect shown for the lives of non-combatants. The damage to property is, no doubt, greater than formerly, inasmuch as it is the tendency of modern warfare to increase armies. Look for instance, at that poor fellow,' he continued, pointing to a dejected-looking peasant, who was gazing ruefully from the door of his cottage over the ruin of his little plot; 'at least his life is secure, which is more than one could have said fifty years ago.'

We went up and entered into conversation with him, and learnt his story in a few words. All his hope of subsistence for the winter was utterly gone. His little crop was ruined; his slender live-stock had been requisitioned; even the vegetables in his garden—for the battle had surged up to his very door—were trodden into a bloody mire. He was foodless, penniless, despairing!

'But come, my man,' said Candide, in an encouraging tone, 'never despair. You are an able-bodied fellow, and here are some few vegetables not entirely annihilated,—set to work, and save all you can.'

The man held out his empty hands to us with a passionate gesture, and turned away.

'I see,' said Martin, drily, 'they have requisitioned his gardening tools also. Come, let us leave this ungrateful wretch, who has had an army of 200,000 men pass over him without injuring a hair of his head, and yet has not once, in my hearing, felicitated us on the progress we have made in our reverence for human life.'

'It's an unfortunate case,' remarked the Professor, refilling his pipe, as we resumed our journey, 'but the fact is that all this territory really belongs to us, and not to the French, who merely stole it from us, so that strictly speaking the fellow is a mere trespasser, and must take the consequences.'

We continued our journey, occupied, so far at least as two of us were concerned, with painful musings. At length Candide broke the oppressive silence.

'My friends,' he said 'we must not be squeamish. War cannot but be a dreadful business at the best, and our shock at the first sight of its horrors is making us forget the vast progress we have made. Bad as is that poor fellow's case, under Von Moltke he has his life. Let us think what that would have been worth under Tilly or Wallenstein.'

'Ha!' exclaimed Martin, 'has it really come to that? Can you claim nothing more for the modern invader than that he is less bloodthirsty than the soldiers of a religious war?'

'Candide is right,' said the Professor, coming to his assistance. 'Let us reflect for an instant upon warfare as it was in the days of the Thirty Years' War—the wholesale slaughter of inoffensive peasants——'

He was interrupted by the report of a volley of rifles from behind the neighbouring hill, which, as we rightly conjectured, lay between us and the rear of one of the German Army Corps.

'Ha! good,' exclaimed the Professor. 'I wager that that volley has settled the business of some of these infamous franc-tireurs.'

'Franc-tireurs?' said Candide.

'Yes,' continued the other, 'bodies of infamous peasants who lie in ambush to murder the gallant soldiers of the Fatherland.'

'Murder!' exclaimed Candide.

'Yes, murder,' said the Professor vehemently. 'Men who engage in secret warfare against honourable foes—lurking themselves under a civilian garb—are, whatever their mistaken patriotism, murderers!'

'Yes,' said Martin, coolly, 'they are murderers—as you were, under similar circumstances, in 1806, when your Schill——'

'Schill! *Potztausend!*' shouted the Professor. 'Would you compare the patriot who inspired his countrymen to resist, even irregularly, a common freebooter like Buonaparte, with these frantic wretches, hurling themselves headlong against a united Germany?'

But the Professor stopped, for by this time we had reached the brow of the hill, and the sight that met our gaze was of a nature, temporally, to check political controversy. A few yards below us, their faces upturned stark and ghastly to the sky, lay the bodies of two peasants. They were both young, the eldest could not have been more than three and twenty, and apparently from their resemblance, brothers. They lay a few feet apart, and the hand of one of them clutched the tufted wild flowers a few inches from the stiffened fingers of the other, as though, in the death agony, he had groped for his brother's hand—in vain. We gazed on them a few moments in silence.

'Well,' said Martin at last, drawing a long breath, 'these poor wretches have had enough of opposing the unification of Germany. Let us hope they were ignorant of the blessings they were resisting. The poor simple fellows probably mistook it for a mere vulgar invasion. Carrying on your unifying business so far from home must, occasionally, lead to misunderstandings; and if you burnt these fellows' homesteads, and requisitioned their means of subsistence, that might have confirmed them in their delusion.'

'Cease your sneers,' said the Professor, 'these men's doom is just. Death is the righteous punishment of murder. Woe to the hand which should attempt to avert their——'

'Great God!' cried Candide; 'he lives!" But the cry was not more sud-

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"CANDIDE."

den than the '*Meini Gott er lebt noch!*' of the Professor, and in an instant he was down on one knee upon the ground, and supporting on the other the head of one of the peasants, upon whose lips there quivered a ball of bloody foam. He had been shot through the lungs, and at every respiration the blood gurgled in the larynx with a sound hideous to hear. The Professor held his brandy flask to his lips.

'Our quarrel is just,' he continued, though in not so firm a voice. 'We fight for the fatherland.' '*Vive la France!*' gasped the dying man, faintly raising his head as though by a last effort. 'We fight fairly, and in the open field, while treacherous villains like this——'

There was an awful choking struggle, and then the head fell back heavily on the supporting knee.

'*May God receive his soul!*' *said the Professor; and stooping down he kissed the dead brow with a quivering lip.*

'A good omen!' whispered Candide, 'for the nations of both men. Soon will France and Germany embrace each other thus.'

'Thus?' echoed Martin, inquiringly. 'Oh, you mean that when France is annihilated there will be peace.'

Again we continued our journey, Candide and I much disspirited by this fresh melancholy incident, while the Professor himself appeared wrapped in gloomy meditation; Martin alone preserved his cynical equanimity, and indulged in his usual vein of criticism on surrounding objects.

'Here,' he exclaimed, as towards evening we entered the town of St. X., in the occupation of the Prussians, and one of their most important posts on the line of communication with their supplies. "Here we shall be able to study the humanities of modern warfare to the best advantage. The mild spirit by which it is distinguished in the rural districts gaining additional strength by contact with the superior civilisation of the city.'

'Enough of these sneers,' said the Professor, sternly. 'The execution of these misguided boys was a miserable necessity, but at least they were taken with arms in their hands, and in the clandestine exercise of hostilities; what warrant have you for your inuendo that our soldiers will molest unoffending citizens?'

At this moment the tramp of armed men struck upon our ears, and a detachment of German troops turned the corner of the street with three prisoners in their midst. They were all men of more than middle age, one of them grey-haired and bent, and they wore the dress of the better class of bourgeoise.

'What desperate scoundrels have we here?' said Martin.

The Professor was too puzzled to reply, and we followed the detachment of soldiers in silence into the railway-station of the little town. The

three bourgeois were marched along to the head of a train full of troops, which was standing at the platform, and one by one they were directed to ascend the engine. The detachment of soldiers then broke off, and entered the carriages. The whistle sounded, and the train moved on. Much puzzled, we quitted the station with the retreating crowd, and addressing a sentry at the door, inquired the meaning of the little incident we had witnessed.

'It means, sir,' said the sentry, 'that last night a train was upset by some wretches who had laid obstacles on the line, and that we have just taken means to prevent a repetition of the outrage.'

'And can those old gentlemen,' said Candide, 'be the authors of such a vile——'

'*Sakerment!* No! Those three gentlemen are the maire and two of the trading inhabitants. So now, if they upset the train, M. le Maire and M.M., the leading inhabitants, will be knocked to atoms.

'But supposing,' said Candide, 'that they *should* do so.'

'*Mein Gott!* so much the worse for M. le Maire, and M.M. the others,' said the sentry; and he turned on his heel with the triumphant laugh of a man who has clinched an argument.

'Great Heaven!' exclaimed Candide, 'on what times have we fallen! Frenchmen attempt an act of barbarous and wholesale murder, and Germans retaliate by an act as barbarous and more recklessly unscrupulous of purely unoffending lives. Are we again in the middle ages, when hostages were hung out on the walls of beleaguered cities to deter the besiegers from discharging their missiles.'

'To prevent the upsetting of trains is not to impede the lawful operations of war,' said the Professor.

'But may we therefore do it at the expense of innocent life?' said Candide, indignantly.

'Herr Professor,' said Martin, 'you have had a tiring day, and require rest, let us enter this *auberge*, and discuss the unification of Germany over a pipe.'

CHAPTER III.

CANDIDE was so wrapped in gloomy meditations, and Martin was so engaged in tormenting the Professor, that I had ample leisure to study the countenance of my fellow travellers, whom we found seated in the principal room of the *auberge*. Three of them seated together were apparently Englishmen. One, by far the most striking of the three, was an old man with a profusion of unkempt beard, and a thatch of matted grey

hair, from beneath which there looked a pair of eyes with the saddest, strangest, most wistful expression I have ever seen in the eyes of man. The second was a young dark-haired man, with a keen somewhat satirical face; and the third an elegant looking gentleman approaching middle age. They conversed in whispers, but from what I could see, each remark made by any one of the three, was warmly and sometimes even angrily opposed by the other two. From this and other indications, I rightly judged them to be social philosophers. At two other tables sat respectively a sinister looking Frenchman with a moustache, sipping absinthe, and a person in the dress of a Lutheran minister.

At last Candide roused himself from his musings and approaching Martin, said with his charming natural frankness:

'My brother, it is useless to contend further, I give up the contest. War is a bad business, and it is vain to expect any signs of human progress there. But do not fancy that I bate one jot of my insistence on my point. The new era has indeed begun, but we must seek it in the country which has proved itself the most advanced—that country, I mean, which in spite of the sneers of its still barbarous neighbours, has had the courage to abandon warlike ideas for ever—I mean England.'

'Yes!' exclaimed Candide, raising his voice in the excitement of his resolve. 'Decidedly there is but one land which can show any signs of the beginning of the new era—we must go to England.'

Had a shell from the Prussian artillery fallen in our midst, it could hardly have produced a more startling effect than did this declaration.

'England!' exclaimed the grey man, and the little dark man, starting simultaneously to their feet. 'You are mad!'

The elegant looking man remained seated, merely joining in the protest by a shake of the head, and a gentle smile.

'And pray, why not, gentlemen?' said Candide, surprisedly.

'Why not?' repeated the grey man sternly, because she and hers are on the high road to Japhet and the Pit; because she is the country of shams and windbags, of gig-respectables and clothes-simulacra, and do-nothings' and eat-alls.

'Dear me!' said Candide, aghast at this startling description.

'Why not?' repeated the dark man, though in a more subdued tone. 'Because England is at once the country where the struggle between rich and poor is most imminent, and which is the least prepared for the strife—it is the country where the great problems of modern civilisation press most urgently and dangerously to be solved, and which still wanders farthest from the solution. The least ready of all countries with an answer to the fatal enigma, it stands nearest to the jaws of the Sphinx.'

The elegant gentleman uttered no set tirade against England, but he smiled again gently, and murmured, 'Philistia! Philistia!'

The sinister looking man with the moustache, who had been sitting apart from the rest, now arose, and enchanging as he passed a nod of recognition with the dark young Englishman, he approached Candide.

'Courage, citizen!' he exclaimed, clapping him on the shoulders; 'you need not cross the channel for what you seek. You stand upon the sacred soil. This is the last storm of man's making which shall waste Europe; and with the fall, now near at hand, of the accursed empire, it will cease. Property, privilege, and aristocracy, have had their last word. The hour will sound in Paris, and the vast league of the proletanate will be struck from west to east of this continent. Again shall the watchwords liberty, equality, and fraternity, make the tour of Europe, but this time with no *arrière pensée* of a bloody propaganda. Liberty has "put" a new song in our mouths.'

'No doubt,' said Martin, 'but has she removed the two-edged sword from your hands?'

'And the patriciate?' asked Candide.

'We stretch out to them the hand of brotherhood,' said the republican. 'Let them take it or pass on.'

'But how if they will not pass on?' asked Martin.

The other's eyes flashed a fierce light.

'Then, *pardieu!* we will fight for our faith! Let the sword decide.'

'Exactly,' said Martin, 'the two-edged sword. I thought we should have him up in a moment.'

'Alas, yes!' sighed Candide, sadly; 'the new song has the old bloody refrain.'

'But,' said the republican, 'in self defence.'

'Peace!' said Candide, 'what matters defence or offence if blood be shed at all. If you subdue them, or they you, to an unwilling allegiance, are we any nearer the solution?'

'Words, words!' said the grey man; 'the Gospel, according to Jean Jacques, that deceived his grandfathers eighty years since: the imposture of that Theudas, who led out into the wilderness of anarchy so many men that were murderers. Oh, my poor deluded brother, cease thinking how to govern and learn how to obey. Ponder not how thou mayest abolish kings, but how thou mayest discover them. Does not the word "king" signify, etymologically, "one who kens or cans," and ought that not to be sufficient for thee? But, in the meantime, and until the king shall be forthcoming, the path of thy duty is plain before thee—in work and silence—above all, silence! silence!' and the grey-haired man repeated this last word in a stentorian voice, striking his stick upon the ground with a force that shook the room.

'Work?' said Candide; 'yes, truly, but at what?'

'At what?' said the other; 'at that which lies nearest thee?'

'Making barricades, in this gentleman's case,' said Martin, pointing to the republican.

'And when a true king of men appeareth to thee,' said the other, not noticing the interruption, 'follow him, unquestioning whither he shall lead—help him to make new subjects——'

'Yes,' interrupted Candide, eagerly, 'by argument and persuasion.'

'Aye,' said the old man grimly, and by force, and by the cudgel, if need be; nay, it must needs be, since the greater part of mankind are fools.'

'Enough,' said Candide, sadly; 'violence! violence! the old story. What profits it to set up the king unless all mankind will acknowledge him? It does but sow the seeds of future revolution.'

'Ah, my poor young friend,' said the elegant gentleman, breaking silence for the first time, and speaking with a slight French accent, which, however, only served to lend an additional charm to his exquisitely modulated voice, 'there is but one way out of our difficulties, we must cultivate light and sweetness.'

'Sir?' said Candide, puzzled.

'We must let right reason and the will of God prevail.'

'I ask for nothing better,' said Candide; 'but how is this end to be obtained.'

'We must allow the consciousness to play freely upon surrounding objects,' replied the elegant stranger, in the same dulcet tones and without noticing the bewildered look on the face of his hearer. 'There alone is our sole hope of deliverance. We lie bound between Tories without light, and liberals without sweetness—distribute these qualities and all would be well; the latter would cease to offend by the vulgarity of their aims, and the former to exasperate by the bigotry of their resistance. Judah would not disgust Ephraim, and Ephraim would not irritate Judah; academies would be founded; dissenters would become less objectionable; deceased wives' sisters would be at a discount; and, finally, the impending battle, the struggle between the rich and poor would be peacefully averted. Sweetness and light will render class collisions impossible; the patrician will allow his consciousness to play freely on the proletarian, and the proletarian will return the compliment, and when both are thoroughly saturated, they will swear eternal friendship.'

'But this,' exclaimed Candide, overjoyed, 'is the very object we wish to attain. How, sir, will you effect this beneficent, this stupendous revolution?'

'I would begin,' said the elegant stranger, 'by purchasing a large quantity of the finest rose-water that can be obtained for money. I would then——'

'Pooh!' interrupted the dark young man, 'there is enough of this. You do not wish,' he added, to Candide, 'to hear any more of these schemes?'

'Well,' said Candide, timidly, 'they *do* seem a little unpractical.'

'Unpractical!' said the other. 'Is it unpractical or not, when a fire is raging round us, to recommend playing upon it with the consciousness instead of the fire-engine. And I tell you the fire *is* at hand—it is smouldering under our feet. A puff—a breath—and it may burst into flame! The hideous inequalities of life, borne patiently by the wretched for so many ages, have at length become intolerable. Misery and luxury are at last at hand-grips; Europe will soon rock beneath their struggle. What are we to do?'

He paused, and Candide gazed upon him with a painful expression of suspense.

'To attempt to join the struggle, and to guide it to a just end, as *he*' —pointing to the republican—'would do, is vain, and will defeat itself. The knot must not be cut by violence.'

'Thank heaven!' said Candide, 'we are then at one on that point. So then, if *you* cannot solve the problem, it is insoluble for me.'

'The rich must learn that they hold their wealth only in trust for the poor.

'Well?' said Candide, impatiently, 'and how to teach them this?'

We all bent forward eagerly, to catch the answer of the dark young man. He kept us in suspense for a few moments, and then he said slowly, and with solemnity:

'We must create such an atmosphere of opinion that to deal with wealth as it is now dealt with by its possessors, will be considered infamous.'

He stopped, and we all looked up at him, expecting something more, but nothing came. Then, at last, Candide gave way to despair:

'And is this all?' he cried. '"To create an atmosphere of opinion!" Alas! men of all ages have laboured at the creation in vain. How is it to be created?'

There was no answer.

'You cannot answer!' cried Candide, passionately. 'You, of the only sect to whom men now turn in hope, can give to them nothing but a barren phrase. And yet—to abandon all hope! Oh! spirits of the great and wise dead, who believed as we believe, were you but vain dreamers after all? Was the glorious prospect that spread before your eyes only a baseless mirage over the desert of the human future?'

The Lutheran minister here rose to his feet.

'Yes!' he exclaimed, in an awful tone; 'a mirage! A vision spread by the devil before men, to allure them from the contemplation of their

eternal sin. Leave these dreams. The world grows worse, not better; It ripens in wickedness for the appointed day. Think not of mankind but seek thy own salvation.'

'Is it even so?' said Candide, with a shudder; 'must I accept this hideous creed as the only alternative to despair? Never! Like the old pagan chief who was told that he must resign in eternity the companionship of his unconverted kinsmen, I, too, would have drawn back on the brink of the water of baptism, with the grand words: "I will go to my own people!" But, once more, and for the last time—is there no hope?'

And he stretched out his hands, in agonizing suspense, towards the three philosophers.

And as I gazed on the strange scene, the three philosophers faded from my sight—the Lutheran minister and the republican became vacancy—Candide, and Martin, and the Professor, melted into thin air; and I was sitting, stiff with cramp, and wet with dew, upon the rustic bench in the suburb of Copenhagen.

. . . . . .

I picked up my volume of 'Voltaire's Romances,' and walked back to my hotel, much relieved to find that it was merely a dream, and that the prospects of the millenium were as hopeful as ever.

But the face and voice of Candide, as seen in the last moments of my dream, haunted me for some time; and I fear they will continue occasionally to haunt me, until the new era is fairly started.

H. D. Traill.

Fixing the Day.

By Shiel Dhuv.

Says Patrick O'Brien to Kathleen Mulreddin,
'Now why *won't* you be fixin' the day of our weddin'?'

Says Kathleen, 'Why, Pat, what a hurry you're in,
Can't you wait till the summer comes round to begin?'

'O no, Kathleen,' says Pat, 'In all sinse and all raison
The winter's the properest marryin' saison;
For to comfort oneself from the frost and the rain
There's nothing like weddin' in winter, 'tis plain.'

Kathleen.

If it's only protection you want from the cowld,
There's a country they call the Equator, I'm tould,
That for single young men is kept hot through the year—
Where's the use of your marryin'? Be off wid you there.

Patrick.

But there's also a spot not so frequently warmed,
Set aside for ould maids, called the Pole, I'm informed,
Where some mornin', if still she can't make up her mind,
A misfortunate colleen called Kathleen you'll find.

Kathleen.

Is it threat'nin' you are that *I'll* die an ould maid
Who refused for your sake Mr. Lawrence McQuaide;
Thin' I think I'll forgive him—for this I'll be bound,
That *he'd* wait like a lamb till the summer came round.

Patrick.

Now, it's thinkin' I am that this same Mr. Larry
Is what makes you so slow in agreeing to marry.

KATHLEEN.

And your wish to be settled wid *me* in such haste
Doesn't prove that you're jealous of *him* in the laste.

PATRICK.

Well, we'll not say that Kathleen will die an ould maid:

KATHLEEN.

And we'll bother no more about Larry McQuaide.

PATRICK.

But Kathleen, mavrone, sure then weddin's in spring,
When the Long Fast is out, are as common a thing—
As the turfs on a rick, or stones in a wall,
Why you might just as well not be married at all.
But a weddin', consider, at this side of Lent,
Would be thought such a far more surprisin' evint;
So delightful to all at this dull time of year—
Now say 'yes,' for the sake of the neighbours, my dear.

KATHLEEN.

No, Patrick, we'll wed when the woods and the grass
Wave a welcome of purtiest green as we pass
Through the sweet cowslip meadow, and up by the mill,
To the chapel itself on the side of the hill:
Where the thorn that's now sighing a widow's lamint,
In a bridesmaid's costume 'll be smilin' contint;
Whilst the thrush and the blackbird pipe 'Haste to the weddin'
Of Patrick O'Brien and Kathleen Mulreddin.'

PATRICK.

Will you really promise that, Kathleen, you rogue?

KATHLEEN.

Whisper, Patrick, the contract I'll seal with—*a pogue*—(kisses him).

Christmas Eve in a Coal-pit.

By Robert Jocelyn.

Year by year, as Christmas returns, with its time-hallowed festivities, it brings with it the remembrance of past seasons, with their associations of joy or sorrow. To most of us who have seen many winters come and go, there is some strain of sadness in the chiming of the merry bells. To me they recall with vividness the recollection of one very dreary day I spent a good many years ago. The incidents of that day are particularly clear to my mind on account of their possible issue, and I have good cause to shudder when I think of that.

At that time I was the resident viewer or engineer of a colliery in the north of England, and as I had not been long appointed to the post I felt anxious, I might almost say nervous, about the management entrusted to my care. Moreover, this recently acquired position led to the realisation of hopes which had long been entertained in secret, and I had married my early and only love. This event caused me to put more than ordinary zeal in the execution of my duties, as it was my ambition to rise in my profession, in order some day to see my wife placed on that social pedestal I deemed her so worthy of occupying. Indeed, I may say that my attention to business was as constant as it was earnest.

We lived at the colliery, close to the pits, in the last of a dreary row of houses built for the accommodation of the officials of the works. Our establishment was not a luxurious one, and its situation was somewhat lonely, as the pits were placed on a moor, which, however, to us was a source of much enjoyment. As we gazed on it from our front windows it appeared almost boundless in extent, and unrivalled for beauty. In spring a vast plain of soft green heather, gently bending to the wind as it swept across the open space; in autumn a sea of colour, glowing with rich purple tints. But in winter our view was changed. Then, an immense sheet of dazzling white snow expanded in placid monotony before us, and merged in the murky grey of the distant mist or cloud, and across it ran the black track of the tramway, over which

wound the long dusky trains with painful regularity. We had been married in the bright spring time, when the sun sent down its genial rays to gladden the earth, and the young birds fluttered about the soft green heather in the exultation of early existence. The moor was full of joy and beauty, and we felt happy in the midst of the ever-changing charms of radiant Nature. Happy in the Spring of our own lives, with a future full of hope before us, and no sad memories of the past to cast a shadow over the mirror of thought as it reflected our daily occupations. Even without the bright tints of the heather around us, or the gorgeous colouring of the setting sun, we would have been happy, for we found happiness where it only can be found, in our hearts. In the love we felt for each other, and the hope we had for the future. And when winter came, and all was dull and dreary, when the desolate silence of the moor was relieved in the day-time by the whirring of the wheels and the clanking of the chains over the pits, and at night by the wind as it howled round the corner of our house and whistled through the shaft gearing, we were still happy and joyful, for we lived in the sweet harmony of mutual trust and affection. Although for ourselves we did not want the distraction of a change, yet when Christmas time approached, we remembered that others had a claim on our affections, and our thoughts wandered often to the quiet Parsonage among the shading branches of Sussex trees, where we had wooed and loved, and we pictured to ourselves the forms of those so dear to us. We had received many pressing invitations from our parents and friends to come and spend the merry days of yule time among them. The temptation was great; but I had duties to perform, and felt the responsibility of my position with a somewhat exacting sense of duty.

A coal mine is a dangerous place when the coal gives out explosive gas; and the seams we worked were very fiery. Day and night we had to watch the subtle foe below, and keep our ventilation in perfect order to ensure the safety of the mine. During holiday time this strict attention is sometimes neglected, and most serious accidents may then ensue. So we refused the invitations, or rather we postponed the visit south, which would have taken up a week or two, and determined to spend our Christmas by ourselves. We might have spent the day itself at the Hall, a few miles distant, where lived one of the proprietors, a wealthy but a vulgar man, ignorant in all except the art of selling, and thereby making money, and with but one distinct characteristic, and that, meanness. He had sold paper-bags when a boy, baskets when a youth, and later in life, everything a big store could contain. He was always mentally selling, and when he introduced one person to another, it often seemed as if he thought he had effected a regular business transaction, and *sold* Mr. So-and-So to Miss Anybody; he appeared to linger for the

price, and then, suddenly recollecting himself, shuffled off to some corner to meditate another sell. He never 'sold' himself, however; and now that he had acquired a considerable fortune, he kept a close eye on and a tight hold of it. In fact, he was mean to a degree to everyone below or near him, though ostentatious, and apparently generous, to those above or at a distance from him.

To visit this man was no temptation, besides, in general, I had and still *have* a positive contempt for the mockery of conventional mirth, the false happiness to be derived from mere good cheer, or the strained pleasures of a discordant company, and I was not likely to meet much that was not conventional, or false, or discordant, at the Hall. Some seek happiness in a crowd, others find one useful to drown a sorrow; but I had happiness at home, and had no bitter grief to wash away from thought, so the polite request for our company was civilly declined on the score of my want of rest. It was my habit—nay, my duty—to see that all was safe in the underground workings of the mine before the pit was stopped for any length of time, and to give the necessary directions for securing a continued current of air through the empty galleries of the mine, so as to ensure their safe condition on the return of the men and the resumption of work underground. The Christmas I am now referring to fell on a Saturday, and the work at the colliery ceased on the Friday at noon, and I had arranged with the under-viewers of the colliery to inspect the underground workings during the afternoon of that day, and have, as it were, a last look round. Pending the hour appointed for our journey down the pit, I was sitting in my cosy parlour, by the side of a crackling coal fire, in a peculiarly happy mood. I had before me the prospect of a few days' release from the trammels of a fatiguing occupation, and I could review the period of labour just ended with conscientious satisfaction. I felt thoroughly happy in my domestic life, and looked towards the future with confidence and hope. My wife was busily engaged in superintending the needful preparations for a sort of evening treat we intended to offer the school-children next day—an entertainment in which she took great pride and interest, and where larger buns with larger plums, than ever had been seen before in the world, and pails full of fragrant tea, were to be consumed by the rosy-cheeked little guests of the evening. Poor little children!—many of them doomed to the dark galleries underground before they had lived long enough to know the joys of the grass-covered fields or the hidden treasures of the hedges. I thought then, and have often since done so, that some limit ought to be enforced as to the age of children employed in coal and other mines. At that time there was no restriction, and the sons of colliers were sent underground to share the dangers of the mine with their fathers, when barely able to totter on their tiny limbs. We have much improved of

late years in our colliery regulations, and in this respect especially so. Now, at least, no boy under ten years of age can be employed in underground labour in collieries, and other rules with regard to education and hours of work are in contemplation which will still further improve the condition of the youthful miner. But not very many years ago it was otherwise, and the little urchins we were to entertain in the colliery schoolroom had, most of them, already commenced their underground apprenticeship. It rarely happened that they experienced the luxury of a holiday treat; indeed, since my wife's arrival she had only once given them an 'at-home.' They enjoyed it all the more, and it was a real pleasure to witness the eager little faces as they crowded round the plain deal table, and earnestly fixed their eyes on the piles of buns and steaming kettles full of tea. The difficulty was to help them fast enough, and equally, as well as liberally. There is something peculiarly genial and refreshing in the hum of children's voices, particularly when it swells to loudness in mirth and joy. There is nothing so happy as the ring of children's laughter, nothing so sweet as the smile on the lips of the young. This little treat was also before me, and formed no small part of the enjoyment I contemplated finding during my few days' leisure. But as I sat reflecting on this and a thousand other matters, the time arrived for my underground visit, and the underviewer came to fetch me. It was but a step from my back door to the pit, and from the upper windows of my little house the men could be easily distinguished descending or emerging from the shaft. Many a time my wife had watched me as I took my place in the cage and disappeared below the surface, like a spirit absorbed in the pores of the earth, or an actor let down through the trap-door of a stage. There is something unpleasant in seeing the life you most value depending on a rope, which, at a distance, seems no thicker than a packing-thread, and my wife at first could never quite command her fears for my safe return. But such feelings wear off, and with constant practice we all get so inured to danger that we don't perceive, much less fear it. I slipped away, merely nodding adieu, and said that in a couple or three hours I might be expected back again; and in a few minutes the signal on the pit-top was given, and I descended the shaft with my companion. The colliery was a deep one, the coal being 500 yards below the surface. The workings had long been in existence, and extended over considerable surface underground. The mine was a fiery one—that is to say, the coal gave out considerable quantities of marsh gas, which is so liable to explode or burn, and causes so many fatal accidents in coal-pits. We had, therefore, to attend specially to the ventilation, which was rendered more necessary and more difficult from the fact of the colliery being an old one, and therefore containing many large wastes, as they are termed—that is, patches where the coal

having been extracted, are left uncared for, and become partially closed up by the swelling of the floor and the sinking of the roof of the coal-seam. These wastes are liable to harbour great masses of gas, and become filled like gasometers, and therefore dangerous in the extreme if not carefully watched. We kept a constant and large current of air passing through the different galleries of the mine, which we produced by means of a ventilating furnace, the object of such a furnace being to raise the temperature of the column of air in a shaft, and thus, creating a draught, produce a current of air descending another shaft, and thence all through the mine before arriving at the heated, or up-cast, shaft.

In former days the rule since introduced by the Colliery Inspection Act, which enforces the sinking of two shafts on every colliery property, did not exist; and as sinking down to great depth was an expensive process, the two columns of air necessary for ventilating purposes were produced by dividing one shaft by a partition of wood, and allowing the downward current to descend on one side and the upward current to ascend on the other. The danger of this arrangement is obvious. If any leak occurred in the partition, the ventilation was impeded; and if a more serious accident happened, such as a destruction of a portion of the division, through fire, or heavy things falling down the shaft, the current became completely stopped.

The furnace which generated the heat necessary to raise the temperature of the up-cast column was placed about twenty or thirty yards from the bottom of the shaft, and consisted of a grate about four feet wide, placed within a semicircular arch of fire brick, on which the coals were kept constantly burning. A man was in attendance day and night to keep up the fire. The different currents of air coming from the various parts of the mine all united in a wide gallery in front, and thence poured over the furnace into the shaft. The furnaceman's post was a hot one, and his duties extremely dull and uninteresting. He spent the greater part of his time perfectly alone, with no other occupation to relieve the tedium of his solitude than the occasional shovelling of a few barrowfulls of coal on his furnace fire, and the removal of the cinders. Two such men were employed, and day after day, or night after night, according to their turns; they lived in this huge dark solitary cavern, feeding the monster fire, and watching the flames as they danced away up the shaft to the sound of the swiftly rushing current of air. The duties of these men, though not laborious, were of great importance, as the health, comfort, nay, safety of the colliers in the mine depended on a plentiful supply of fresh air, which could only be secured by having a good strong fire constantly kept up in the furnace, and the men in charge had therefore to exercise never-ceasing vigilance during their working hours. Our steps were first directed towards the furnace on reaching the bottom

of the pit, as it was all-important to see that this, the mainstay of the mine's safety, was being properly attended to. It was particularly important that this should be so during the absence of the workers from the pit, so as to guard against an accumulation of gas, which would have been highly dangerous to deal with on resuming work. We found the man, the only human being in the pit at the time besides ourselves, in steady attendance on his duties, with a roaring fire on his furnace. Having duly cautioned him with regard to the importance of keeping up the ventilation, we went on our round through the silent galleries of the mine. There seemed to me to be something peculiar and mysterious in this journey through the empty roadways, accustomed as I was to travel almost daily over the same ground. The sound of the little waggons running on the tiny rails, the voices of the boys as they urged their ponies on, the thud of the collier's pick in the bed of coal—in fact, the life and movement of underground existence was absent, and the place seemed more like a catacomb than a mine to me. Our conversation, also, took a serious and melancholy turn, as we came to the spot where the last explosion, many years before my connection with the colliery, took place, and William, the fireman who had been in the mine at the time, dilated freely, too freely for my taste, on the harrowing details connected with the misfortune. That accident occurred a few days after Christmas, which brought it so strongly to my companion's mind at this time, when he and I were bent on securing ourselves against the possible repetition of a similar disaster. Miners, as a rule, are strangely superstitious, and the old men in the pit still believed that on or about Christmas Day every year the ghost of Joe Parkins, one of the victims, whose body had never been recovered, roamed about the empty galleries of the mine. They, moreover, believed that the ghost was unquiet, and that the mine was particularly dangerous at that time of the year. I was well accustomed to pits, and it was no novelty for me to be in a mine alone, or almost so. The surveys of mines are always made at night time, when the men are not at work, and everything is still and silent, and I had often had that work to do.

I had also had some experience of accidents underground, and had seen some, and heard the details of many others from witnesses. Notwithstanding my experience, however, I did not relish the circumstantial story of my companion, as he stood leaning up against a prop in one of the galleries. I shuddered inwardly at the details he was minutely recounting, but had to smother my discomfort, and listen with apparent calm to his description of the place where he and the rescuing party descended into the mine after the water had been pumped out. It must have been horrifying. I had heard the story before, but never did it produce such an effect on me as on that day. I still see Bill leaning up

against the prop, a fine manly fellow, though grey and careworn with the effects of toil and bad air. There he stood, telling me how and where they found all the corpses, and how some of them had floated up with the water till they came against the roof of the mine, where they left a mark. The bodies had got soft with being in the water, which had become heated owing to the fire in the pit, and must have reached almost boiling point in some places. 'They were boiled, regularly boiled, sir,' he said, 'and they stuck to the roof, and left about an inch thick of fat up against the rock after the water was drawn out.'

We were then at the end of the main road, just at the commencement of what are technically termed the workings—that is, where the coal is actually cut and blasted down off the seam. The air here was split—that is, divided; one current went east, the other west, and as the latter current had a much less distance to travel over, and therefore less resistance to overcome, it had to be regulated by a door, with a hole in it of such a size as only to allow passage for a certain measured quantity of air. We went on to examine this point; and then I was about to say to Bill that he should go one way, and I would go the other, and we would meet at the furnace, but I could not get the words out, they stuck in my throat, and I began to cough as if they were going to choke me outright. What I did say at last was, 'Bill, don't you think we may leave the west side alone, it seems all right, and we can travel to the east together?' 'Yes, sir,' he replied, 'but we might just go up a bit to the big fall of stone, as there might be a deal of gas there, sir; and you know, sir, poor Joe told me the very night before the trouble, now ten years ago, that he had noticed a long flame on his lamp on going past a fall of roof.' We were now *in bye*, as it is termed, and we soon got to the face of the coal. The gas was oozing out with a light hissing sound, and all around seemed strangely alive. Now and then a bit of coal or a piece of rock fell to the ground, and I started as if the pit had fired. We went on to the place where the fall of rock had taken place, and found it clear of gas, or nearly so. 'It's a bad thing for the ventilation,' said Bill, 'these great heaps of rubbish lying in the air-way.' I thought so too. We had found no danger so far, however. My companion put his light up to the very roof, and found no gas, but as his lamp touched the rock, the ring by which it is held clanked against the copper plate on the top, and I felt my heart rise up to my mouth. The sound was most unearthly. The image of ghosts I had read of, with clanking chains, rose up that instant to my troubled fantasy, and I stared into the wastes around me, where the stones lay in broken confusion, and the silence of death reigned undisturbed, in the fancied expectation of seeing a phantom. It was in that very waste, some hundred yards or so in, that poor Joe—Joe Parkins—must have died. Those on the east side were all found, or

saved, but on the west and worst side of the pit not one survived, and many were, alas, not found at all, but only their charred or wasted remains, and the little heaps of cinders or masses of pulp had to be identified by bits of dress, or trifles—a watch or a knife, or a metal button.

'Do you believe in ghosts, sir?' says my friend Bill. The words seemed to send an electric shock through me, and I shivered as I said 'No, Bill;' but if ever I did believe in them in the least trifle, it was just at that moment. We turned from the place, and made for the main road once more, to get round to the furnace by the east side. We sat down to rest a little, and I wiped off the perspiration which was standing in large drops on my brow, and listened, or rather tried to listen, to my companion's story of the great fire, and the difficulties of the rescue party, and the account of poor Joe and his ghost; but somehow the story was too much for me, and I hurried on, past the working places, through the doors, up to the furthest end of the exploring drift and back again to the pit mouth, as fast as I could travel. I felt, I think for the first and only time, uncomfortable in a pit, and longed to get out of it. I longed to be once more in my snug little parlour, with the bright fire crackling in the grate, and in the presence of the eyes whose beams I knew would dissipate the sombre thoughts that crowded my mind despite all my efforts. We sat down close to the pit bottom, waiting for the cage, which had been partly drawn up the pit. We sat in silence, with our lamps before us, and absorbed in our thoughts, when suddenly we were startled with a loud noise or crash. The air became instantly dense with dust and water, which I felt had penetrated through my clothing. Bill shouted to me to lie down at once, which I did, and then we heard crash after crash, and splash after splash, in the shaft close to. Each time the air around us vibrated strangely, and showers of water fell all round us, and then all was silent, silent as the tomb. We waited some time before speaking, and then Bill said it must be in the shaft, as no gas explosion could take place in the mine. I had kept my lamp secure beneath my jacket, but the other light was extinguished.

We rose to our feet, and endeavoured to ascertain the cause of this unexpected mishap, but the air was too thick with dust to enable us to see or breathe with ease. By-and-bye a suffocating smell of burning coal became perceptible, and then we noticed dense clouds of smoke coming down the shaft in puffs, instead of fresh air. Good Heavens! we exclaimed almost at one time, the brattice is destroyed and the ventilation stopped. Our position was evidently a dangerous one. The current of air no longer existing, the gas in the pit would accumulate, and eventually reach the furnace, where it would to a certainty ignite, and then an explosion would follow, which might destroy the pit and bury us alive, if we were not blown to pieces. The only hope of safety was to

put the fire out in time; so we hurried to the furnace, meeting the frightened fireman on our way, and, without satisfying his anxious questions, commenced at once putting out the fire. It was no small task; but with the aid of ashes and cinders we subdued the flames, and working with the energy of despair, soon had the smouldering coals scattered on the ground. Most fortunately, a small water-pipe had been laid from the shaft, and we flooded the ground to secure a complete extinction of the fire. We then returned to the shaft. The air was clearer, and we could see the broken cages, brattice planks, ropes, and shaft fittings lying in a confused heap at the bottom of the pit. We tried to signal, but it was no use, the connecting wires were destroyed. We listened, but heard no noise. Everything now was still. We held a council of war as to what could or should be done. We were helpless, and had to make up our minds to wait patiently until the pit was cleared, and a rope sent down to fetch us up. The question was, how long would that take? and that, of course, depended on the nature and amount of damage done in the shaft; meantime we were secure enough as long as the water did not rise on us, or the gas overtake and suffocate us. Fortunately, the pit bottom was at the time clear of water, and we could depend on something like thirty-six hours of safety from that enemy. The time we could count on before the approach of the other we could not calculate. The air was now perfectly still and motionless—no current perceptible; and of course the gas which oozes out of the pores of the coal without intermission, would, no doubt, force its way eventually to the pit where we were, and then it might go hard with us. We knew no time would be lost on the surface to organise a rescuing party and descend the pit, and I inwardly prayed that prudence and foresight might rule their operations, lest, in the vain attempt to extricate us speedily, they acted rashly, and sacrifice other lives before ours were in real jeopardy. Meantime nothing more could be done below, and we retired to the lamp cabin, close to the pit bottom, to await the issue of events. There, I lay down on a bench, while my two companions continued a rambling conversation on the possible and impossible causes of the accident in the shaft. I felt much distressed at the thought of all the anxiety that would be felt on the surface for our safety, and I saw before me the distress of my wife on hearing the news. People at a distance of danger very often exaggerate its intensity, and in this case I felt certain that our situation underground would be considered much more alarming than it really was. My thoughts were not pleasant, neither was my position. I had looked forward to a very different occupation on the eve of Christmas Day. However, such as it was, it had to be accepted and submitted to. I saw no cause for immediate danger, and felt certain that at no distant time we should be rescued from our lonely and dreary

confinement. The thought which haunted me with most persistency was that of the state my wife might be in. How did she first hear of the accident, and how did she bear it? Was she at the pit top, wailing and ringing her hands in distress, as I had seen other women do when their husbands were left underground at the time of accidents; or was she sobbing in the midst of women, unstrung and inconsolable? I imagined I knew her character too well to suppose either. No! She had too much fortitude and resignation to show her grief thus. I felt convinced that however poignant her anguish, she would command her feelings, and, let her sufferings be what they were, that none but Heaven would witness their depth. The moral courage of women is infinite. They show it in the great trials of life, when they rise above the trifles of their every-day life, and face the difficulties of the moment with the courage of heroes and the devotion of angels. Immense as I knew my wife's anxiety and suffering would be, I never doubted her fortitude, and I saw her calm and collected, though pale and anxious, waiting the result of, and perhaps even directing the arrangements for, clearing the shaft and raising us out of the mine. My thoughts naturally wandered over many subjects, and lingered on the image of many beloved ones. It was certainly a fit place and time for serious if not grave contemplation, although the idea of immediate danger did not cross my mind. I lay watching the flickering of the lamp, as it shed its dim rays of light on the dark walls of the little cabin or recess cut out of the coal in which we three companions, through accident, were almost prisoners. The wick of the lamp was lowered to save the oil and keep up a light as long as possible. The two men had talked themselves out, and were lying on the floor close to the door; I, with my head resting on some clothes, was stretched on a bench. We were all waiting and listening for the welcome sounds of approaching deliverers.

The time passed slowly onwards. Hour after hour we counted until far in the night, and still all was silent and dead around us. Not a sound, not a move. The effect of silence is terrible. Its intangible influence gains the stoutest heart in time, and the spirit that would stand the roar of the elements, or the din of the battle-field, droops or sinks before the awful power of silence. To me at last it became oppressive; I shuddered, not at what I heard, but at what I did not hear, and spoke at last for the purpose of breaking the spell, which held me, as it were, in bonds. I spoke and spoke again, but in vain; there was no reply. Sharply I turned in the direction of my companions. One had disappeared, and the other lay there, apparently dead. I shook him with violence, but he did not wake! I called Bill, who came to me from the shaft, where he had been listening for a sound from above, and we dragged the old man to the pit bottom, and bathed his head with the

water that was trickling down the walls, which we caught in our leather caps, and which contained some air. It was long before the poor man came to himself. He had swooned from exhaustion and the effects of impure air. The image of the ghost of Joe Parkins had left my brain for a time, but I now felt as if we might have to fear the presence of another one in the pit—namely, that of the old fireman, John Timms. But he recovered from his faintness, and we laid him down as near the shaft as possible, close to the water, as it ran along the road. Water always holds some air in solution, hence our reason for so doing, and this was necessary, for the gas was fast approaching, and we fully expected that it would soon invade our little retreat.

The presence of danger was plainly shown by the flame of our lamp. I went up the gallery for some distance to examine the state of the air, and within fifty yards of the pit I came to the gas slowly flowing along the roadway and filling the space. It advanced like an invisible enemy, only to be detected by the little explosion which took place in my lamp and the peculiar flame above the burning wick, which danced about within the wire gauze of my safety-lamp with weird-like frolic. Many a time I had watched the singular effect of the marsh gas on burning flame, but never with such intense earnestness and anxiety as on this occasion. As we were situated, we had no retreat to fly to from the danger, and if the stealthy foe crept on and surrounded us before relief from above came to our rescue, we were lost! Choked by the subtle invisible power; left to die from want of air to breathe; and rot, perhaps, before kind hands could lay us in a grave! All was silent in the shaft—not a sound beyond the monotonous thud of intermittent drops of water, as they fell from the broken timbers in the shaft on the wet planks at our feet. The water in the pit was rising too, and forced up a fœtid mist from below. The air was dank and cold. I shivered, and returned to the lamp-cabin, where I determined to resign myself to my fate with all the patience I could muster. I sank down on the bench, and was soon absorbed in the thoughts that came crowding to my mind. Thoughts of the past brought back scenes and incidents which had long been forgotten. The days of happiness returned like bright flashes amid the dark clouds that hung around my mind, and phantoms of friends or foes who had left the world before me kept flitting to and fro. Then came bitter regrets for errors or faults committed. I remembered keenly the unkind word spoken in haste, or unjust reproach made in anger; many actions I would have undone, many omissions I longed to repair. Then the present and the future. My wife, who had filled my life with a newly found happiness, perhaps already lost for ever! The more I thought of her the more I felt choking with emotion, and almost despair. In vain I tried to comfort myself with hopes of relief; in vain I listened for some sound of

welcome rescue! My senses did not perceive, and my mind was restless and distracted. I seemed confused, an oppressive feeling gained on me, my limbs refused to move, the light seemed dim—at last it wavered, and I saw it no more.

'Bill, hold him up; he is coming to, thank God."

These were the words that greeted me on my return to consciousness, and I shall never forget them. When I opened my eyes I found myself in the small cabin on the surface, close to the pit, used by the so-called 'banksmen.' A huge fire was blazing in the grate, and as I turned towards the door I saw the bright stars shining down through the clear, frosty air. The doctor and several pit-men were round me; I was lying on the floor, with my head on Bill's knee. They raised me, but I was very weak, and had literally to be carried down the wooden steps which led from the pit-bank to the ground. It was a young, sturdy collier who volunteered to perform the duty. He helped me along to my house, and I regained some strength on my way. 'Ah, sir,' he said, 'you have had a narrow escape this Christmas; the pit ain't safe these times.' 'No, indeed, Joe,' I replied, for it was Joe Parkins, junior, 'but I have much to be thankful for.'

There are circumstances in life which are better left to the imagination of the individual than described, and I shall not attempt to record the welcome I received when I reached my home. Those who have loved, will readily picture it for themselves; those who have not, will some day do so; and those who cannot love, would never understand it.

It was about nine o'clock when I returned, after an absence of thirty hours in forced captivity underground. Some time remained to make merry, and a happy time it was, though the conversation turned on the accident, the breaking of the rope, the jamming of the cage and timber in the shaft, the difficulty and danger of removing the *débris*.

I have been down many pits since then, but never on a Christmas Day, except just now, when I have taken you down with me, gentle reader, and I think you will agree with me in saying that one is better above ground than below at holiday time, and that, although it is easy to go down, it is sometimes very difficult to come up again.

Little Chinchilla.

A SKATING SONG.

She wears the shortest skirts,
And shows the whitest frilling;
She looks, as Queen of Flirts,
Miraculously killing!
She'll skim the thinnest ice,
As light as Queen Camilla;[1]
She looks supremely nice—
My little pet Chinchilla!

O, should the gracious fates,
But deign to be propitious;
I strap her fairy skates
On furry boots delicious.
Her willing hand I take,
In spite of Aunt Priscilla,
Then speed I o'er the lake,
With little love Chinchilla!

The sleekest otter-cuffs,
The rosiest of real skin;
The sable-est of muffs,
The softest gloves of seal-skin,
The quaintest hose with 'clocks,'
A 'cloud' like a mantilla,
The velvetest of frocks—
Wears little sweet Chinchilla!

[1] Camilla, queen of the Volsci, was so light and swift of foot that she could run over a field of corn without bending the blades, and make her way over the sea without wetting her feet. See Virgil's 'Æneid,' Book VII.

The warmth of her regard
I take as sort of token;
Although 'tis freezing hard,
Our social ice is broken!
Coquettish in her furs,
She minds not my manilla;
Ah! what a glance is hers,
My little dear Chinchilla!

She'll figure, glide, and twirl,
And worry the officials;
She'll cut out ev'ry girl
As easy as initials!
O, I could skate for miles,
Or dance a seguidilla,
Cheered by the sunny smiles
Of little smart Chinchilla!

Had I enough a year
To find my sweet in sable,
To wrap my dainty dear
In ermine were I able;
Had I a longer purse,
A neat suburban villa,
For better or for worse,
I'd take my pet Chinchilla!

J. Ashby-Sterry.

CARMILLA.

By Sheridan le Fanu.

CHAPTER IV.

HER HABITS—A SAUNTER.

I told you that I was charmed with her in most particulars.

There were some that did not please me so well.

She was above the middle height of women. I shall begin by describing her. She was slender, and wonderfully graceful. Except that her movements were languid—*very* languid—indeed, there was nothing in her appearance to indicate an invalid. Her complexion was rich and brilliant; her features were small and beautifully formed; her eyes large, dark, and lustrous; her hair was quite wonderful, I never saw hair so magnificently thick and long when it was down about her shoulders; I have often placed my hands under it, and laughed with wonder at its weight. It was exquisitely fine and soft, and in colour a rich very dark brown, with something of gold. I loved to let it down, tumbling with its own weight, as, in her room, she lay back in her chair talking in her sweet low voice, I used to fold and braid it, and spread it out and play with it. Heavens! If I had but known all!

I said there were particulars which did not please me. I have told you that her confidence won me the first night I saw her; but I found that she exercised with respect to herself, her mother, her history, everything in fact connected with her life, plans, and people, an ever wakeful reserve. I dare say I was unreasonable, perhaps I was wrong; I dare say I ought to have respected the solemn injunction laid upon my father by the stately lady in black velvet. But curiosity is a restless and unscrupulous passion, and no one girl can endure, with patience, that her's should be baffled by another. What harm could it do anyone to tell me what I so ardently desired to know? Had she no trust in my good sense or honour? Why would she not believe me when I assured

her, so solemnly, that I would not divulge one syllable of what she told me to any mortal breathing.

There was a coldness, it seemed to me, beyond her years, in her smiling melancholy persistent refusal to afford me the least ray of light.

I cannot say we quarrelled upon this point, for she would not quarrel upon any. It was, of course, very unfair of me to press her, very ill-bred, but I really could not help it; and I might just as well have let it alone.

What she did tell me amounted, in my unconscionable estimation to —nothing.

It was all summed up in three very vague disclosures:

First.—Her name was Carmilla.

Second.—Her family was very ancient and noble.

Third.—Her home lay in the direction of the west.

She would not tell me the name of her family, nor their armorial bearings, nor the name of their estate, nor even that of the country they lived in.

You are not to suppose that I worried her incessantly on these subjects. I watched opportunity, and rather insinuated than urged my inquiries. Once or twice, indeed, I did attack her more directly. But no matter what my tactics, utter failure was invairably the result. Reproaches and caresses were all lost upon her. But I must add this, that her evasion was conducted with so pretty a melancholy and deprecation, with so many, and even passionate declarations of her liking for me, and trust in my honour, and with so many promises that I should at last know all, that I could not find it in my heart long to be offended with her.

She used to place her pretty arms about my neck, draw me to her, and laying her cheek to mine, murmur with her lips near my ear, 'Dearest, your little heart is wounded; think me not cruel because I obey the irresistible law of my strength and weakness; if your dear heart is wounded, my wild heart bleeds with yours. In the rapture of my enormous humiliation I live in your warm life, and you shall die—die, sweetly die—into mine. I cannot help it; as I draw near to you, you, in your turn, will draw near to others, and learn the rapture of that cruelty, which yet is love; so, for a while, seek to know no more of me and mine, but trust me with all your loving spirit.'

And when she had spoken such a rhapsody, she would press me more closely in her trembling embrace, and her lips in soft kisses gently glow upon my cheek.

Her agitations and her language were unintelligible to me.

From these foolish embraces, which were not of very frequent occurrence, I must allow, I used to wish to extricate myself; but my energies seemed to fail me. Her murmured words sounded like a lullaby

in my ear, and soothed my resistance into a trance, from which I only seemed to recover myself when she withdrew her arms.

In these mysterious moods I did not like her. I experienced a strange tumultuous excitement that was pleasurable, ever and anon, mingled with a vague sense of fear and disgust. I had no distinct thoughts about her while such scenes lasted, but I was conscious of a love growing into adoration, and also of abhorrence. This I know is paradox, but I can make no other attempt to explain the feeling.

I now write, after an interval of more than ten years, with a trembling hand, with a confused and horrible recollection of certain occurrences and situations, in the ordeal through which I was unconsciously passing; though with a vivid and very sharp remembrance of the main current of my story. But, I suspect, in all lives there are certain emotional scenes, those in which our passions have been most wildly and terribly roused, that are of all others the most vaguely and dimly remembered.

Sometimes after an hour of apathy, my strange and beautiful companion would take my hand and hold it with a fond pressure, renewed again and again; blushing softly, gazing in my face with languid and burning eyes, and breathing so fast that her dress rose and fell with the tumultuous respiration. It was like the ardour of a lover; it embarrassed me; it was hateful and yet overpowering; and with gloating eyes she drew me to her, and her hot lips travelled along my cheek in kisses; and she would whisper, almost in sobs, 'You are mine, you *shall* be mine, you and I are one for ever.' Then she has thrown herself back in her chair, with her small hands over her eyes, leaving me trembling.

'Are we related,' I used to ask; 'what can you mean by all this? I remind you perhaps of someone whom you love; but you must not, I hate it; I don't know you—I don't know myself when you look so and talk so.'

She used to sigh at my vehemence, then turn away and drop my hand.

Respecting these very extraordinary manifestations I strove in vain to form any satisfactory theory—I could not refer them to affectation or trick. It was unmistakably the momentary breaking out of suppressed instinct and emotion. Was she, notwithstanding her mother's volunteered denial, subject to brief visitations of insanity; or was there here a disguise and a romance? I had read in old story books of such things. What if a boyish lover had found his way into the house, and sought to prosecute his suit in masquerade, with the assistance of a clever old adventuress. But there were many things against this hypothesis, highly interesting as it was to my vanity.

I could boast of no little attentions such as masculine gallantry delights to offer. Between these passionate moments there were long intervals

of commonplace, of gaiety, of brooding melancholy, during which, except that I detected her eyes so full of melancholy fire, following me, at times I might have been as nothing to her. Except in these brief periods of mysterious excitement her ways were girlish; and there was always a langour about her, quite incompatible with a masculine system in a state of health.

In some respects her habits were odd. Perhaps not so singular in the opinion of a town lady like you, as they appeared to us rustic people. She used to come down very late, generally not till one o'clock, she would then take a cup of chocolate, but eat nothing; we then went out for a walk, which was a mere saunter, and she seemed, almost immediately, exhausted, and either returned to the schloss or sat on one of the benches that were placed, here and there, among the trees. This was a bodily langour in which her mind did not sympathise. She was always an animated talker, and very intelligent.

She sometimes alluded for a moment to her own home, or mentioned an adventure or situation, or an early recollection, which indicated a people of strange manners, and described customs of which we knew nothing. I gathered from these chance hints that her native country was much more remote than I had at first fancied.

As we sat thus one afternoon under the trees a funeral passed us by. It was that of a pretty young girl, whom I had often seen, the daughter of one of the rangers of the forest. The poor man was walking behind the coffin of his darling; she was his only child, and he looked quite heartbroken. Peasants walking two-and-two came behind, they were singing a funeral hymn.

I rose to mark my respect as they passed, and joined in the hymn they were very sweetly singing.

My companion shook me a little roughly, and I turned surprised. She said, brusquely, 'Don't you perceive how discordant that is?'

'I think it very sweet, on the contrary,' I answered, vexed at the interruption, and very uncomfortable, lest the people who composed the little procession should observe and resent what was passing.

I resumed, therefore, instantly, and was again interrupted. 'You pierce my ears,' said Carmilla, almost angrily, and stopping her ears with her tiny fingers. 'Besides, how can you tell that your religion and mine are the same; your forms wound me, and I hate funerals. What a fuss! Why *you* must die—*everyone* must die; and all are happier when they do. Cŏme home.'

'My father has gone on with the clergyman to the churchyard. I thought you knew she was to be buried to day.'

'*She?* I don't trouble my head about peasants. I don't know who she is,' answered Carmilla, with a flash from her fine eyes.

'She is the poor girl who fancied she saw a ghost a fortnight ago, and has been dying ever since, till yesterday, when she expired.'

'Tell me nothing about ghosts. I shan't sleep to-night if you do.'

'I hope there is no plague or fever coming; all this looks very like it,' I continued. 'The swineherd's young wife died only a week ago, and she thought something seized her by the throat as she lay in her bed, and nearly strangled her. Papa says such horrible fancies do accompany some forms of fever. She was quite well the day before. She sank afterwards, and died before a week.'

'Well, *her* funeral is over, I hope, and *her* hymn sung; and our ears shan't be tortured with that discord and jargon. It has made me nervous. Sit down here, beside me; sit close; hold my hand; press it hard—hard—harder.'

We had moved a little back, and had come to another seat.

She sat down. Her face underwent a change that alarmed and even terrified me for a moment. It darkened, and became horribly livid; her teeth and hands were clenched, and she frowned and compressed her lips, while she stared down upon the ground at her feet, and trembled all over with a continued shudder as irrepressible as ague. All her energies seemed strained to suppress a fit, with which she was then breathlessly tugging; and at length a low convulsive cry of suffering broke from her, and gradually the hysteria subsided. 'There! That comes of strangling people with hymns!' she said at last. 'Hold me, hold me still. It is passing away.'

And so gradually it did; and perhaps to dissipate the sombre impression which the spectacle had left upon me, she became unusually animated and chatty; and so we got home.

This was the first time I had seen her exhibit any definable symptoms of that delicacy of health which her mother had spoken of. It was the first time, also, I had seen her exhibit anything like temper.

Both passed away like a summer cloud; and never but once afterwards did I witness on her part a momentary sign of anger. I will tell you how it happened.

She and I were looking out of one of the long drawing-room windows, when there entered the court-yard, over the drawbridge, a figure of a wanderer whom I knew very well. He used to visit the schloss generally twice a year.

It was the figure of a hunchback, with the sharp lean features that generally accompany deformity. He wore a pointed black beard, and he was smiling from ear to ear, showing his white fangs. He was dressed in buff, black, and scarlet, and crossed with more straps and belts than I could count, from which hung all manner of things. Behind, he carried a magic-lantern, and two boxes, which I well knew, in one of which was a

DRAWN BY M. FITZGERALD. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'CARMILLA.'

salamander, and in the other a mandrake. These monsters used to make my father laugh. They were compounded of parts of monkeys, parrots, squirrels, fish, and hedgehogs, dried and stitched together with great neatness and startling effect. He had a fiddle, a box of conjuring apparatus, a pair of foils and masks attached to his belt, several other mysterious cases dangling about him, and a black staff with copper ferrules in his hand. His companion was a rough spare dog, that followed at his heels, but stopped short, suspiciously at the drawbridge, and in a little while began to howl dismally.

In the meantime, the mountebank, standing in the midst of the court-yard, raised his grotesque hat, and made us a very ceremonious bow, paying his compliments very volubly in execrable French, and German not much better. Then, disengaging his fiddle, he began to scrape a lively air, to which he sang with a merry discord, dancing with ludicrous airs and activity, that made me laugh, in spite of the dog's howling.

Then he advanced to the window with many smiles and salutations, and his hat in his left hand, his fiddle under his arm, and with a fluency that never took breath, he gabbled a long advertisement of all his accomplishments, and the resources of the various arts which he placed at our service, and the curiosities and entertainments which it was in his power, at our bidding, to display.

'Will your ladyships be pleased to buy an amulet against the oupire, which is going like the wolf, I hear, through these woods,' he said, dropping his hat on the pavement. 'They are dying of it right and left, and here is a charm that never fails; only pinned to the pillow, and you may laugh in his face.'

These charms consisted of oblong slips of vellum, with cabalistic ciphers and diagrams upon them.

Carmilla instantly purchased one, and so did I.

He was looking up, and we were smiling down upon him, amused; at least, I can answer for myself. His piercing black eye, as he looked up in our faces, seemed to detect something that fixed for a moment his curiosity.

In an instant he unrolled a leather case, full of all manner of odd little steel instruments.

'See here, my lady,' he said, displaying it, and addressing me, 'I profess, among other things less useful, the art of dentistry. Plague take the dog!' he interpolated. 'Silence, beast! He howls so that your ladyships can scarcely hear a word. Your noble friend, the young lady at your right, has the sharpest tooth,—long, thin, pointed, like an awl, like a needle; ha, ha! With my sharp and long sight, as I look up, I have seen it distinctly; now if it happens to hurt the young lady, and I think it must, here am I, here are my file, my punch, my nippers; I

will make it round and blunt, if her ladyship pleases; no longer the tooth of a fish, but of a beautiful young lady as she is. Hey? Is the young lady displeased? Have I been too bold? Have I offended her?'

The young lady, indeed, looked very angry as she drew back from the window.

'How dares that mountebank insult us so? Where is your father? I shall demand redress from him. My father would have had the wretch tied up to the pump, and flogged with a cart-whip, and burnt to the bones with the castle brand!'

She retired from the window a step or two, and sat down, and had hardly lost sight of the offender, when her wrath subsided as suddenly as it had risen, and she gradually recovered her usual tone, and seemed to forget the little hunchback and his follies.

My father was out of spirits that evening. On coming in he told us that there had been another case very similar to the two fatal ones which had lately occurred. The sister of a young peasant on his estate, only a mile away, was very ill, had been, as she described it, attacked very nearly in the same way, and was now slowly but steadily sinking.

'All this,' said my father, 'is strictly referable to natural causes. These poor people infect one another with their superstitions, and so repeat in imagination the images of terror that have infested their neighbours.'

'But that very circumstance frightens one horribly,' said Carmilla.

'How so?' inquired my father.

'I am so afraid of fancying I see such things; I think it would be as bad as reality.'

'We are in God's hands; nothing can happen without his permission, and all will end well for those who love him. He is our faithful creator; He has made us all, and will take care of us.'

'Creator! *Nature!*' said the young lady in answer to my gentle father. 'And this disease that invades the country is natural. Nature. All things proceed from Nature—don't they? All things in the heaven, in the earth, and under the earth, act and live as Nature ordains? I think so.'

'The doctor said he would come here to-day,' said my father, after a silence. 'I want to know what he thinks about it, and what he thinks we had better do.'

'Doctors never did me any good,' said Carmilla.

'Then you have been ill?' I asked.

'More ill than ever you were,' she answered.

'Long ago?'

'Yes, a long time. I suffered from this very illness; but I forget all but my pain and weakness, and they were not so bad as are suffered in other diseases.'

'You were very young then?'

'I dare say; let us talk no more of it. You would not wound a friend?' She looked languidly in my eyes, and passed her arm round my waist lovingly, and led me out of the room. My father was busy over some papers near the window.

'Why does your papa like to frighten us?' said the pretty girl, with a sigh and a little shudder.

'He doesn't, dear Carmilla, it is the very furthest thing from his mind.'

'Are you afraid, dearest?'

'I should be very much if I fancied there was any real danger of my being attacked as those poor people were.'

'You are afraid to die?'

'Yes, every one is.'

'But to die as lovers may—to die together, so that they may live together. Girls are caterpillars while they live in the world, to be finally butterflies when the summer comes; but in the meantime there are grubs and larvæ, don't you see—each with their peculiar propensities, necessities, and structure. So says Monsieur Buffon, in his big book, in the next room.'

Later in the day the doctor came, and was closeted with papa for some time. He was a skilful man, of sixty and upwards, he wore powder, and shaved his pale face as smooth as a pumpkin. He and papa emerged from the room together, and I heard papa laugh, and say as they came out:

'Well, I do wonder at a wise man like you. What do you say to hippogriffs and dragons?'

The doctor was smiling, and made answer, shaking his head—

'Nevertheless life and death are mysterious states, and we know little of the resources of either.'

And so they walked on, and I heard no more. I did not then know what the doctor had been broaching, but I think I guess it now.

CHAPTER V.

A WONDERFUL LIKENESS.

THIS evening there arrived from Gratz the grave, dark-faced son of the picture cleaner, with a horse and cart laden with two large packing cases, having many pictures in each. It was a journey of ten leagues, and whenever a messenger arrived at the schloss from our little capital of Gratz, we used to crowd about him in the hall, to hear the news.

This arrival created in our secluded quarters quite a sensation. The cases remained in the hall, and the messenger was taken charge of by the servants till he had eaten his supper. Then with assistants, and armed with hammer, ripping-chisel, and turnscrew, he met us in the hall, where we had assembled to witness the unpacking of the cases.

Carmilla sat looking listlessly on, while one after the other the old pictures, nearly all portraits, which had undergone the process of renovation, were brought to light. My mother was of an old Hungarian family, and most of these pictures, which were about to be restored to their places, had come to us through her.

My father had a list in his hand, from which he read, as the artist rummaged out the corresponding numbers. I don't know that the pictures were very good, but they were, undoubtedly, very old, and some of them very curious also. They had, for the most part, the merit of being now seen by me, I may say, for the first time; for the smoke and dust of time had all but obliterated them.

'There is a picture that I have not seen yet,' said my father. 'In one corner, at the top of it, is the name, as well as I could read, "Marcia Karnstein," and the date "1698;" and I am curious to see how it has turned out.'

I remembered it; it was a small picture, about a foot and a half high, and nearly square, without a frame; but it was so blackened by age that I could not make it out.

The artist now produced it, with evident pride. It was quite beautiful; it was startling; it seemed to live. It was the effigy of Carmilla!

'Carmilla, dear, here is an absolute miracle. Here you are, living, smiling, ready to speak, in this picture. Isn't it beautiful, papa? And see, even the little mole on her throat.'

My father laughed, and said 'Certainly it is a wonderful likeness,' but he looked away, and to my surprise seemed but little struck by it, and went on talking to the picture cleaner, who was also something of an artist, and discoursed with intelligence about the portraits or other

works, which his art had just brought out into light and colour, while *I* was more and more lost in wonder the more I looked at the picture.

'Will you let me hang this picture in my room, papa?' I asked.

'Certainly, dear,' said he, smiling, 'I'm very glad you think it so like. It must be prettier even than I thought it, if it is.'

The young lady did not acknowledge this pretty speech, did not seem to hear it. She was leaning back in her seat, her fine eyes under their long lashes gazing on me in contemplation, and she smiled in a kind of rapture.

'And now you can read quite plainly the name that is written in the corner. It is not Marcia; it looks as if it was done in gold. The name is Mircalla, Countess Karnstein, and this is a little coronet over it, and underneath A.D. 1698. I am descended from the Karnsteins; that is, mamma was.'

'Ah!' said the lady, languidly, 'so am I, I think, a very long descent, very ancient. Are there any Karnsteins living now?'

'None who bear the name, I believe. The family were ruined, I believe, in some civil wars, long ago, but the ruins of the castle are only about three miles away.'

'How interesting!' she said, languidly, 'But see what beautiful moonlight!' She glanced through the hall-door, which stood a little open. 'Suppose you take a little ramble round the court, and look down at the road and river.'

'It is so like the night you came to us,' I said.

She sighed, smiling.

She rose, and each with her arm about the other's waist, we walked out upon the pavement.

In silence, slowly we walked down to the drawbridge, where the beautiful landscape opened before us.

'And so you were thinking of the night I came here?' she almost whispered. 'Are you glad I came?'

'Delighted, dear Carmilla,' I answered.

'And you asked for the picture you think like me, to hang in your room,' she murmured with a sigh, as she drew her arm closer about my waist, and let her pretty head sink upon my shoulder.

'How romantic you are, Carmilla,' I said. 'Whenever you tell me your story, it will be made up chiefly of some one great romance.'

She kissed me silently.

'I am sure, Carmilla, you have been in love; that there is, at this moment, an affair of the heart going on.'

'I have been in love with no one, and never shall,' she whispered, 'Unless it should be with you.'

How beautiful she looked in the moonlight!

Shy and strange was the look with which she quickly hid her face in my neck and hair, with tumultuous sighs, that seemed almost to sob, and pressed in mine a hand that trembled.

Her soft cheek was glowing against mine. 'Darling, darling,' she murmured, 'I live in you; and you would die for me, I love you so.'

I started from her.

She was gazing on me with eyes from which all fire, all meaning had flown, and a face colourless and apathetic.

'Is there a chill in the air, dear?' she said drowsily. 'I almost shiver; have I been dreaming? Let us come in. Come; come; come in.'

'You look ill, Carmilla; a little faint. You must take some wine,' I said.

'Yes, I will. I'm better now. I shall be quite well in a few minutes. Yes, do give me a little wine,' answered Carmilla, as we approached the door. 'Let us look again for a minute; it is the last time, perhaps, I shall see the moonlight with you.'

'How do you feel now, dear Carmilla? Are you really better?' I asked.

I was beginning to take alarm, lest she should have been stricken with the strange epidemic that they said had invaded the country about us.

'Papa would be grieved beyond measure,' I added, 'if he thought you were ever so little ill, without immediately letting us know. We have a very skilful doctor near this, the physician who was with papa to-day.'

'I'm sure he is. I know how kind you all are; but, dear child, I am quite well again. There is nothing ever wrong with me, but a little weakness. People say I am languid; I am incapable of exertion; I can scarcely walk as far as a child of three years old; and every now and then the little strength I have falters, and I become as you have just seen me. But after all I am very easily set up again; in a moment I am perfectly myself. See how I have recovered.'

So, indeed, she had; and she and I talked a great deal, and very animated she was; and the remainder of that evening passed without any recurrence of what I called her infatuations. I mean her crazy talk and looks, which embarrassed, and even frightened me.

But there occurred that night an event which gave my thoughts quite a new turn, and seemed to startle even Carmilla's languid nature into momentary energy.

CHAPTER VI.

A VERY STRANGE AGONY.

When we got into the drawing-room, and had sat down to our coffee and chocolate, although Carmilla did not take any, she seemed quite herself again, and Madame, and Mademoiselle De Lafontaine, joined us, and made a little card party, in the course of which papa came in for what he called his 'dish of tea.'

When the game was over he sat down beside Carmilla on the sofa, and asked her, a little anxiously, whether she had heard from her mother since her arrival.

She answered 'No.'

He then asked whether she knew where a letter would reach her at present.

'I cannot tell,' she answered ambiguously, 'but I have been thinking of leaving you; you have been already too hospitable and too kind to me. I have given you an infinity of trouble, and I should wish to take a carriage to-morrow, and post in pursuit of her; I know where I shall ultimately find her, although I dare not yet tell you.'

'But you must not dream of any such thing,' exclaimed my father, to my great relief. 'We can't afford to lose you so, and I won't consent to your leaving us, except under the care of your mother, who was so good as to consent to your remaining with us till she should herself return. I should be quite happy if I knew that you heard from her; but this evening the accounts of the progress of the mysterious disease that has invaded our neighbourhood, grow even more alarming; and my beautiful guest, I do feel the responsibility, unaided by advice from your mother, very much. But I shall do my best; and one thing is certain, that you must not think of leaving us without her distinct direction to that effect. We should suffer too much in parting from you to consent to it easily.'

'Thank you, sir, a thousand times for your hospitality,' she answered, smiling bashfully. 'You have all been too kind to me; I have seldom been so happy in all my life before, as in your beautiful chateau, under your care, and in the society of your dear daughter.'

So he gallantly, in his old-fashioned way, kissed her hand, smiling and pleased at her little speech.

I accompanied Carmilla as usual to her room, and sat and chatted with her while she was preparing for bed.

'Do you think,' I said at length, 'that you will ever confide fully in me?'

She turned round smiling, but made no answer, only continued to smile on me.

'You won't answer that?' I said. 'You can't answer pleasantly; perhaps I ought not to have asked you.'

'You were quite right to ask me that, or anything. You do not know how dear you are to me, or you could not think any confidence too great to look for. But I am under vows, no nun half so awfully, and I dare not tell my story yet, even to you. The time is very near when you shall know everything. You will think me cruel, very selfish, but love is always selfish; the more ardent the more selfish. How jealous I am you cannot know. You must come with me, loving me, to death; or else hate me and still come with me, and *hating* me through death and after. There is no such word as indifference in my apathetic nature.'

'Now, Carmilla, you are going to talk your wild nonsense again,' I said hastily.

'Not I, silly little fool as I am, and full of whims and fancies; for your sake I'll talk like a sage. Were you ever at a ball?'

'No; how you do run on. What is it like? How charming it must be.'

'I almost forget, it is years ago.'

I laughed.

'You are not so old. Your first ball can hardly be forgotten yet.'

'I remember everything about it—with an effort. I see it all, as divers see what is going on above them, through a medium, dense, rippling, but transparent. There occurred that night what has confused the picture, and made its colours faint. I was all but assassinated in my bed, wounded *here*,' she touched her breast, 'and never was the same since.'

'Were you near dying?'

'Yes, very—a cruel love—strange love, that would have taken my life. Love will have its sacrifices. No sacrifice without blood. Let us go to sleep now; I feel so lazy. How can I get up just now and lock my door?'

She was lying, with her tiny hands buried in her rich wavy hair, under her cheek, her little head upon the pillow, and her glittering eyes followed me wherever I moved, with a kind of shy smile that I could not decipher.

I bid her good-night, and crept from the room with an uncomfortable sensation.

I often wondered whether our pretty guest ever said her prayers. *I* certainly had never seen her upon her knees. In the morning she never came down until long after our family prayers were over, and at night she never left the drawing-room to attend our brief evening prayers in the hall.

If it had not been that it had casually come out in one of our careless talks that she had been baptised, I should have doubted her being a Christian. Religion was a subject on which I had never heard her speak a word. If I had known the world better, this particular neglect or antipathy would not have so much surprised me.

The precautions of nervous people are infectious, and persons of a like temperament are pretty sure, after a time, to imitate them. I had adopted Carmilla's habit of locking her bed-room door, having taken into my head all her whimsical alarms about midnight invaders and prowling assassins. I had also adopted her precaution of making a brief search through her room, to satisfy herself that no lurking assassin or robber was 'ensconced.'

These wise measures taken I got into my bed and fell asleep. A light was burning in my room. This was an old habit, of very early date, and which nothing could have tempted me to dispense with.

Thus fortified I might take my rest in peace. But dreams come through stone walls, light up dark rooms, or darken light ones, and their persons make their exits and their entrances as they please, and laugh at locksmiths.

I had a dream that night that was the beginning of a very strange agony.

I cannot call it a nightmare, for I was quite conscious of being asleep. But I was equally conscious of being in my room, and lying in bed, precisely as I actually was. I saw, or fancied I saw, the room and its furniture just as I had seen it last, except that it was very dark, and I saw something moving round the foot of the bed, which at first I could not accurately distinguish. But I soon saw that it was a sooty-black animal that resembled a monstrous cat. It appeared to me about four or five feet long, for it measured fully the length of the hearth-rug as it passed over it; and it continued toing and froing with the lithe sinister restlessness of a beast in a cage. I could not cry out, although as you may suppose, I was terrified. Its pace was growing faster, and the room rapidly darker and darker, and at length so dark that I could no longer see anything of it but its eyes. I felt it spring lightly on the bed. The two broad eyes approached my face, and suddenly I felt a stinging pain as if two large needles darted, an inch or two apart, deep into my breast. I waked with a scream. The room was lighted by the candle that burnt there all through the night, and I saw a female figure standing at the foot of the bed, a little at the right side. It was in a dark loose dress, and its hair was down and covered its shoulders. A block of stone could not have been more still. There was not the slightest stir of respiration. As I stared at it the figure appeared to have changed its place, and was now nearer the door; then, close to it, the door opened, and it passed out.

I was now relieved, and able to breathe and move. My first thought was that Carmilla had been playing me a trick, and that I had forgotten to secure my door. I hastened to it, and found it locked as usual on the inside. I was afraid to open it—I was horrified. I sprang into my bed and covered my head up in the bed-clothes, and lay there more dead than alive till morning.

[*To be continued.*]

The Language of the Eyes.

Silence is golden—speech is silvery!
Silence is steadfast—speech is ever flying!
Speech is a sea of murmurous silver, lying
'Mid the gold silence of eternity.
Spirit to spirit speaks not as do we:
Words are but echoes on earth's air soon dying!
The moaning of the billows, and the sighing
Of lonely winds across Time's restless sea!

The heavens are higher than these sounds can soar!
An infinite of silence round us lies,
In which all voices die for evermore!
Yet will a mute expression reach the skies—
Heav'n's gift to earth!—untaught of human lore—
The golden silent language of the eyes!

C. H. Waring

The Last Man of Mexican Camp.

By Joaquin Miller.

Mexican Camp was a nest of snow-white miners' tents huddled down in a dimple of the Sierras. If you had stood near the flag-pole in the centre of the camp, on which the stars and stripes were raised or lowered on the arrival or departure of the Mustang express, the only regular thread connecting the camp with the outer world, and looked intently west, you might have seen, on a day of singular clearness, beyond some new-born cities, the flash of the Pacific in the sun. At your back mountains black with pine and cedar, then bold and gray with granite, basalt, and cinder, then white with everlasting snow, had made you feel strong and secure of intrusion in the rear. Close about you, on the hillsides and in the gulch, you would have seen trees lifting their limbs above the heads of thousands of men who knew for the time no other sheltering; while at your feet in the gulch, and as far down as the eye could follow it, the little muddy stream struggled on through little fleets of tin and iron pans, great Mexican wooden bowls, and through cradles, tarns, and sluices. You had seen long gray lines of Mexican mules stringing around the mountain, winding into the camp with their heavy burdens, and heard the shouts, spiced thick with oaths, of the tawny packers. You had heard the sound of the hammer and axe on every hand; for a new city had been born, as it were the night before, and this was its first struggle, cry, and reaching of uncertain hands. All day, on either side the stream, sat a wall of men washing for gold. The Mexican and the American were side by side, that had been breast to breast at Monteray; the lawyer wrought beside his client; the porter found his strong arms made him the superior here to the dainty gentleman to whose wants he had once ministered.

That was a Democracy pure and simple. Life, energy, earnestness! That was the beginning of a race in life in which all had an even start. What an impulse it was! It inspired the most sluggish. It thrilled

the most indifferent, dignified and ennobled the basest soul that was there. Mexican Camp has perished, but it has left its lesson, a verdict clear and unqualified in favour of the absolute equality of men, without any recommendation of mercy to masters.

Each man, peer or peon, had his six feet of ground. That was made the law at a miners' meeting held around the flag-staff the day it was raised; at which Kangaroo Brown presided with uncommon dignity, considering his long term of service at Sydney, not to mention the many indiscretions laid to his charge before leaving his native country, at his country's expense, for his country's good. It was at first passed that a miner should hold five feet only, but a Yankee, who had an uncommonly rich claim, moved a reconsideration, and, without waiting to get a second, made a speech and put his own motion. This was his speech and motion, delivered at the top of his voice:—'Boys, I go you a foot better. Blast it, let's give a fellow enough to be buried in, anyhow. All those what say six feet make it manifest by saying "I."'

There was a chorus. 'The I's have it, and six feet is the law; and I now declare this meeting adjourned *sine die*;' and the convict chairman descended from the pine stump, where he had stood in his shirt-sleeves, took up his pick and pan, and divested of his authority of an hour, entered his claim and bent his back to his toil, as did the thousands of men around him.

As a truthful chronicler, I am bound to say that Sunday never did much for the miner on the Pacific. The fault, of course, was the mode of its observance. But there is a promise. The old order of things is passing away; most of the old miners, too—let this be said with reverence—have passed away with their camps. On that day, as it was, as a rule all went to town, and the streets became a sea of bearded men. Not a boy, not a woman in sight. On that day was perpetrated nine-tenths of the crimes. Provisions for the week were bought, gold dust sold or sent away by express to the dependent ones at home, and then the miner gave himself up to the only diversions the country appeared to him to afford—cards and intoxication. The men of the Pacific were originally a peculiarly grand body of heroes. The weak of nerve never started, and the weak of body died on the journey there, and the result was a selection of men mighty for good or evil. They were unlike all other men. For example, the noisy border ruffian of the Mississippi bar-room or western frontier has no counterpart in California. The desperado of the Pacific disdains words. A half-dozen Germans or Irish will make more commotion over the price of a glass than will a camp of Californians in a misunderstanding that ends in as many deaths.

'Are you heeled? then draw,' comes quick as a thought, and unless a sharp negative is thrown in against the question, shot after shot follows

till some one falls. Shootists of the Pacific also have their rules of etiquette. In the face of a thousand pictures and publications to the contrary, I protest that they rarely carry six-shooters except when travelling, and that it is considered in as bad taste to display a pistol as to enter a lady's parlour wearing spurs. A man who wears a six-shooter and bowie-knife publishes himself as a verdant immigrant, and is despised for his display. Nor is the desperado of the Pacific the bearded, uncouth ruffian he is represented. He is, in fact, neither loud in dress or manner, but is partial to French boots, patronises the barber, has even been known to wear kid gloves, and is in outward appearance a gentleman.

Mexican camp flourished like a palm for many years, then like all Placo mining camps, it began to decline. The gold was washed from the best parts of the gulch, and the best men of the camp, one by one, returned to their homes, in other lands, or retired to camps deeper in the mountains, as their fortunes directed. As the Saxon went out the Celestial came in, but gave no new blood to the camp. Vacant cabins and adobe chimneys stood all up and down the gulch, and lizards sunned themselves upon them undisturbed. The butcher, the great autocrat of the mining camp, began to come round with his laden mules but twice a week, instead of twice a day. A bad sign for the camp.

But there was one cabin that was never vacant, it stood apart from town, on the brown hillside, and as it was one of the first, so it promised to be the last of the camp. It always had an ugly bull-dog tied to the door, and was itself a low, suspicious-looking structure, that year by year sank lower, as the grass grew taller around it, till it seemed trying to hide in the chapparral. It had but one occupant, a silent, selfish man who never came out by day, except to busy himself alone in his claim at work. Nothing was known of him at all save the story that he had killed his partner in a gambling-house, away back somewhere, in '49. He was shunned and feared by all, and he approached and spoke to no one except the butcher, the grocer, and express-man, and to these only briefly on business. I believe, however, that the old outcast, known as Forty-nine Jimmy, sometimes sat on the bank, and talked to the murderer, at work in his claim. It was even said that Fortynine was on fair terms with the dog at the door, but as this was doubted by the man who kept the only saloon now remaining in Mexican camp, and consequently an authority, the report was not believed.

Let it be here observed that when a mining camp sinks to the chronic state of decay that this now presented, the men remaining in it, as a rule, are idlers, and by no means representive miners. Their relation to the real, living, wide-awake, energetic miner, is about that of the miserable Indians that consent to settle on a reservation as compared to the wild sons of the woods, who retire before their foes to the mountains.

This solitary man of the savage dog was known as 'The Gopher.' That was not the name given him by his parents, but it was the name Mexican Camp had given him for a generation, and it was now the only name by which he was known. The amount of gold which he had hoarded and hidden away in that dismal old cabin, through years and years of incessant toil, was computed to be enormous.

Year after year the grass stole farther down from the hill-tops, to where it had been driven, as it were, in the early settlement of the camp, until at last it environed the few remaining cabins as if they were besieged, and it stood up tall and undisturbed in the only remaining street. Still, regularly three times a day the smoke curled up from 'The Gopher's' cabin, and the bull-dog kept unbroken watch at the door.

A quartz load had been struck a little way further up the gulch, and a rival town established. The proprietors named the new camp 'Orodelphi,' but the man of the saloon of Mexican camp, who always insisted he was born a poet, called it 'Hogem.' It stuck like wax, and 'Hogem' is the only name by which the little town is known to this day.

One evening there was consternation among the idlers of Mexican Camp. It was announced that the last saloon was to be removed to Hogem. A remonstrance was talked of; but when a man, known as the 'Judge,' from his calm demeanour in the face of the gravest trouble, urged that the calamity was not so great after all, since each man could easily transport his blankets and frying-pan to the vacant cabins at Hogem, no more was said.

The next winter 'The Gopher' was left utterly alone, and in the January spring that followed, the grass and clover crept down strong and thick from the hills, and spread in pretty carpets across the unmeasured streets of the once populous and prosperous Mexican Camp. Little gray-horned toads sunned themselves on the great flat rocks that had served for hearthstones, and the wild hop-vines clambered up and across the toppling and shapeless chimneys.

About this time a closely contested election drew near. It was a bold and original thought of a candidate to approach 'The Gopher,' and solicit his vote. His friends shook their heads, but his case was desperate, and he ventured down upon the old gray cabin, hiding, as it were, in the grass and chapparral. The dog protested, and the office-seeker was proceeding to knock his ugly teeth down his throat, with a pick-handle, when the door opened, and he found the muzzle of a double-barrelled shot gun in his face. The candidate did not stay to urge his claims, and the Gopher's politics remained a mystery.

I know but one more incident that broke the dreary monotony in the life of this selfish and singular man. One dark night, two men of questionable character were found in the trail, trying to drag themselves

to Hogem. They were riddled with shot like a cullender. They had been prospecting around for the Gopher's gold, and received their 'baptism of fire' in attempting to descend his chimney.

Here, in this land of the sun, the days trench deep into the nights of northern countries, and birds and beasts retire before the sunset—a habit which the transplanted Saxon declines to adopt.

Some idlers sat at sunset on the verandah of the saloon at Hogem, looking down the gulch as the manzinnetta smoke curled up from the Gopher's cabin.

There is an hour when the best that is in man comes to the surface; sometimes the outcroppings are not promising of any great inner wealth, but the indications, whatever they may be, are not false. It is dulce and drift coming to the surface when the storm of the day is over, yet the best thoughts are never uttered, often because no fit words are found to array them in; oftener because no fit ear is found to receive them.

A sailor broke silence. 'Looks like a Figi Camp on a South Sea Island.

'Robinson Crusoe—the last man of Mexican Camp—the last rose of summer.' This was said by a young man who had sent some verses to the 'Hangtown Weekly.'

'Looks to me, in its crow's nest of chapparral, like the lucky ace of spades,' added a man who sat apart, contemplating the wax under the nail of his right fore-finger.

The schoolmaster here picked up the ace of hearts, drew out his pencil, and figured rapidly.

'There!' he cried, flourishing the card, 'I put it at an ounce a day for eighteen years, and that is the result.'

The figures astonished them all. It was decided that the old miser had at least a mule-load of gold in his cabin.

'It is my opinion,' said the Squire, who was small of stature, and consequently insolent and impertinent, 'he had ought to be taken up, tried, and hung for killing his partner in '49.'

'The time has run out,' said the Coroner, who now came up, adjusting a tall hat, to which he was evidently not accustomed. 'The time for such cases by the law made and provided, has run out, and it is my opinion it can't be did.'

Not long after this it was discovered that The Gopher was not at work. Then it came out that he was very ill, and that old Forty-nine was seen to enter his cabin.

Early one frosty morning in the fall following, old Forty-nine Jimmy sat by the door of the only saloon at Hogem. He held an old bull-dog by a tow string, and both man and dog were pictures of distress, as they

shivered from the keen cold wind that came pitching down from the snow peaks. As I approached, the man shivered till his old teeth chattered, and, clutching at his string, looked helplessly over his shoulder at the uncompromising barkeeper, who had just arisen and opened the door to let out the bad odours of his den. The dog shivered too, and came up and sat down close enough to receive the sympathetic hand of old Forty-nine on his broad bowed head. This man was a relic and a wreck. Nearly twenty years of miner's life and labour in the mountains, interrupted only by periodical sprees, governed in their duration solely by the results of his last 'clear up,' had made him one of a type of men known only to the Pacific. True he had failed to negotiate with the savage cinnamon-headed vendor of poison, but he was no beggar. It was simply a failure to obtain a Wall Street accommodation in a small way. I doubt if the bristle-haired barkeeper himself questioned the honesty of Forty-nine. It was only a question of ability to pay, and the decision of the autocrat had been promptly and firmly given against the applicant. Perhaps, in strict justice to the red-haired wretch that washed his tumblers and watched for victims that frosty morning, I should say that appearances were certainly against Forty-nine. It is nothing at all against a brave, frugal gold miner, lifting his heart out of and over the Sierras to a group awaiting him away in the East, to be found wearing patches on his clothes, and even patches on the patches; in fact, I have known many who, coupling a quaint humour with economy, wore, neatly stitched, on that portion of a certain garment most liable to wear and tear when the owner had only boulders and hard benches to sit upon, the last week's flour-sack, bearing this inscription in bold, black letters, 'Warranted superfine, 50 lbs.' But Forty-nine had not even a patch; therefore no flour-sack; *ergo*, no flour. The most certain sign of the total wreck of a Californian miner is the absence of top boots. When all other signs fail, this one is infallible. You can with tolerable certainty, in the Placor mines, tell how a miner's claim is paying by the condition and quality of his top boots. Forty-nine had no boots, only a pair of slippers improvised from 'what had been,' and between the tops of these and the legs of his pantaloons there was no compromise across the naked, cold, blue ankles. These signs, together with a buttonless blue shirt that showed his hairy bosom, a frightful beard, and hair beneath a hat that drooped like a wilted palm leaf, were the circumstantial evidences from which Judge Barkeep made his decision.

It would, perhaps, be much pleasanter for us all if we could know that such men were a race to themselves; that they never saw civilisation; that there never was a time when they were petted by pretty sisters, and sat, pure and strong, the central figures of Christian households; or, at least, we would like to think that they grew up on the border and

belonged there. But the truth is, nine cases out of ten, they come of the gentlest blood and life. The border men, born and bred in storms, never get discouraged; it is the man of culture, refinement, and sensitive nature, that falls from the front in the hard-fought battles of the West.

This man's brow was broad and full; had his beard and hair been combed and cared for, his head had looked a very picture. But, after all, there was one weak point in his face. He had a small, hesitating nose.

As a rule, in any great struggle involving any degree of strategy and strength, the small nose must go to the wall. It may have pluck, spirit, refinement, sensitiveness, and, in fact, to the casual observer, every quality requisite to success, but somehow invariably at the very crisis it gives way. Small noses are a failure. This is the verdict of history. Give me a man, or woman either, with a big nose—not a nose of flesh, not a loose, flabby nose, like a camel's lip, or a thin, starved nose that the eyes have crowded out and forced into prominence, but a full, strong, substantial nose, that is willing and able to take the lead; one that asserts itself boldly between the eyes and reaches up towards the brows, and has room enough to sit down there and be at home. Give me a man, or woman either, with a nose like that, and I will have a nose that will accomplish something. I grant you that such a nose may be a knave; it may be equally a genius; but is never a coward or a fool—never!

In the strong stream of miner's life as it was, no man could stand still. He either went up or down. The strong, and not always the best, went up; the weak, which often embraced the gentlest and sweetest natures, were borne down and stranded here and there all along the river.

I have noticed that those who stop, stand, and look longest at the tempting display of viands in cook-shop windows, are those that have not a penny to purchase with. Perhaps there was something of this nature in old Forty-nine that impelled him to look again and again over his shoulder, as he clutched tighter to the tow string, at the cinnamon-headed bottle-washer behind the bar at Hogem.

As I stood before this man, he turned his eyes from the barkeeper and lifted them helplessly to mine—'Charlie is dead!'

'Charlie who? Who is Charlie?'

'Charlie Godfrey, the Gopher, and here is his dog;' and as he spoke, the dog, as if knowing his master's name, and feeling his loss, crouched close to the old man's legs.

A new commotion in Hogem. Say what you will of gold, whenever anyone shuts his eyes, and turns for ever from it as if in contempt, his name, for a day at least, assumes a majesty proportionate with the amount he has left behind and seems to despise.

The Coroner, who was a standing candidate for a higher office, marshalled the leading spirits at Hogem, and proceeded to the cabin where the dead man lay. He felt that his reputation was at stake, and entering the cabin, said, in a solemn voice, 'In the name of the law, I take possession of this premises.' Some one at the door, evidently not a friend to the coroner's political aspirations, called out, 'Oh, what a hat." The officer was not abashed, but towered up till his tall hat touched the roof, and repeated, 'In the name of the law, I take possession of this premises.' This time there was no response or note of derision, and it was quietly conceded that the Gopher and all his gold were in the hands of the coroner.

The cabin was a true and perfect relic of what might, geologically speaking, be termed a period in the plastic formation of the Republic. Great pine logs, one above the other, formed three of its walls; the fourth was made up by a fire-place constructed of boulders and adobe. The bed had but one post; a pine slab, supported by legs set in the centre of the earthen floor, formed a table; the windows were holes, chiselled out between the logs, that could be closed with wooden plugs in darkness or danger. Let these cabins not be despised. Their builders have done more for the commerce of the world than is supposed. Some day some cunning and earnest hand will picture them faithfully, and they will not be forgotten.

It is to be admitted that the dead man did not look so terrible, even in death, as the mind had pictured him. His unclosed eyes looked straight at those who came only to reproach him, and wonder where his money was buried, till they were abashed.

Standing there, the jury, under the direction of the Coroner, gave a verdict of 'Death from general debility.' Some one tried to bring the Coroner into contempt again by afterwards calling attention to the fact that he had forgotten to swear the jury; but the officer replied, 'It is not necessary in such cases, by the law made and provided,' and so was counted wise and correct.

They bore the body of the last man of Mexican Camp to the graveyard on the hill; may be a little nearer to heaven. How odd that nearly all graveyards are on a hill. The rank of chief mourners was assigned to Forty-nine and the dog. Whether this place was given because Forty-nine was the only personal acquaintance of the deceased, or whether the dog quietly asserted a right that no one cared to dispute, is not certain; most likely it was one of these things that naturally, and therefore correctly, adjust themselves.

When these bearded men in blue shirts rested their burden at the open grave, they looked at each other, and there was an unpleasant pause. Perhaps they thought of the Christian burial service in other

lands, and felt that something was wanting. At last Forty-nine stole up close to the head of the grave, hesitated, lifted and laid aside his old slouch hat, and looking straight down into the earth, said, in a low and helpless way, 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust;' hesitated again, and then continued: 'The mustard and the clover seed are but little things, and no man can tell the one from the other; yet bury them in the uttermost parts of the earth, and each will bring its kind perfect and beautiful. And—and—man is surely more than a little seed—and—and;" here he broke down utterly, and knelt and kissed the face of the dead.

The men looked away for awhile as if to objects in the horizon, and then, without looking at each other or breaking silence, lowered the unshapely box, caught up the spades, and found a positive relief in heaping the grave.

The Coroner, as in duty bound, or, as he expressed it, 'as required by the law in such cases made and provided,' directed his attention to a search for the buried treasure. Yeast powder boxes, oyster cans, and sardine boxes, old boots, and quicksilver tanks, were carried out to the light and inspected, without results. 'In the straw of the bunk,' said the Coroner; and blankets, bunk, and straw were carried out to the sun, but not an ounce of gold. To make sure against the intrusion of the ill-disposed, the unwearied Coroner slept on the spot. The next day the hearth was taken up carefully, piece by piece, but only crickets clad in black, and little pink-eyed mice, met the eager eyes of the men. At last some one suggested 'that as the hard-baked earthen floor was the last place in which one would look for hidden treasures, that was probably the first and only place in which the Gopher had buried his gold.' The thought made the Coroner enthusiastic. He sent for picks, and if I must tell the truth, and the whole truth, he sent also for whiskey. By sunset the entire earthen floor had been dug to the depth of many feet, and emptied outside the door. Not a farthing's worth of gold was found. The next day the chimney was taken down. Lizards, dust of adobes, but nothing more. I am bound to say that about this time the memory of the man just taken to the hill was held in but little respect, and that a good or bad name, as far as the over-zealous Coroner was concerned, depended entirely on the final results of the search. It seemed but one more thing remained to be done, that was to remove the cabin. Shingle by shingle, log by log, the structure was levelled. Wood rats, kangaroo mice, horned toads, a rattlesnake or two, and that was all. Not an ounce of gold was found in the last cabin of Mexican Camp.

The flat was then staked off as mining ground by some enterprising strangers, and they began in the centre to sluice it to the bed rock. They sluiced up the gulch for a month, and then down the gulch for a

month, until the whole hill-side was scalped, as it were, to the bone, and the treasure-hunters were bankrupt, but not even so much as the colour of the dead man's gold was found.

Hogem was disgusted, and the Gopher was voted a worse man dead than living. It began to be noticed, however, that Forty-nine had mended somewhat in his personal appearance since the death of the Gopher, and it was whispered that he knew where the treasure was. Some even went so far as to say he had the whole pile of it in his possession. And in justice to Hogem, it must be observed she was not without grounds to go upon in her suspicions. For was not Forty-nine near the man at his death? And if he could get his dog why not get his gold also?

One night Forty-nine, holding tight to a tow string, shuffled up to me in the saloon, and timidly plucking my sleeve, said—

'Going away, I hear?'

'Yes.'

'To the States?'

'Yes.'

'Near to Boston?'

'May be.'

'Well, then, look here; come with me.' And with an old dog bumping his head against his heels, he led the way out of the door down the gulch to his cabin. He pulled the latch-string, entered, and finally struck a light. Sticking the candle in a whiskey bottle that stood on the greasy table in the centre of the earthen floor, he picked up the tow string, and pointing to the bunk in the corner, we sat down together, and the old dog rested his nose between the old man's legs.

After looking about the cabin in nervous silence for a time, Forty-nine arose with a look of resolution, handed me his string, stepped to a niche in the wall, and taking an old crevicing knife, stuck it in stoutly above the latch.

'This means something,' said I to myself. 'Here will be a revelation.' And I confess that a vision of the Gopher's gold bags crossed my mind with striking vividness. After awhile the old man came back, took up the whiskey bottle, removed the candle from its neck, and holding the bottle up between his face and the light which he held in the other hand, seemed to decide some weighty proposition by the run of the bubbles in the bottle, and then turned and offered it to me in silence. On my declining his kindness, he hurriedly took a long draught, then came and sat down close at my side, took his string, whilst the old dog again thrust his nose between his knees.

'You see'—and the man leaned over to me, and began in a whisper and with a strangeness of manner that suggested his mind was wander-

ing—'you see we all came out from Boston together—Godfrey, that's the Gopher; Wilson, that's Curly; and I. Things didn't go right with me there after I came away, so I just let them drift here. Lost my grip, as they say; didn't have any snap any more, as people call it. Godfrey and Wilson got on very well, though, till Wilson was killed.'

'Till the Gopher killed him?' I added.

'Well, now, there's where it is,' said old Forty-nine, and he shuddered. The dog, too, seemed to grow nervous, and crowded his ugly head up tighter between the old man's legs.

Inartistic as it is, I must add that here he again handed me the string and, rising slowly, went deliberately through the process of removing the candle and contemplating the contents of the bottle. Again I declined his offer. I was wondering in which part of that wretched cabin were the bags of gold.

The man sat down and continued his story exactly as before.

'There's where it is. Godfrey did not kill Wilson. The Gopher did not kill Curly no more than did you. You see, Curly was young. A bright, beautiful, sunny-faced boy, that had been petted to death by his mother and a house full of sisters, and somehow out here he fell to gambling and taking a drink too much, and one night, when Godfrey tried to get him away from a game, a set of roughs got up a row, upset the table, and Curly got knifed by some one of the set, who made a rumpus to get a grab at the money. Godfrey was holding the boy at the time to keep him from striking, for he was mad with drink. Poor Curly only said, 'Don't let them know it at home,' and died in his arms. Everybody was stranger to everybody there, and no one took stock in that which did not directly concern him. People said Godfrey was right; that it was a case of self-defence; and Godfrey never said a word, never denied he killed him, but went back to the cabin, took possession of everything, and had it all his own way. He worked like a Chinaman, and never took any part in miner's meetings, or anything of the kind, and people began to fear and shun him. By-and-bye all his old acquaintances had gone but me, and he was only known as the Gopher.'

Again Forty-nine paused, and the dog crept closer than before, as if he knew the name of his master.

Once more the man arose, lifted the candle, contemplated the beads in the bottle as before, and returned. He did not sit down, but took up and pulled back the blankets at the end of the bunk.

'I thought as much,' said I to myself. 'The gold is hidden in the straw.'

'Look at them.' And he threw down a bundle of papers, and held the dim candle for me to read.

There were hundreds of letters, all written in a woman's graceful

hand, some addressed to Godfrey, and some to Wilson. Now and then there was one with a border of black, telling that some one at home no longer waited his return. Some of the letters I read. 'Come home! come home!' was at the bottom of them all. I chanced on one addressed to Wilson, of a recent date, thanking him with all a mother's and sister's tenderness for the money he had so constantly sent them through all the many years. I did not understand it, and looked up at Forty-nine. He bent over me, as I sat on the bunk beside the letters, with his candle.

'That was it, you see; that was it. As Godfrey—that's the Gopher—is dead, and can send them no more money, and as you was a going to the States, I thought best that you should drop in and tell the two families, gently, somehow, that they both are dead. Say that they died together. He sent them the last ounce he had the week before he died, and made me take these letters to keep them away from the Coroner, so that he might not know his address, and so that they might not know at home that Curly had died long ago, and died a gambler. Take one of the letters along, and that will tell you where they are.'

Again old Forty-nine resumed the tow string. He looked toward the door, and when I had stepped across the sill, he put out the light, and we stood together.

The old dog knew there was but the one place for his master outside his cabin at such a time, and, blind leading the blind, thither he led us through the dark.

Perfect Weather.

'Perfect weather!' once on a time
Exclaimed a lady sweet:
For the air
Was rare
Under cedar and lime,
And the scythe
Sang blithe
In the matin grass;
And the blossoms did greet
That lady's feet—
Lightest feet that ever might pass
Over the fragrant thyme.

'Perfect weather!' but came the rain,
And the swift electric flash;
There was stoop
And droop
Of the mellowing grain;
There was hush
Of thrush
And of nightingale;
While the thunder's crash
And the strong storm's splash
Fluttered, yet freshened, the foliage frail
With a stern tyrannic reign.

'Tis impossible quite to tell you whether
My rhyme a moral hath.
Not amiss
Take this,
That a young knight's feather,
With a toss
Across
The rain-drencht lawn,
Came, as a path
He made through the rathe
Grass to a chamber far withdrawn,
Where they found it *perfect weather!*

Mortimer Collins.

A Real Education for Women.

By Amelia Lewis.

I.

At this, the latter half of the nineteenth century of our era, *woman*, or one half of mankind, is beginning to ask *man*, or the other half of mankind, for a higher appreciation of her existence. The conditions of such a demand must lie in the results of our civilisation; if they did not, the demand would not be made, since there is no effect without a cause.

This demand for higher appreciation has taken various forms, political and social, but has not yet been defined by those leading principles that elucidate the course of new phases of civilisation. In plain words, we have not yet enquired, 'What is meant by woman's stronger self-assertion?' One party has ridiculed this new movement, the other has condemned it, a third regards it apathetically, and a very small one, a fourth, is ready to support or recognise it. The question, however, resolves itself into a very simple compass: 'Is it necessary for the future well-being of society that woman should occupy a higher position in it as a class, not as an individual?' After all, the whole gist of the matter lies in this class recognition—there has been plenty of individual assertion. Looking at the question whether society will benefit or not by woman's higher position, let us consider the one she occupies now. Can man say that he has guided her intellectual and moral development in such a manner as to have produced a satisfactory result? For man has been the guide of all social development till now, woman having but been influenced by him, as of inferior consideration. Who will say that woman, *as a class*, holds a healthy social position? No one can say it, whatever view he may take of the whole question. If, then, this position is not satisfactory and not healthy, would it be very wrong, very presumptive, to enquire what would improve it? To mix up such vital questions of social life with passionate and illogical denunciation is almost criminal. Surely, humanity is worth a little cool, rational reasoning!

As usual, when action is taken before motives and causes have been cleared up, the action to improve woman's position has been of the most spasmodic nature. Small fractions of female society, chaperoned by single male individuals, who could muster up courage enough to lower their male standard, have set up various nostrums of help for woman's cause; naturally, these efforts have been like little sparks of uncertain lights struggling for very existence in the dense mass of social heavings; but let us pay 'honour where honour is due,' those much maligned female assertive societies have at last made noise enough to direct some attention to the whole question, and must be regarded as the ground-clearers of all the thorns, briars and rubbish, which illogical and unprincipled utility-nations have heaped up for centuries.

It is impossible to deny that a sensible, purposeful, and sound education, must lie at the root of all future efforts to improve woman's position; and it is also impossible to deny that there are actually no means whatever extant to obtain such education. Man has swallowed up all the brain-wealth of the nation for educational purposes, and has graciously thrown some of the broken morsels to the woman. There is positively no soundness in setting up little plans for teaching girls and women a little Greek, a little more Latin, some small amount of mathematics, tentative science, and a motley mass of incongruous subjects, by periodical lectures. What woman wants, is something far different—'a systematic class-teaching, with a sound ground-plan, resting on the requirements of woman's real existence.' For such education no single effort ought to be made, but the female portion of the nation ought to ask it of the male as a meed of justice. Nothing can be done without that medium of human exertions—money; and the money is in the pockets of the men, not the women.

If we then plead for large action in procuring a sound education for woman, what is meant by such a sound education, supposing we deprecate those broken morsels from the table of man's learning. To get at the substance of this question, we must plainly ask what is woman there for in the world? Creation has placed in woman the destiny to be the *mother* of humanity. Around this fixed destiny all her other destinies turn. To be a *mother* she has to be a *wife;* as she has a mother, she must be a *daughter*, and may be a *sister*. These four relations are conditioned by her natural position, and to these relations must refer all the points of her social condition. But is it rational to suppose that she can fulfil the duties of such relations if she has never been awakened to their worth in a 'representative character,' and has merely been the individual property of the other sex, whose individual influence on her may have been according to any individual male character, either good or bad? Is it not time that we should abolish

the law that the woman who steals when her husband tells her to, is doing right? How is it possible that social immorality and inadequate action can be stayed, if in a boy's and young man's education not a quarter of an hour is found to teach them the importance of their social duties, those of *father*, *husband*, *son*, and *brother*; and if on the other hand the girl's whole education has not the aim, how to fulfil her social duties and understand their dignity, but how best to learn to please the eye of man?

In these remarks we naturally only refer to generalities—we take exception of good individual influence—*that* speaks for itself. We only say that individual male influence on the female character must be various, and that till you give the woman another staff to lean on, that staff being her *own* strength, you must be burdened with the increasing moral weakness of the female sex.

What principles ought to underlie female education to make it of a representative character? The broad principle *first*: That woman exists for a purpose, and that this purpose is a great and noble one. 'To be in every way, in every sense of the word the social fosterer of healthy, moral humanity. Being a mother merely, that is, merely bringing forth children, is not the fulfilment of that purpose; God knows how many children had better not be brought into the world; this fostering care involves thousands of other duties. Had man, instead of appropriating woman's individuality, cultivated in her the ability to exercise this fostering care, his directing power and capability would not be now questioned by portions of the female sex.

This word 'fostering-care' must be understood in its right sense; in every social relation; in a higher and lower sense; in a religious, moral, artistic, and utilitarian point of view, has this principle been imbedded in woman's nature and woman's destiny, and qualifying her for this fostering-care, must once for all be the guide to her education.

Our next step will be the consideration: 'What branches of knowledge are required to make woman fit for this sphere from a social point of view; and *secondly*, in which way ought these branches to be taught?'

We have here left aside the consideration of woman's political representation. If men cannot willingly give woman social recognition and sound education, and women begin to think that they can only gain them by obtaining political rights first, why man must be prepared, that one day the women will gain these rights somehow by political pressure, just as one class of men has till now gained rights from the others. But neither political rights nor the right of entering all professions are the *raison d'être* of our paper;—we merely wish to trace a few simple outlines for a general sound female education, fitting woman for healthy social action.

'What branches of knowledge are required to make woman fit for her sphere,' is our first question to be elucidated.

The starting points of human knowledge are firstly those which enable one human being to communicate with another, since upon reciprocate action depends our whole social life. Therefore to learn, by representative sounds of ideas and impressions, to *communicate* with another human being, is to 'learn to speak;' to learn, by representative written or printed signs, to *understand* the ideas and impressions of others, is to 'learn to read;' to learn, by representative written signs, to *communicate* ideas and impressions to others, is to learn to write.

We might think, that to acquire such three ways of communication to *perfection* in our mother-tongue, would be the groundwork of first education; but we all know that it is not, and that the progressive acquisition of our mother-tongue, the knowledge of its rules, and the appreciation of its beauties, was till now scarcely thought worthy of consideration, and is only just beginning to be considered of importance by a few men ahead in modern education.

During the whole course of a girl's education the proper teaching of her own tongue ought to be thought superior to that lacerated system of learning foreign language, which is often but productive of confusion in her brain, when it does not rest, as an accessory, upon the sound knowledge of her own. To learn to speak well, to read well, and to write well, are astounding helps to general education. The mind that is enabled to express, by written and spoken signs, its ideas and impressions clearly and agreeably, to read the ideas and impressions of others appreciatively and attentively,—that mind will never go wool-gathering for sensational impressions and false excitement, because it will possess a dignity of its own.

[*To be continued.*]

A Story of Our Village.

It is many years ago now. I had been living for some time in an old house in the country; there was a quiet little village close by, but we could not see it from the house, which was shut in by large gates, and two great yew trees grew right in front of the hall doors.

At the time I am speaking of the only people in the house besides the servants, were Claudia, Lucy, and myself. It was autumn, and dark gloomy weather. One evening, as it was getting dark, I had taken my work to the window-seat in the passage, partly to benefit by the little light there was left, partly because that window-seat was a favourite place of mine; it looked out on the entrance, and I liked to enliven our somewhat monotonous existence by watching the few people who chanced to come from the village. Generally this 'studying life,' as Claudia called it, was confined to observations on the ducks and hens who delighted to collect round the yew trees. That evening was unusually gloomy, the wind was whistling through the trees and scattering showers of gold and brown leaves, and there was that dreamy, languid feeling in the air peculiar to mild autumn weather.

I said I was sitting at my work, and Lucy was on a low stool at my feet, reading me a description of a Swiss town, bright, sunny, and pleasant—a complete contrast to our weather at home. I was listening to this, and to some of the choruses of 'Robert le Diable,' as they floated up from the music-room, where Claudia was playing, as it seemed to me, with more than usual wildness and power, when, happening to look round, I saw through the window the figure of a tall man in a cloak come up the drive, and stand at the hall door as if listening. I could not distinguish his face, for he kept his head down, but I did not heed him much, supposing he had come on some village errand, and was waiting to speak to one of the servants. I went on working for a few minutes, when it suddenly struck me I had not heard the bell, and on looking again, and not seeing anyone, I said to Lucy, 'Run down into the hall and see if that man is gone, and if not, send some one to ask what he wants.' She went, and an instant after I heard her rush into

the music-room, and cry out, 'There is some one in the study.' Now the study was a room we seldom used; it was a sort of receptacle for old books and curiosities, a sort of family museum, and contained, amongst other things, an old cabinet with a curious silver key; this key Claudia wore on her chatelaine, not that she considered the cabinet to contain anything very valuable, but simply because the key was old and pretty, and there was some tradition of its having belonged to some ancestor who was out in the rebellion of '45. On hearing Lucy's exclamation I immediately ran down, and met Claudia crossing the hall towards the study door, which was partly open. She looked in, and said, 'There is no one there.' We began to think it was only a fancy of the child's, but she so steadily maintained she had seen some one that, more to satisfy her than ourselves, Claudia again entered the room, and I followed her.

There, half hidden by a recess in which the cabinets stand, was the figure of a man, crouching, writhing in every limb, as if in the extremity of terror and suffering. I could only see the trembling of the cloak in which his form was wrapped, but I felt the movements of the body, and became as conscious of it as if I had seen it with my eyes. The face, meanwhile, wore a mocking, fiendish expression, such as no words of mine can describe; it seemed to freeze the blood in my veins, and I felt as if something was clutching at my heart and stopping its beating.

The contrast of expression in the body and face was so wonderful, it seemed as if they belonged to two different beings. I stood rooted to the spot, unable to utter a sound. How long this lasted I do not know, I lost all idea of time; it might have been only a few seconds; but at length the figure gathered itself up, came slowly from the recess, and as it passed out of the room it turned, and casting on us a look of terrible triumph, held out from beneath the folds of the cloak a hand in which was a skull. I heard the words 'IT IS MINE,' and a burst of horrible laughter, and then, without any opening of the hall door, the figure vanished, how or where I do not know. I can only say I saw the figure there one moment, and the next there was mere empty space.

Some days after, when our nerves had a little recovered from the shock they had received, we summoned courage to open the cabinet. We knew it contained a skull which had been procured many years before for some anatomical studies. There was no particular mystery connected with it as far as we knew; in fact, no one had ever thought about it.

On opening the cabinet we found everything else as usual, but the skull was gone; there was not the slightest mark of violence to the lock, and Mary wore the key at her side on that very day.

M. HARTLEY.

Before the Curtain.

A comparison drawn between the audiences of to-day, and those of even thirty or forty years ago, will show some remarkable changes. But if we carry back our comparisons a century or two the change of manners is almost incredible. The audiences who now frequent the most plebeian of east end, or transpontine theatres, are incomparably better behaved than were the fine ladies and gentlemen who patronised Garrick; and these, again, appear refined when placed side by side with those who saw Burbage, or even Betterton act.

Yet in some of the descriptions bequeathed to us by the old writers of the playgoers of their time, there are points which might be excellently applied to certain of the would-be wits and critics of our own generation. Here is a passage extracted from Ben Jonson's 'His Case is Altered.' One of the characters is speaking of the gallants at a new play, 'They have taken such a habit of dislike in all things that they will approve nothing, be it ever so conceited or elaborate. . . A man shall have such a confused mixture of judgment poured out in the throng there as ridiculous as laughter itself. One says he likes not the writing, another likes not the plot, another not the playing, and sometimes a fellow that comes not there past once in five years, at a Parliament time or so, will be as deep-mired in censuring as the best.'

These gentlemen would frequently read during the whole performance, never once deigning to cast a look upon the stage; or play cards, and converse loudly. At holiday times the 'groundlings' were usually riotous in their behaviour, frequently compelling the actors to change the performance advertised for any other play they chose to call for, besides pelting and hooting them unmercifully, and sometimes even destroying the interior of the theatre.

Approbation and disapprobation were then as now expressed by clapping of hands, hisses, groans, and even the word 'the goose' was as well known in Shakespeare's time as in our own. Smoking and nut-cracking were freely indulged in, and orange and refreshment vendors plied their

trade as briskly in the Globe or the Blackfriars, as they do now in the Surrey or the Victoria.

Here is a picture of an audience of the latter part of the sixteenth century, taken from Gosson's 'School of Abuse' (1587) :—"In our assemblies of plays in London you shall see such heaving and shouting, such pitching and shouldering to sit by the women, such care for their garments that they be not trod on, such eyes to their laps that no chips light on them, such mashing in their ears I know not what, such giving them pippins to pass the time, such playing at foot saunt without cards, such tickling, such toying, such smiling, such winking, and such manning them home when the sports are ended, that it is a right comedy to mark their behaviour.'

Here is a companion painting of the age of Charles the Second, taken from Dr. Doran's 'Their Majesties Servants': 'In front of the house Nell Gwynne is seen prattling with the young fops, or lying across any two of them that she may hold converse with a third; the wits are criticising the actors, or conversing with the vizards in the pit; ladies of quality and good character could then appear in masks unattended. Such ladies entered into struggles of wit with the fine gentlemen, bantering them unmercifully, calling them by their names, but refusing to reveal their own, the audience oftener listening to these disputes rather than to the actors, while fine gentlemen talked loudly with pretty orange girls as they combed their periwigs.' Lord Foppington says :—'A man must endeavour to look wholesome lest he make so nauseous a figure in the sidebox that the ladies should be compelled to look at the play.'

Every part of the theatre was open to the fine gentlemen. In the tiring rooms of the actresses they passed the time between the acts, while the stage itself was the most fashionable part of the auditorium. Here crowded the gallants, at times in such numbers as to seriously impede the action of the play, not scrupling to address their conversation to the actresses, even in the most tragic scenes. In 1704 Queen Anne issued a decree forbidding the presence of the public upon the stage. But the rule was soon broken, and in 1732, at Covent Garden, ten shillings and sixpence was charged for a stage seat.

In the time of Dryden the performances commenced at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Our ancestors seem to have been no more particular about desecrating their theatres with vulgar and inferior entertainments than we are ourselves. During the last years of the seventeenth century business so declined at Drury Lane that it was thought necessary to support it by the introduction of dancers, tumblers, strong men, and quadrupeds. When Betterton played Othello at the Haymarket, in 1709, a Mr. Higgins, a posture-master, gave performances *between the acts*! One night,

about the middle of the last century, a notorious quack-doctress, Mrs. Mapp, headed the Drury Lane bill with her name, as patroness, and drew a crowded house; a song being sung in her honour between the pieces. About the same period it was announced that four Indian chiefs would visit the same theatre, on a certain night. The house was crowded, but the chiefs, sitting quietly in their box, were not visible to the gallery. This raised the ire of the celestials, who declared that having paid their money to see the illustrious foreigners, the performance should not proceed until they did see them. The end of it was that the unfortunate chiefs were compelled to leave their box, and seat themselves in a row upon the stage for general inspection.

One formidable abuse which disgraced our theatres from their first foundation until within the memory of many still living, seems to have utterly disappeared. I allude to the theatrical riot. Some of these disturbances were so famous in their time, that they have become a matter of history. One of the earliest theatrical riots of which we have any record, occurred on Shrove Tuesday, in the year 1617, and was raised by those firebrands of ancient London, the apprentices, who in a spirit of, as far as we can learn, mere wanton mischief, attacked and almost entirely destroyed the cockpit theatre in Drury Lane. Payne Collier gives an elaborate description of the event in his 'Annals of the Stage.'

But these disturbances were more frequently the work of the fine gentlemen, the bucks and bloods, than of the *canaille*. The theatre was frequently the scene of their perpetual brawls and duels. An angry word was usually the prologue to a sword thrust, and sometimes not finding sufficient room in the pit, the then resort of the gallants and wits—the Sedleys, the Etheriges, and the Buckinghams—the disputants would spring upon the stage in the midst of the performances, and fall to at cut-and-thrust with sometimes fatal effect. In 1679, some tipsy gentlemen rushed into Lincoln's Inn Theatre, with drawn swords and lighted torches, uttering cries against the Duchess of Portsmouth, who was present at the time, and extremely unpopular. They thrust at the audience, threw their torches upon the stage, and endeavoured to fire the building. In 1721 a certain nobleman crossed the stage to speak to a gentleman who was on the opposite side, during the performance of Macbeth, while the thane and his lady were upon the stage; Rich, the manager, was so indignant at this conduct that he forbade the delinquent to ever again appear behind the scenes. The answer to the interdiction was a blow in the face. Rich drew his sword, the actors supported him, and succeeded in driving the nobleman and his friends out of the theatre. But they soon returned, re-inforced in numbers, entered the front of the house, smashed the mirrors and mouldings, and endeavoured to set fire to the building.

The military were called in, the rioters captured, and the house closed for a week. From that time a guard was appointed to attend at the patent theatres during the performance, a custom which has come down to the present day. In 1754 Garrick brought out a magnificent ballet pantomime, with French dancers. War having just before broken out with France, this engagement excited the indignant patriotism of the pit. A riot ensued, the boxes took part with the dancers, gentlemen incited on by the ladies, drew their swords, and leaped into the pit; the gallery shouted with delight, and pelted both parties, but the pit carried the day, and after smashing everything breakable they could lay hands upon, proceeded in a body to Southampton Street, and broke all the windows in Garrick's house. If in those days, a quiet man ventured to differ in opinion with the bullies of the pit, they pulled his nose, and otherwise maltreated him; but they only grinned when the gentry in the boxes found it convenient to spit upon their heads. A favourite amusement of the roughs was to pelt the actresses dresses with oranges.

One of the most pestilent annoyances of the theatre was the nobleman's footman; he frequently occupied his master's place in the boxes until the arrival of the latter, where he lounged, spit, and threw orange-peel upon the humbler occupants of the pit, and exaggerated all the ill-breeding of 'my lord.' The upper gallery, to which they were admitted gratis, was set apart for these gentry, and was the noisiest part of the house. At length they carried their riotous behaviour to such a height that a courageous manager resolved to withdraw the privilege. This caused, in 1736, a terrible riot, which, notwithstanding the presence of the Prince of Wales, proceeded to the most audacious lengths. The audience took part against the footmen, but the latter mustered strong, and a battle royal ensued, which ended in the defeat of Jeames, and the consignment of eighteen of their number to Newgate. Upon the occasion of the production of the farce of 'High Life Below Stairs,' that severe satire upon their order, they made a last effort to recover their lost power, and rushed in numbers nightly to the theatre to hiss it down.

Riots were occasionally brought about by the opposing claims of popular artistes. In 1704 the town was divided upon the merits of Cuzzoni and Faustina, two opera singers, a difference of opinion which occasioned nightly disturbances at the Opera House, much to the annoyance of neutral people, who came only to hear the singing. The one faction was headed by the Countess of Pembroke, the other by the Countess of Burlington and Lady Delaware, those ladies leading from their boxes the contending shrieks and hisses! More than half a century later, Macklin being dismissed by Fleetwood, the manager of Drury Lane, appealed to the town, and raised a body of partisans, who endeavoured by nightly disturbances and interruptions of the performance, to compel his re-

engagement; but Fleetwood replied by hiring a body of professional pugilists, who pummelled the rioters into silence.

In 1809 occurred the celebrated O. P., or old price riots. These were occasioned by Kemble raising the prices of admission to the new Covent Garden Theatre, the boxes being raised from six to seven shillings; the pit from three shillings and sixpence to four shillings. The public felt itself offended at the erection of a third tier of boxes, which was let at twelve thousand a year, and also at the engagement of Madame Catalani. During sixty-one nights the performance was carried on in dumb show, the voices of the actors, among whom were John Kemble, Cooke, Munden, Charles Kemble, Liston, Mrs. Siddons being drowned by hoots, hisses, cat-calls, watchmen's rattles, coachmen's horns, dustmen's bells, and the monotonous stamp and frantic violence of a species of Carmagnole, called the O. P. dance. The newspapers teemed with squibs and pasquinades against the manager. Placards and gross caricatures of Kemble and his sister were distributed about the town, and men wore the letters O. P. upon their hats and waistcoats; and, in spite of Kemble's unyielding firmness, in spite of constables, warrants, continued arrests, prize-fighters, and even soldiers, these atrocious proceedings ended in the triumph of the rioters.

In 1810 the Giroux riots broke out at the Surrey, then under Elliston's management, in consequence of Miss Giroux, a favourite dancer, having been displaced by Miss Taylor, a rival Terpsichore. These riots were carried on through a number of nights to almost as great an excess as those just described. The appearance of either lady was the signal for a deafening uproar of cheers, applause, groans, and howls;—Elliston was hissed and pelted off the stage when he attempted to address the audience: two public-houses in the neighbourhood altered their signs to 'Giroux' and 'Taylor,' and became the houses of call for the opposing factions; crowds waited nightly at the stage door to hiss or cheer each of the rivals as she entered the theatre: a song entitled 'The Rival Queens' was sung at the Obelisk in Blackfriars Road: hats bore impressions of G. and T., etc., etc. The affair ultimately came to a trial at Westminster, but it was arranged by an apology.

Although we must congratulate ourselves that we are able to visit the theatre without witnessing such scenes, yet with its mischievous propensities seems to have departed all the enthusiasm of the London audience. May not the inferior acting of the modern stage owe something to the frigidity of its patronisers? Colley Cibber says:—'Public approbation is the warm weather of the theatrical plant, which will soon bring it forward to whatever perfection nature has designed it.' Excitement is the very breath of an actor's nostrils, and without applause

there can be no excitement. Apathy is infectious, and is quickly communicated from the audience to the actor.

It is recorded that Barry's utterance of 'Oh, look there!' in the 'Earl of Essex,' caused the critics to burst into tears, and then shake the house with their applause. Many wonderful stories are told of Mrs. Siddons' power over the emotions of her audience. It is said that when she played Jane Shore the men wept, the ladies sobbed and shrieked and fainted. During her performance of Mrs. Beverly, in the 'Gamester,' the pit used to yell at and curse and threaten the villain Stukely; while timid people, afraid of the excitement, would remain in the lobbies, and peer through the small windows of the box doors, content to watch the varying expressions of her countenance. At sanctimonious Edinburgh the general assembly of the kirk was obliged to arrange its meetings with reference to her acting. Crowds would assemble round the theatre door at noon; after the play was over, servants would take up their position on the outside for the night in order to be the first to secure places in the morning. Bannister, speaking of Mrs. Barry, the wife of silver-tongued Barry, not the *protégé* of Rochester, relates that he had seen half the pit start up at her 'Is he alive?' of Lady Randolph.

This extreme sensitiveness was shared in an almost equal degree by the actors themselves. Mrs. Bellamy was so overcome by Woffington's acting as Jocasta, in 'Œdipus,' while playing Eurydice to her, that she fainted away upon the stage. Miss O'Neill was frequently carried off the stage lifeless after the curtain had fallen upon her Isabella or Jane Shore. Mrs. Siddons, in 'Tamerlane,' fell back fainting, overcome by her own acting. So powerful was the effect of the elder Kean's acting in Sir Giles Overreach upon Mrs. Glover that she swooned before the audience.

Similar anecdotes are related of Master Betty and Garrick; when the latter left the stage Johnson said the gaiety of the nation was eclipsed. His farewell, and that of Mrs. Siddons, was marked by such grief and frantic enthusiasm as we can form no conception of. We have none such *artistes* now to be enthusiastic about; but if we had would they stir the cold blood of our modern playgoers? unquestionably not.

Even the gallery has ceased to be deluded 'by the cunning of the scene.' What has become of the jovial sailor, who used to spring upon the stage and pull out his prize-money to pay the hard-hearted creditor of some distressed heroine or aged man? Nobody now hisses Iago, nor warns Othello. Even the stout old lady in coal-scuttle bonnet, with gin-bottle and a basket of provisions sufficient to keep a family for a week, who used to threaten the 'willan' with her umbrella, has only one representative left—Mrs. Brown. The very school-boy in the boxes looks *blasé*. The stage has lost its *reality*. This is largely owing to

the influence of Burlesque, which, not confining itself to the laudable purpose of exposing the absurdities of transpontine melodrama, has held up to ridicule everything that is noble in poetry and exalted in sentiment.

The universal ambition to march shoulder to shoulder with the class above us in the social scale, the besetting and most dangerous sin of the age prompting, as it does, every man and woman to live beyond his or her means, servant girls to dress like their mistresses, tradesmen to ape their customers, and the moderately-wealthy to rival the millionaire, has wrought great changes in theatrical audiences. The frequenters of *the gallery* of the old Haymarket theatre were those who sit in *the dress-circle* now-a-days—professional men, lawyers, doctors, poets, merchants and their wives; the pit was the resort of the critics and the wits; while the boxes were tenanted only by the aristocracy. Fifty years ago a tradesman never dreamed of entering any other part of a theatre than the pit; now his wife and daughters would blush to be detected in the upper boxes. You may behold the young lady who weighed your mutton in the morning seated in the dress-circle in the evening, arrayed in opera-cloak and white kid gloves.

Orchestra stalls have banished the old pit, once the most intelligent part of the house, while a low-priced gallery has admitted an element of ignorance, the presence and importance of which is glaringly apparent in the constant use by dramatic writers of Whitechapel slang, and startling appeals to the virtues and sufferings of that idol of the day—'the working man,' now considered, by actors and authors, so necessary to ensure the success of pieces, and which is slowly but surely banishing all intelligence from the stage.

In the small towns of the agricultural districts still linger some remnants of the old-fashioned audience of our father's days. There managers are still dependent upon the patronage of the surrounding gentry. Upon the bespeak nights there are great gatherings presenting curious studies of character to those used to the dull monotony of town audiences. First and foremost there is the old playgoer who has ceased to frequent the theatre save on such particular occasions, who shakes his head at all modern acting, and after the play adjourns to the bar parlour of the hotel to solemnly smoke a long pipe, and tell long stories about the actors of his youth. Then there are the serious people who object to such places, and have only come because Mr. So-and-So presented them with tickets; old ladies and gentlemen of extremely sour aspects, who never relax the preparatory moral look with which they await the shocking things they are convinced all plays are filled with. Then there are the serious young men of Christian associations, and the serious young ladies who with much difficulty and after many anxious

inquiries as to whether there would be anything improper, have been prevailed upon to take tickets in honour of the patron, but who, in spite of all assurances to the contrary, look at first extremely uncomfortable, in anticipation of something dreadfully wicked coming every moment; thawing, however, gradually into a state of high delight. Nor must we forget the pleasant buxom people who do not visit the theatre very often, but when they do, thoroughly enjoy themselves; these are always accompanied by happy-faced children, who make the house ring with their boisterous merriment. Besides these, there are all the Misters and Misses, and Mrs. Somebodys, who go only because all the other Misters, and Misses, and Mrs. Somebodys go, and the farmers in the pit, who laugh until they are purple in the face, at the comedy, but grow uneasy at the serious portions of the play—the rustics in the gallery who have been treated by the masters, who stare at their stage in opened-mouthed wonder. And lastly, the magnate of the night, the sir or the lord, who sits in the box, surrounded by his friends, really enjoying the performance, upon whom all eyes are frequently turned. Of course everybody laughs when he laughs, and everybody applauds when he applauds. The town-bred may laugh at these unsophisticated people, but there will be found amongst them many of taste and education, who would not endure the slang trash of a burlesque, or the exciting rubbish of sensation dramas, but who can still relish the polished wit of our elder playwrights.

A notable contrast to this picture is to be found in the brutal audiences of the manufacturing towns of the midlands and the north, into the theatres, of which, always excepting the great towns, respectability seldom enters. To gratify the taste of a threepenny gallery, the most bloodthirsty of dramas and the most stilted of actors must be provided. I remember hearing a north countryman sum up his praise of an actor in these words:—'Eh, he's a foine actor, look what big legs a's got!' When Charles Matthews visited the potteries, on a starring engagement of two nights, he was regarded by the pit and gallery as a positive swindle. 'Call that acting?' cried a fellow, 'I wouldn't go to see such a muff again if I was paid for it!'

Any dissertation upon audiences would be incomplete without a passing glance at the manager's *bête noire*—the order audience. Of all human assemblies that is the dullest, except when packed to make a new play or a new artiste. There is an unmistakable look about the order, a look of sponged, furbished-up silk, suits of black revived by ammonia, a wet towelling of hats, mouldy gloves which have long laid hidden in dark drawers, gloves worn with closed hands to conceal the dilapidations and abbreviated fingers; in short, a general appearance of seediness, dry rot and uncomfortableness, and over all an air of dull dejection. Orders

never applaud, and are always dissatisfied. Oblige a friend with an order, ask him next morning how he liked the play, he will be sure to find a hundred faults with that which would have delighted him, *had he paid.*

It has been said that the stage influences the manners and morals of the age; the reverse of the axiom would be nearer the truth. There has been a great deal of rubbish talked and written of late, to the effect that theatrical managers should produce such works only, without regard to the question of profit or loss, as would tend to the elevation of public taste. But where is the money to come from for such Quixotic speculations? If the public will have hashed-up novels, gorgeous scenery, trained supers, and very bad actors; turpentine, tow and red-fire; burlesques dished up from materials used for the hundredth time, which have not even the merit of being funny; and prefer to actresses pretty-faced dolls, who pay to act, whose only ideas of art are a tow-coloured wig and a liberal display of legs, arms, and bust; and whose talents lie in leering at the stalls, slang songs, vulgar dances, and imitations of the idiotcies of inane Concert Hall singers;—I repeat, if the public is satisfied with these things, the manager will naturally say 'What is it to me while my treasury fills?' Managers and authors of the present day are neither better nor worse than were their predecessors of two or three centuries back. Shakespeare, Alleyne, Dryden, Congreve, and Sheridan catered and wrote to please the public taste as much as do Chatterton, Swanborough, Halliday, Burnand, and Byron.

To conclude, with the words of that shrewd observer and admirable judge of all things histrionic, Colley Cibber, 'It is not to the actor, therefore, but to the vitiated and low taste of the spectator, that the corruptions of the stage (of what kind soever) have been owing. If the public, by whom they must live, had spirit enough to discountenance and declare against all the trash and fopperies they have been so frequently fond of, both the actors and the authors, to the best of their powers, must naturally serve their daily table with sound and wholesome diet.'

Mr. Irving at the Lyceum, and Mr. Vining at the Olympic

A great cry has gone up of late that there is no good acting to be seen on the English stage; and to this some have added that there is nothing worth acting. Let those who hold this opinion go and see Mr. Irving in 'The Bells,' an adaptation of the 'Juif Polonais' of MM. Erkmann-Chatrian, called a dramatic study; this work is in reality a psychological study in a dramatic form. It is the presentment of a man in whom the latent remorse for a crime committed fifteen years back is suddenly aroused by a peculiar combination of circumstances, and whom so aroused, it drives to death. To represent adequately the agonies of a murderer's conscience; to fix the mind of the spectator on every look, every action, every word of the criminal, as being a real phase in the working of human life; to exhibit the tortures of a mind struggling against an invincible fate, and finally borne down by it, and to do this so that horror at the murderer is mixed with pity for the man—is an effort requiring extraordinary power. Mr. Irving does all this; his genius and his mastery of his art appear from first to last alike in the great effects which strike the imagination at once, and in the apparently trivial touches which go to make the picture perfect. At his first entrance, when he appears only as the burgomaster, rich, prosperous, respected, joyfully greeting and greeted by his family after his long tramp through the snow, he shows us, beneath the pleasure that lights up his face for the moment, the weary hunted look that memory, though overcome by his strong will, has been moulding his features to for fifteen years, and that deepens so terribly as the will gives way and the punishment that has waited all those years overtakes him in the hour of his success. Nothing can be more natural, more artistic, than his manner throughout this scene, the contest in his house, his wife and his daughter, the account he gives them of the performances of a mesmerist whom he has seen, the slight

movement of repulsion at the mention of his victim's undiscovered fate, the terror that seizes him when he hears the jingling of bells as of those that rung on the Polish Jew's sledge, and finds that they are heard by him alone. This terror is succeeded by an effort to shake it off, to regard it as the consequence of a mere passing indisposition. Mathias is left alone; he cheers his sinking heart with more wine, he has chased the phantoms that clouded his brain; he turns to go to his room, and there, facing him, is the vision of himself advancing to strike the Polish Jew down from his sledge in the falling snow; and at this, with a cry of horror that thrills the audience, he falls to the ground. This cry is given in a descending octave, a method which we have heard that Edmund Kean and Rachel both used to employ with great effect. Certainly we can imagine nothing that would give a clearer idea of an utter breakdown of all the faculties of body and mind at a sudden shock than this cry as given by Mr. Irving. It is to the full as effective as the low moan by which Mdlle. Favart told of the complete prostration of the heroine at the end of De Musset's 'Les Caprices de Marianne.' When the curtain rises again we see Mathias ill, exhausted; but the strong will is still striving with the coming horror, whose approach seems written on the now anxious face. His looks of irritability at the physician's advice, his relief at being left alone, the attempts to persuade himself that all must go well with him, the weird smile with which he congratulates himself on his force and cunning, and eagerly counts out his daughter's dowry, the spoils of his victim, in the midst of which he comes suddenly upon one of the very gold pieces which he took from the Jew's girdle, are admirably depicted. It is with great art that the extreme tenderness of Mathias for his wife and daughter is so strongly brought out in this act: it is impossible to see the hard, guilt-stained man relaxing into the softest affection, the tired, wandering eyes seeming to find a moment's rest in looking into the young girl's face, without being moved to pity. There are two really great effects in this scene: one during the conversation about the murder of the Polish Jew, which Christian, the captain of gendarmes, and son-in-law-to-be of Mathias, introduces. He thinks he has solved the mystery of the entire disappearance of the body. Mathias listens quietly and watchfully as he goes on to explain that there are many lime-kilns about; the body must have been burnt. Mathias congratulates him on his ingenuity; no doubt it must have been so; strange it should never have occurred to any one else. Christian goes on to say that if he had been captain of gendarmes at the time he would have made searching inquiries of all the owners of lime-kilns. Then Mathias seizes him, blazing up into a sudden fury. 'Take care, take care,' he cries; and recovering himself, breaks into a laugh. 'Take care—ha, ha! Why I was an owner of lime-kilns myself at the time.'

The sudden flash of pent-up passion and terror, and the equally sudden conversion of it to a jest as the man sees the danger he is in by losing his self-command, are wonderfully impressive. So, too, is the close of the act: the marriage contract has been signed; Mathias feels himself safe at last; he has got the captain of gendarmes for a son-in-law; yet as he listens to his daughter's singing, and beats time mechanically to the music, you can read in his eyes that his thoughts have again gone back to that night, fifteen years ago, when he saw the Jew lying dead in the snow. Twice during this scene the dreaded jingle of the bells has sounded in his ears; twice he has shuddered at it, and it has passed; now, as the song concludes, and the guests begin to dance, he hears the bells again ringing through the music, and he starts up and defies them, and rushes into the midst of the dance with a wild gaiety like that of Hamlet at the conclusion of the play scene. There is something terrible in the desperation of his courage and the madness of his mirth. But the great trial and triumph of the actor are reserved for the last act. The festivities are concluded; Mathias retires to a room apart, ostensibly for coolness and quiet, really because he is afraid of talking in his sleep. As soon as he is alone he bolts the door; now he need fear nothing; there is a strange vanity in his success, mixed with his forebodings; he retires to a bed in an alcove to seek sleep. Then the wall at the back disappears, and in its place we see the dream of Mathias: he is a prisoner in a Court of Justice, arraigned for the murder of the Polish Jew. The proceedings are conducted with that strange mixture of reality and impossibility which belongs to a dream: Mathias starts up and defies the judges, appeals to the bystanders whether it can be anything but a dream; how else could he be there in such a dress before such judges? But this attempt to wake fails, and the vision goes on unrelentingly to the end. Mathias is accused of hearing the sound of bells; he denies it with all his energy, and even as he speaks the terrible clinking sounds in his ears again. Still he refuses to confess; and the judges send for the mesmerist, of whom we have heard in the first act, and by his influence the prisoner is sent, after a painful struggle, into a trance, and compelled to rehearse the whole circumstances of the murder. This is a most daring thing to do on the stage; the least overshooting or the least falling short of the mark would have made the effect ludicrous; but Mr. Irving's representation is appalling. We see Mathias gradually overcome by his sacred thirst for gold, stealthily creeping out to wait for the Jew; we see his big burst of relief when he thinks his intended victim must have passed; but while he is yet thanking Heaven for saving him from crime, the chink of the bells is heard; then there is a rush, a blow as if with an uplifted axe, and all is over. The first remorse, the struggle against it, the clutch at the girdle of gold, the

loathing and difficulty with which Mathias appears to raise the body, stagger with it to the lime-kiln, thrust it in, and look over the brink—and then the cry of 'Those eyes, how they glare!'—all this is represented with such truth as to produce a death-like cold in the spectator. Mathias is waked from his trance, is shown the written account of all that he has described, and, moaning horribly, hears himself sentenced to death, and falls fainting. The dream is over; the wall closes up again; it is morning, the church bells are pealing joyously, and Christian and a crowd of villagers are knocking at Mathias's door. Finally they break it in, Mathias staggers among them with the impress of his dreadful dream marked on his face and figure; he is supported on a chair, his heavy, fast-glazing eyes wander round the group without recognising anything external: his hand goes up to his throat with a sort of feeble despair, then the jaw drops, the eyes fix, the head falls forward, and he is dead. So wonderful is the acting of the whole of this scene, that it is a positive relief to see Mr. Irving before the curtain after its conclusion. Even then we go away shuddering, but unable to resist going back to sup full of horrors again.

Had I seen the 'Woman in White' on the first night, I might have formed a most unbiassed opinion of its merits or demerits, but the questionable taste which has brought so prominently before the public the perfect disagreement of the critics as to the value of Mr. Vining's performance of Count Fosco, rather prejudiced me unfavourably, and I went to the Olympic distinctly unprepared to take a kind view of anything. Now I do not pretend to be a dramatic critic, first, because most of the dramatic critics I know seem to have been specially selected on account of their utter ignorance of dramatic art; and secondly, because, as I hope one day to write for the stage myself, I am endeavouring in my humble way to learn something about the stage, its working and accessories, all of which I believe to be directly contrary to the first principles of the dramatic critics of the day. Having now satisfied my personal vanity with this little digression, I will come to give my impression of Count Fosco as played by Mr. Vining as honestly as I can, premising beforehand that the letter of Mr. Wilkie Collins to the press has had not the slightest effect upon me, as I am of opinion that that good gentleman could have done nothing less, unless he wished to ruin his own piece. Let me at once state that I never gave Mr. Vining credit for versatility sufficient to play a part so entirely removed from those with which his name has hitherto been identified. I was most agreeably surprised, and yet, to be honest, I felt all through the piece a desperate inclination to jump on the stage and play the part myself. This desperate inclination during the performance has since given my brains, such as they are, a great deal of trouble, and has caused a large consumption

of tobacco, through the clouds of which I have hit upon an idea—a rare thing with me. This idea tells me that generally no actor will ever perfectly perform a character in a piece that has been dramatised from a work much read. When I say perfectly, I mean that the audience know more of the character beforehand than the actor can possibly give them in the time allotted to him, and that many touches, however slight, that go to make the novelist's created whole, must, from many reasons, be omitted when such novel is dramatised. Hence Mr. Vining's Count Fosco is rather to be criticised as the Count Fosco given by Mr. Wilkie Collins in his drama than as the Count Fosco given by Mr. Wilkie Collins in his novel, and the critic should commence by considering whether Mr. Wilkie Collins has done himself justice before he proceeds to analyse Mr. Vining's performance. In my opinion Mr. Wilkie Collins has done himself justice, and Mr. Vining plays Count Fosco well. I was immensely impressed with the close of the drama, which shows that the author is an artist of no common order, though I am somewhat inclined to think that had the novel never been written, the effect upon the audience would not have been so complete, and I say this simply from a conviction that the dramas with which the public have lately been nauseated have almost destroyed all appreciativeness for dramatic art of a high order. Were Mr. Vining so perfect a master of broken English as Mr. Alfred Wigan, had he spent his theatrical life on the boards of the Haymarket instead of elsewhere, his creation, the imperfections being removed, would entitle him to rank with the best artists this country had ever seen. At times Mr. Vining is too coarse for so polished, so sleek a man as Count Fosco, and at times, too, all effect is lost by the actor's utter ignorance of broken English, as spoken by educated foreigners. His manner throughout is too *prononcée*, and many good points and situations are spoilt because the audience are left in doubt as to whether to laugh or cry—a fatal error.

I cannot close my short notice of this drama without saying that there was one character which gave me unalloyed pleasure, and that was the Marion Halcombe played by Mrs. Viner.

Have you seen the 'Irish Lion' at the Haymarket? If not, go and see it. Mr. Arnott is excellent, and will no doubt rapidly make a great reputation, especially as he is not only hardworking but exceedingly painstaking. His acting is somewhat hurried, a fact I believe to be greatly owing to his piece being the last of a somewhat lengthy programme. Still he is excellent.

Mr. Arthur Helps 'On Government.'[1]

Although this most recent work of the author of 'Friends in Council' was written, as we gather from various incidental expressions, some months before the publication of Mr. Herbert Spencer's paper on 'Specialised Administration,' in the last number of the 'Fortnightly Review,' it is, in fact, a statement of the case on the other side, requiring little adaptation to meet the last *plaidoyer* of the *laissez faire* school of politicians. It is, of course, much more than this; for Mr. Helps is wont to be discursive, and the plan on which 'Thoughts upon Government' is written, gives him ample room to digress in his own pleasant fashion. We have also presented to us in a concentrated form the experience of a public service as varied and extended as any man living can point to, and the gathered fruit of ripe reflection on the working of that State machinery which so few have an opportunity of watching close and long. But though all this has an interest and a value such in kind as only Mr. Helps could give it, it is especially to the discussion of the limits of governmental action that we are attracted. Although the debating of abstract principles in politics is too often the ideal beating of the air, the question of 'the sphere and duties of Government,' to use Wilhelm Von Humboldt's phrase, has a practical as well as a scientific side. It underlies all social wants and all demands for the satisfaction of those wants; every act of administration and every legislative endeavour depend upon its just settlement. For though there are the widest divergencies of opinion on the subject, there is a general agreement that if Government does what is outside of its province, or if it fails to do what is within its province, the State suffers injury.

The controversy between the two schools of speculative politicians, those who would make the State do all or nearly all the organised work of the nation, and those who would make the State do little or nothing, has broken out afresh, as the recent skirmish between Professor Huxley and

[1] 'Thoughts on Government,' by Arthur Helps.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has shown. We are only concerned at present with the opinion of the author of these 'Thoughts on Government.' The position which he assumes is simple enough, and yet it has been disputed by men of such eminence as Macaulay and Von Humboldt. Ideally, no doubt, the best form of government would be that which would leave the individual, to use the words of the great Prussian statesman, 'free to attain the highest and most harmonious development of his powers to a complete and consistent whole.' And this, of course, would be accomplished most effectively by permitting the citizen to do for himself everything within the scope of his ability, and not to call in the aid of the State, except for work which, from its magnitude and complexity, ceased of necessity to be individual and became national. Thus the defence of the country against a foreign enemy, and the struggle with domestic lawlessness, are functions which, at a very early stage in civilisation, became national. Even Mr. Herbert Spencer would not desire to withdraw the work of the police and of the army from the control of the State. Yet there were times when a man's own strong arm was his only defence against the enemy or the robber. The concentration of national life in cities and nations has made military defence and police matters of costly and complex organisation, and therefore has given them in charge to governments. But Mr. Spencer, and other advocates of the *laissez faire* system, refuse to see that civilisation as it advances has made other things complicated also; that the aggregation of people in masses, which is the result of the modern development of city life, has rendered almost every human want gigantic, and has dwarfed individuals as compared with needs. Many writers—Macaulay, we believe, among them—have maintained that as the progress of science and the increase of wealth have added to man's powers of coping with material nature, there will henceforth be less and less necessity for the interference of Government. Mr. Helps shows that, allowing for this increase of power, man's individual capacity to supply many of his most vital wants has not kept pace with the growth of the difficulties arising out of a complex civilisation. He instances lighting, water supply, draining, sewerage, and means of locomotion as being thus taken out of the category of individual effort, and brought within the sphere of Government. 'I maintain,' he says, 'that the wisest and the richest man amongst us, and the man, too, who shall have the most leisure, is perfectly incompetent, especially if he lives in a great town, to provide for himself some of those primary requisites of life.' The division of labour, which is necessitated by and concomitant with civilisation, has a tendency in the same way to limit the direct influence of each labourer, whether in the intellectual or the material world, to the work in which he is directly concerned. It is only through the State, Mr. Helps points out, that the individual citizen

can insist upon the protection of his indirect interests in matters, direct dealing with which he has surrendered to others. Of course, too, from the time that States have once been organised, it is the Government alone that can deal with matters of colonial or foreign policy. Mr. Helps also believes that as the tenure of property has become more and more complex with the progress of the world, the interference of Government for the protection of the interests of individuals must become more and more frequent and various. The sum of Mr. Helps' doctrine is that instead of receding from what is nick-named paternal government, we should advance further into it. But he is careful to point out that in England, with its Parliament as at present constituted, where individual interests are very powerful, governmental interference on behalf of the public good is sure always to be kept within bounds, and that from the character of the people themselves, who are least of all men willing to have their action fettered needlessly, excessive interference will always be unpopular. In all this we might heartily agree with Mr. Helps, but we think he underrates the difficulties of the case when he urges that paternal government would prevent revolution. He believes that, if Government were to interfere largely for the protection of the people and for the supply of its most pressing wants, the masses would become attached by ties of affection as well as loyalty to the existing order of things. But is this pleasant theory consistent with facts. Let us take the most vital of all the questions, which, having baffled individual effort, now calls loudly upon the State for its solution. Sanitation would deal with two of the most urgent wants of human beings. It would give the poor pure air and pure water, but can we believe therefore that the masses in England, ignorant as they are and resentful of interference with their daily life, would regard with anything else than a feeling of irritation the measures of a Government which would undertake the task of expelling dirt from the homes of the English labouring classes. The task would be a great and noble one, and some English Minister must ere long undertake it. But though he may lay up for himself a treasure of glory in the future, he will be for a time one of the most unpopular ministers that has ever ruled in England, as detested by the millions with whose pathetic ignorance he has meddled as though he had enforced a poll-tax.

So much for the sphere of government as defined by Mr. Helps. His speculations on the limits within which the legislative power should be allowed to interfere with the administrative power are not less interesting, but they are marked distinctly with the characteristics of the writer's official training and experience. All that he said of the evils of parliamentary interference may be quite just, but it is all said and seen from the administrative point of view. Admitting the waste of time, the worry

and weakness caused by the needless and fussy meddling of Parliament with the details of public administration, we do not see how these are to be controlled without depriving Parliament of what is its essence, its critical function. Parliament has to call to power, and to maintain in power, certain statesmen to whom administration is entrusted, and if it be deprived of the right to enquire into the manner in which those duties are discharged, how can it make a reasonable choice between competing statesmen, or be sure that it is giving its confidence to the ablest. It appears, however, that Mr. Helps would not only reduce parliamentary criticism as far as possible, but would divide the remaining part of the work of Parliament more equally than at present between two deliberative assemblies. On the question of the necessity of a Second Chamber there is a good deal more to be said than Mr. Helps has attempted to say. A single legislative body, he says, will make the mistakes individuals are prone to do about time and occasion, 'they will be eager to attempt what they have not time to accomplish, and will be prone to exaggerate the urgency of the occasion.' To correct these evil tendencies a check is needed, and this check is supplied, the author thinks, by a well-constituted Second Chamber. The House of Lords as at present constituted, says Mr. Helps, does not do the work, or even provide the restraint, which a Second Chamber should do and should provide; and he concludes that it would be very unwise, if it were possible, to maintain the House of Lords as a Second Chamber for Great Britain without considerable modifications. Indeed we have seen what purpose the 'check' has served in domestic politics for the last quarter of a century. It has dammed up, each time that it has been used, the stream of some popular demand which before was flowing smoothly and slowly, until the cry acquired force sufficient to bear down resistance, and to destroy what at first it would have left uninjured. A reform of the House of Lords such as would satisfy Mr. Helps would include life-peerages, official peerages, and a restriction of the hereditary peerages, which would exclude inexperienced youths from the right to sit and vote as legislators. We shall not express an opinion on this scheme, because, for one thing, it is unlikely to become a practical question at present. A question upon which Mr. Helps is, perhaps, better qualified to offer an opinion, is the recruitment of able men for the public service. The need of men, and not mere copying machines, need hardly be insisted upon. Good men in Government employment are now more necessary than ever. As Mr. Helps points out, criticisms of all kinds and interests of all kinds are more powerful than they ever were, and Government requires to be proportionately strengthened. But is competitive examination the best method of finding the best men? Mr. Helps' judgment on it is very severe. He points out that hardly one of the qualities required in an

efficient public servant—zeal, fidelity, truth, reticence, caution, despatch, and power of sustaining responsibility—can be tested by an examination in the subjects ordinarily taught in schools, or specially crammed. He quotes a proposal of a humorous friend—'If you were to try the candidates in whist, there might be a chance of discerning whether they would be capable of dealing with the real business of the world.' Mr. Helps, indeed, argues that rapidity in acquiring knowledge is an indication that a youth possesses rather a certain receptiveness or docility of mind than that decisiveness and independent judgment which are the principal necessities for the conduct of business. It is well that we should be reminded, in these days when competitive examination is worshipped as a kind of fetish, of its manifold shortcomings; and Mr. Helps's large experience gives particular weight to his warnings. After all, we must consider what is the class of persons whom we have decided to choose for the public service by competitive examination. We have to select very young men without any previous experience of the world, with characters, perhaps, hardly yet formed, and destined to serve for a long time in very subordinate positions. Suppose a statesman, with abundant leisure to make his choice of his subordinates, and few statesmen have such leisure; suppose him competent, as few men are, to judge character rapidly and justly; suppose him freed, as no party man can be freed, from influences tending to that which we called jobbery, there would yet remain the supreme difficulty of picking the fittest public servants out of a mass of raw boys. Such selection would be at the best but guesswork, and competitive examination, though a rough and ready rule of thumb, is perhaps as good a method of choice as any guesswork could be. On the other hand, there are benefits in the system now adopted which Mr. Helps does not deny. The cause of education is furthered among the middle classes by the opening of public appointments to competition. Popular jealousy of the bureaucracy as a semi-aristocratic and exclusive institution loses its *raison d'être*. But the main advantage is that it relieves statesmen in office from the painful and even intolerable presence of demands which cannot be satisfied without injustice to the public, and cannot be rejected without alienating political support. We most cordially agree with Mr. Helps that to extend the system higher in the public service would be mischievously fatal. As a test of admission it is not worse, at least, than any other that can be suggested; but when the men have been once enlisted and set to their work, their superiors have means of estimating their powers superior to any examination that the wit of Cannon Row could devise.

We wish that we had space or time to follow Mr. Helps through his thoughtful and interesting observations on this subject. But we must glance at a few of his opinions on other questions. His ideas, for

example, on foresight in Government well deserve the attention of all political thinkers. It must have occurred to every one who has considered the working of politics, that though our Cabinets now are larger, as a rule, by one-third than they were at the commencement of the century, our statesmen appear to have less and less leisure for large and provident schemes of legislation. Ten Cabinet Ministers composed Mr. Pitt's first Administration; the present Government includes no less than sixteen; yet we doubt if the elder generation of statesmen were so overpowered with administrative labour and legislative projects as the latter. Mr. Helps points out that one result of this increase of work is that members of a government 'have neither the leisure, nor the heart, nor the spare intellectual energy to devote to a large consideration for the future.' And the work, he adds, is done, therefore, mainly by writers who have neither the responsibility of office to sober them, nor the experience of affairs to guide them. Yet it is these persons who educate the public mind by the discussion of a question until it grows into practical importance, and statesmen are brought face to face with a strongly defined opinion, which they have had no share in moulding or directing, and therefore, he argues, it is most unwise for men to contend for the abolition of those places in the Government—the Privy Seal, for instance, and the Duchy of Lancaster, which it is the fashion with some radical politicians to denounce as sinecures. 'Remember,' he says, 'that if the miller and his men are always employed in grinding for the necessities of the day, and there is no one left a little outside to watch the course of the stream, it may fail some day when it is most wanted; or it may come down in one tumultuous overflow, sweeping away the mill, the miller, and his men, broadening, as it goes, into one vast torrent of destruction.' The force of this argument and apologue would be greater if the places to which Mr. Helps refers had always been filled with the most far-seeing statesmen, and had not been used as a sort of out-door relief to superannuated partisans, or to supply, as Lord Dufferin lately complained, a 'maid-of-all-work' for the Government.

It is needless to say that Mr. Helps's chapters on the education of a statesman, on improvement in contrast with reform, and of the want of time for statesmanship, are full of acute observation, profound thought, and suggestive criticism. The work, however, to some of the salient points to which we have directed attention, eminently deserves to be read and pondered as a whole. Its scope and purpose may be fairly understood from the following sentences of the dedication to a statesman whose calm judgment, earnest application to business, and zeal for the public interest, are qualities which form a bond of congeniality with the author of 'Friends in Council.' 'I have, however, another motive,' writes Mr. Helps to Lord Derby, 'independently of friendship or of

association in by-gone labours, for dedicating this work to you. I do so mainly because I do not know of any statesman of the present day who will be more inclined to appreciate whatever truth and force there may be in that chapter of the work which sets forth the large and frequent opportunities for judicious action in political affairs which belong to the improver in contrast with the reformer. I believe that you will thoroughly sympathise with my views on this subject, and that you will agree with me in thinking that, without ignoring the largest and deepest political questions, more of the social well-being of the people may be made to depend upon improvement in the matters which I have alluded to than even in what are called great reforms. If this work should find some favour with men like yourself, but not otherwise, I propose to give a second series of "Thoughts upon Government," which I have already prepared in part, and which series will deal with the action of Government in such matters as emigration, education, recreation, war and the preparation for war.' There can be little doubt that the condition on which this promise is made will be fulfilled, for even those who dissent most emphatically from many of Mr. Helps's conclusions will admit gratefully that he touches no subject deserving of serious thought without enlightening as well as adorning it.

E. D. J. Wilson.

A Kiss.

Just one kiss: two faces met,
But the brows were knit and the cheeks were wet;
Just one kiss: then up and away;
But its mark will last for many a day.

Just one kiss and just one word,
Softly spoken and hardly heard;
Just one word that was said through tears,
And told the story of all the years.

Just one look from the deep dark eyes,
Just one grasp at a glorious prize;
Just one kiss—then up and away;
But ah! such a heavy debt to pay.

Walter Herries Pollock.

The Opening of the Riksdag.

If there is one European State which one might confidently set down as unlikely to be involved in war, that State is Sweden. She is quite contented with the terms of her union with Norway, and the content is mutual; she has neither the power nor the will to be aggressive; and it would be hard even for a Bismarck to find a plausible pretext for attacking her. Still, Sweden, like other countries, has an army, and wishes it to be as good an article of its kind as possible; and Sweden has ears, which listened pretty closely to the plain speaking of last autumn's Krupp and needle-guns; and the result is an extraordinary session of the Diet, convened for the special purpose of considering a complete plan of army reorganisation, after the successful Prussian model. This is a subject of which everybody has heard so much lately that I need not trouble you with the details of the Government measure, which may be briefly described as a scheme for making a soldier of every full-grown man between the ages of twenty-one and forty. But the ceremony of opening the Riksdag really deserves some description, especially to English folk, who have perforce grown accustomed to royal speeches read by deputy, with, at most, a show of royal robes laid over a chair. Between one and two o'clock a small and eminently docile crowd of ticket-holders is admitted into a couple of narrow temporary galleries in Rikssalm, a long, narrow chamber in the royal palace, where the Chambers come to meet their king. Half an hour's waiting, for king and deputies are at a solemn service in Stora Kyskan (the Great Church), and the sermon is a long one; so we have plenty of time to make acquaintance with Sergel's sculptures, and be impressed by the rather funereal hangings of the room—the royal colour, dark indigo blue, bespattered with crowns—and the solid silver chair on the dais. And now there is a trampling of feet, and, two and two, up the whole length of the room, come the members of the First Chamber, the Conservative element in the State. The aristocracy lost their peculiar legislative privileges eight years ago, but they have entered for and fairly won

ample representation here. There are orders, and stars, and ribbons enough on the breasts of these gentlemen to satisfy an Oriental diplomat. Soberly they take their places to the right front of the throne; a decent pause, and enter the direct representatives of the population, the Deputies of the Second Chamber. Mark them well, for there is no such House of Commons to be seen elsewhere in the world. Under the new constitution every member of the Second Chamber must be actually resident in the electoral district he represents; so here we have in numbers real peasants, hard-headed independent yeomen from Norrland, Nerike, and Dalecarlia, the men whom their neighbours in the country districts have picked out, generally by common consent, as the fittest exponents of their views on public affairs. In the homeliest black coats, and distinguished only by the white tie which is *de rigueur* for every lay member on such high occasions, they plod placidly to their places among their richer and more fashionably clad fellow members from the towns. Look at that stalwart Dalecalian. He has seen no reason to put off his national costume, the long cassock-like cloak and white homespun stockings, to which he cleaves more fondly than a Highlander to his plaid and sporran, and as he strides along, towering a head above the rest, you feel that you see there a natural leader of the people, a veritable king of men. As soon as all are seated, a magnificent official waves his cocked hat to a military band overhead, the National Air strikes up, and to the sound of the music a procession advances, through a side entrance near the dais, of the most approved theatrical fashion. First, a score or two of blue-and-yellow body guards, got up in the dress of Sweden's Charles XII., then a couple of real live heralds, in waving plumes, tabards, and—O lame and impotent conclusion!—trousers, then the Corps Diplomatique, the generals and the ministers, with heralds sandwiched in between them, and last of all, His Majesty Charles XV., looking just as if he had stepped out of an illustrated history, with his royal crown on his head, and his royal sceptre in his hand, and his royal crimson robe depending from his shoulders. In a clear manly voice he reads a short speech, to the effect that a stitch in time saves nine, and he hopes his Ministers' proposals—which are understood to be also his own—will be carried. The Speakers of the two Chambers, Count Zagerbjelke and the Archbishop of Sweden, successively advance, bow, and say a few words which don't commit them to anything; then the band strikes up again, the royal procession marches off the stage as stiffly as it came upon it, and the members of the Diet may go off to their Rikdagshus, and get to work as quickly as they please.

This afternoon, however, they don't please. Business is business, as none know better than the peasant and clerical members of the Second Chamber—in which, by the way, there is a considerable sprinkling of

Lutheran country parsons, who, like the peasants, have flocks to feed at home; but everybody knows what 'all work and no play' makes of Jack, so our honourable friends take 'pleasure first and business afterwards' for their motto, and crowd into the little steamers for Hasselbacken. What would not poor Londoners give for a Hasselbacken? The *cuisine* of the Trois Frères without the drawback of the Trois Frères' prices; the coloured lamps, and music, and fireworks of Cremorne, without any of Cremorne's objectionable features, and water carriage of the smoothest and pleasantest kind to and from the very heart of Stockholm in five minutes, at a penny fare. This fine afternoon the restaurant and its gardens are swarming with visitors of all ranks and both sexes. There at one of the garden-tables a knot of peasant deputies, still in their white ties and Sunday-going black, are making holiday over a bottle of Apsala punch; there is the Governor of Stockholm chatting with one of the Ministers over a cup of after-dinner coffee; and, as I live, up there on the verandah, in the sight of gods and men, sits the Archbishop of Sweden, in ordinary layman's dress and black tie, the centre of a festive party of half a dozen, whose array of wine-glasses proclaim them bent upon having a good time. Fancy His Grace of Canterbury among such surroundings! It must be remembered, though, that the Lutheran Church makes no claim to preserving the Apostolic Succession, and allows of a general being turned at once into a bishop, if appointed; and probably Archbishop Sundberg considers that when he is at Stockholm in the character of Speaker of the Second Chamber, his archiepiscopal existence is *pro. tem.* suspended. At any rate, no one feels inclined to be uncharitable at Hasselbacken, where everyone has come for enjoyment, and can't in reason object to any neighbour coming to do likewise. Some years ago a club existed at Stockholm, whose members were troubled with no local habitation, and only three rules, namely:—I. Members drink a glass of wine after every dish of fish; II. Every dish is fish except ötmjölk (a kind of cards) and pancakes; III. Members never eat ötmjölk or pancakes. I fancy that most people who dine at Hasselbacken would have liked to belong to that old club. Who dine, I say; for of course the great majority of the open-air crowd are taking nothing more than a glass of punch or toddy, tea or coffee, and have come here to enjoy the excellent performance of Herr Gung'l's orchestra from Vienna—though the illustrious *chef d'orchestre* does rather overload the programme with productions of his own—and to wait for Beethoven's 'Battle of Vittoria' music, accompanied by a copious expenditure of crackers, rockets, and red fire.

We must be off at once, for we have secured stalls, at the ridiculously low price of three-and-sixpence, to hear the Swedish version of 'Fidelio' at the Royal Opera, and the performance begins at the praiseworthy hour

of half-past seven. People know how to amuse themselves in Stockholm' and, luckily for themselves, can gratify any reasonable amount of desire for amusement at small cost. There are no tiers of private boxes, and no requirement of full-dress; and the house is packed with appreciative citizens from three-and-sixpenny floor and threepenny ceiling. The singing is really good enough almost to justify the Stockholmer's patriotic belief in the super-excellence of his city's opera, and the easy superiority of Madame Mykëls, the prima donna, to Christine Nilsson, who, by the way, has never sung in Stockholm since she became famous.

The Royal Opera House, you know, stands opposite Prince Oscar's Palace, and a great part of the third side of Gustaf Adolf's Torg, fronting the palace—the finest position, perhaps, in Stockholm—is occupied by the Hotel Rydberg. The history of this hotel, in every way the first in Stockholm, is rather curious, and one of the large class of 'things not generally known.' A certain Herr Rydberg, who had, no doubt, often suffered from the absence of first-rate hotel accommodation in Stockholm, determined to leave a large sum to the city for the eminently charitable purpose of erecting a good hotel. Oddly enough, being probably his own will-maker, he described the object of his bequest by French words, and styled it an 'Hotel de Ville.' What a fight would have taken place in our Court of Chancery over this unlucky expression! Fortunately for the race of travellers, there is a Court in Stockholm which has the power of deciding all questions arising upon wills at once and finally; and this Court promptly decided that, Stockholm having already got a City Hall, the testator couldn't have meant to give it one; that an hotel owned by the city was so obviously desirable an institution that, if the testator didn't mean that, he ought to have done; and the Hotel Rydberg is the happy outcome of the decision.

W. D. Rawlins.

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LOST.

THE

DARK BLUE.

FEBRUARY 1872.

'LOST': A ROMANCE.

BY JOHN C. FREUND.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A BREAK.

Life is vast,
  And life is little,
Death is short,
  With scythe and sickle.
Man is vain,
  And man is fickle;
God is all,
  His might is mickle.

Old German Song.

SOMETHING more than two years had passed—two great wonderful years—years that were dipped in the blood of struggling human races, years that were filled with the unknown foreshadowing of coming development, years that wrote with the old prophetic finger the fate of nations on the wall of actual occurrences! The world went on all the same, being married and given in marriage, bringing forth birth and suffering death, buying and selling, laughing and weeping, going that old round of selfish occupation, wondering a little, reading the newspaper accounts, venting some desultory opinions—eating its meat, drinking its wine, scraping its bow, adorning its person—while human, sensitive, divinely-organised beings, capable of the highest thoughts, the fairest imaginings, the deepest feelings, were shot down by ugly missiles made of insensible metals, trodden under foot by the brute force of animals, and slaughtered in cold blood by a fellow-creature's hand. Good God! when will it end? Must

'CLOSE.

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  His might is mickle.

Old German Song.

SOMETHING more than two years had passed—two great wonderful years—years that were dipped in the blood of struggling human races, years that were filled with the unknown foreshadowing of coming development, years that wrote with the old prophetic finger the fate of nations on the wall of actual occurrences! The world went on all the same, being married and given in marriage, bringing forth birth and suffering death, buying and selling, laughing and weeping, going that old round of selfish occupation, wondering a little, reading the newspaper accounts, venting some desultory opinions—eating its meat, drinking its wine, scraping its bow, adorning its person—while human, sensitive, divinely-organised beings, capable of the highest thoughts, the fairest imaginings, the deepest feelings, were shot down by ugly missiles made of insensible metals, trodden under foot by the brute force of animals, and slaughtered in cold blood by a fellow-creature's hand. Good God! when will it end? Must

human virtue be raised on individual vice, and must historical development ever be a game in which one side is 'Lost,' while the other 'Wins?'

The two years in the world's history were gone; in broad red streaks had a portion of the two years been painted, in grand black letters, had their mark been left on the book of time; and how had the two years fared with individuals? How with you and me? How with those whose history we have faintly depicted? Shall we tell you? Those same two years had repeated *that* in our individual cases, which they had accomplished in the national phases; they had given us death and life, joy and sorrow, leaving their scorching signs on some hearts, and their vivifying influence on others—proclaiming *loss* in one case and *gain* in the other!

Mary Zollwitz lay in her grave; the flowers bloomed on it, the robin decked it with moss, and the *white shadows* of a future life hovered over its innocent mortal inhabitant—fast mouldering to decay. Do you remember that hour, when George Harrowby held to the arm of his dead love? Can you imagine it? Can you see an anxious, renewed soul, holding to the raft that has saved it from shipwreck, as it loses that raft, and is again tossed upon the world's waves? Such was the first terrible impression of young Harrowby; such the mad despair that overcame him, as he stared at the blue lips before him! He saw the rigid face in his presence—he saw the other away in the dull cemetery, where drowned Charlotte Dudin rested. That moment bleached many a hair on George Harrowby's head—he gathered up strength sufficient to call for help, and became unconscious!

Telegraph-wires, those scientific harbingers of weal and woe among men, carried a dread message from Torgau, in Germany, to Suffolk, in England—Mary dead—Mary gone—Mary no more! Zollwitz was enjoying the sweet first weeks of communion with his betrothed, pouring out all the wealth and power of his burning thoughts to her, when death and sorrow, the two foes he had dreaded most, seized upon him and *forced* him to look at them! He had avoided them, he would not tolerate the idea of bearing the trouble which life brings us all, and he was made to learn its stern lesson. A mighty struggle convulsed his whole nature, as he held the telegram in his hand—Mary was dead!

Let us draw a veil over that soul-pain;—over the grief of all who had known sweet angelic Mary Zollwitz. A sudden heart spasm had ended her life, that hung but on a slight thread since she had struggled not to love the man in whose country her mother had ended so miserably! The moment in which love was triumphant, and she said 'Dear George,' that moment had snapped the cord; excitement had killed Mary Zollwitz. They buried her in the churchyard near Castle Freiberg, as she had willed.

Hermann Zollwitz did not return to England, when his sister had been

taken to her resting place; he entered upon his year's service as a volunteer. They stationed him at Torgau, and the old house on the Esplanade often contained three men, Holmann, Christian, and Zollwitz, who passed a miserable hour in agonised silence, 'mourning the dead.' The shock might have been fatal to Zollwitz's moral nature, as day by day he missed the sister-face, and as he became conscious of his selfish temper, had not another cheering spirit helped him. Ethel wrote healthy, loving letters, that recalled him to himself and made him look upon life as still worth having; he could not bring back the sacrifice which he might perhaps have prevented, and he *must* learn to bear the burden of his thoughts, that he had been neglectful of home affection. Ethel mourned also, but woman-like, her liveliest sympathies were with the man whose suffering she was anxious to relieve.

Zollwitz had passed his year of military service and had proved his title to worthy citizenship; he had planned at that time a six months' journey of enquiry with Mr. Damer in America, but events at home took such a change, that travelling had to be given up, and Zollwitz had to march as a defender of his country, to the Rhine. All those who study history knew that that collision had to come one day; it came with a crash! Will it come again, or will man ever use his opportunities for developing a higher state of civilisation, by cultivating *mutual* interests and not by sacrificing his fellow men to the Moloch of overbearing war-like desires? The worst of the bloody spectacle was over, and 'they' were returning home from the fields of France; Zollwitz had a wound in his arm, that was healing but slowly. Old Christian had had scruples whether to follow his boy to France or stay by the Professor; the wan looks of his learned friend—for those two were friends—carried the day; Christian stopped at home, to keep Holmann company in the solitary house, and to nurse the French soldiers as they were brought to Torgau, prisoners of war. The old man was born to look after helpless humanity, and he fufilled his mission to the last moment of his life.

Zollwitz hurried to England at the end of the war. One mild spring day he lay on the grass before Aunt Sarah's farm-house, studying the file of the Daily News that Ethel had religiously kept. He read those vivid pages of correspondence with a zest, as if all were new to him; they had such a subtle attraction, perhaps not so powerful as some of the Jupiter's reports, or so smart as those of that other Daily, but they entered into the *corps d'esprit* of the German army, and comprehended individual idyosincracies. The first gleam of a broad smile since Mary's death, passed across his face, as he heard the captain before Metz sing: 'Miss Lucy, Lucy Long.' The paper fell from his hands; Zollwitz was alone, puffing his long German pipe, and letting his brain go ruminating into the past. More than three years ago he had come to England

with clouded, wild ideas of liberty; with thoughts of throwing off all restraint, with the determined purpose, if England did not realise his aspirations to cry: '*Pereat mundus Europæus*' and to seek that liberty across the Atlantic. But he had been caught in the meshes of necessity, he had been gradually forced into comprehending the important truth, that liberty 'begins at home,' and had had sufficient moral power to go back and answer the call of *duty*. Those years had ripened Zollwitz far more for useful future action, than all the wild ravings of unbounded inspiration; between his sterner thoughts crept in Mary's sad face. Zollwitz, who had hated tears, dashed many away now. Another face, bright and hopeful, came across his vision—his own, own, own Ethel's. Had it not been worth while to come here and find *her*, whom he might never have met; a soul akin to his own, a spirit braver even than his own, as he knew well; a heart warm and loving, and a brain large and comprehensive; a body that clothed them all, beautiful and finely shaped? But Zollwitz saw not the body alone, he saw also the worth of the grace that dwelt in the body; a glow of ecstatic joy spread over his whole being, as he imagined a life-long companionship with such a helpmate! He glanced up, some movement fluttered near him—by his side stood she, bright Ethel; he held out his arm to her, as if he meant to say: 'Come!' She came, she knelt down by him and for a short brief space those two talked low and held each other in loving embrace, enjoying some of life's brightest moments?

'Be happy when you may,' said Aunt Sarah, as she came up; 'I'm beginning to think I might have done better than remain an old maid. My poor ideas of woman's strength have all gone; what with love-making, and farm-villaging, I'm no more the same old woman. I'm beginning to like the world and its inmates; I suppose I'm becoming a Christian.'

Aunt Sarah, looking not the least bit older than she had done two years ago, stood before the lovers; her eyes were swimming with moisture and the sharp intelligence of her countenance had given way to a soft, womanly charm, that made one forget her seventy years.

'Ill sit down a bit too, and if you don't mind, Ethel, I'll fancy I'm in love; you know I can't run away with him.'

A big strapping lad, Master Harry, rushed upon Aunty; he seemed to have got over his love-fits for Ethel: 'Come along with me, Aunty; don't stop with them, they are dull company and always in the clouds. Let's go to papa's cottages—I do like them, they look so jolly. I've only got another day before I go back to Halle. It's no use talking to mamma, she is taken up with her baby-girl, and papa won't be back from London till to-night.'

'Very well, Harry; your company will be better than none. I do fancy these two wish us elsewhere.

Along the outskirts of the so-called Home-field, could be seen cottages with a couple of out-houses, lying at short distances from each other; a small piece of land evidently belonged to all. The little farm-yards, if one might call them so, looked busy; there was no pretension, no fine talk, as Aunt Sarah Damer and Harry went into the yards and spoke to the men or women. They had lost the stolid look of the farm-labourers, and answered cheerfully but respectfully; Aunt Sarah bullied no more, but spoke about the work on her land in an easy off-hand way, showing that she made no longer a God of her farm-work.

'Papa is getting on fine, so little time as he has to spare; he's got lots of other people to come up to his ideas of holding a meeting of farmers and landowners, and honestly inquiring if they can do something on our little plan. It's wonderful, Aunt Sarah, how these people are improving; I do feel quite at home among them, they are not half so coarse as they used to be. The National School is full, the church and chapels never empty, the adult singing-class meets regularly, and the big meadow for the games is somehow always occupied of an evening. I hear old Grubbins at the 'Horses' goes on dreadfully against papa; he says he ought to be indicted for a nuisance. Aunt Sarah, don't you think my papa a splendid fellow, and ain't you proud of him?'

'Well, well; he's not exactly a nuisance, but a bother. Gets people out of old comfortable grooves; what's the use of it?'

'To make people happy; you know, you are happier now.'

'Bother; perhaps I am, perhaps I'm not. Get along, and don't make me feel funny. Let's go home to the baby, I'll love it more than you.'

'All right; I don't mind, give *her* the money.'

'Drat the money—don't think of it; there she comes, I do declare, it's your mother, nurse and baby.'

'Aunty, stop, stop; you are running away after a brat of a baby, as you used to say. Ha, ha, ha!'

Aunt Sarah was just then busy hugging the tiny morsel of humanity, that was becoming the joy of the house.

CHAPTER XLVII.

UNITED LIVES.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art—to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.!

Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life.'

THE farm-hall, in Suffolk, was astir; people were hurrying to and fro; packages were being brought out, trunks handed about, forgotten keys looked for. When all the bustle was ended, and the carriages at the door were loaded to repletion, waiting their human freight, one of those earthly trials—leave-taking—was being gone through in the large parlour. Hermann Zollwitz and Ethel Harrowby were going to Germany, to be married; Mr. Damer, Harry, and Edward, were to accompany them. The baby-girl had been a great apple of discord between Aunt Sarah and Mrs. Damer; should the morsel be left at home, or taken? Should it be put under Aunt Sarah's charge, or should Mrs. Damer have herself to remain behind? Aunt Sarah was vociferous in her belief that old maids could manage babies; and Mrs. Damer fancied no hands could so well minister unto her wee darling as her own. Each lady held out, that the other must go. This very last morning it was undecided—the boxes of both were packed. Mr. Damer stood smilingly by, and enjoyed the fun.

'Mother Eve is still the same,' he said; 'her daughters *will* have their way.'

At last, both determined to remain. Ethel heard it, and went up to them. Her face glowed with suppressed excitement.

'Dear aunty, and you would let me go alone? Could you really forget *me*—an orphan—in your great love for your child? And even you, Aunt Sarah; would you send a lone girl to enter her new life, and not support her with your sympathy?'

The selfishness of motherhood did at last dawn upon Mrs. Damer's otherwise logical mind; and Aunt Sarah *did* remember the many pleasant hours that bright girl had given her.

Up came Mr. Damer, sorry to see Ethel so disturbed. Her lips were quivering.

'Jane, dear, should the new love drown the old? Should the elder sister not support the younger? Take the baby, and come both.'

It had never struck anybody to let the morsel go to the wedding. Ethel stood before her aunt, tears struggling to escape from her eyes.

'Nurse, make haste! pack up yours and baby's clothes—we'll take you both with us. Ethel, my child, forgive me.' Mrs. Damer kissed Ethel; then the poor girl's pent-up feelings gave way, and she whispered:

'Aunty, it is so hard to be motherless on the eve of that great day. I *do* love him much; but before I give myself all in all to him, I feel it is so sweet to have a woman's gentle influence around me. Aunty, how could you forget me?'

A close embrace was the answer. So there was no leave-taking after all. Another carriage was procured; Aunt Sarah gave her instructions to her major-domo, and the whole party left an hour later.

It seemed odd that Ethel should not be married in her own home; but mighty reasons had been urged against it. The Zollwitzes had always been resident on their estates, careful of the interests of those who were in some measure swayed by their actions; and the absenteeism that had been brought about by the sad catastrophe in the family, had been a sore trial to the surrounding villages. Hermann Zollwitz's father had brought home a bride foreign in habits to the Silesian landholders. She had been looked upon as a stranger; until her high-minded courage had somewhat subdued their doubts of her fitness for her position. Hermann Zollwitz himself was to bring home altogether a foreign bride, and might the melancholy end of his mother not in some way cast a shade over his own wife's actions? Professor Holmann, ever anxious for the welfare of the only member of the Zollwitz family now remaining, had earnestly advised that the wedding should take place at Castle Freiberg —that would at once make Ethel *one of them*, and facilitate her entrance upon her new duties. Holmann had given up the Torgau house, shut up its memories, and let it to a noisy captain's family, who were driving away the old sad reminiscences, and filling its rooms with the healthy, boisterous tones of young life.

The Professor and Christian had been busy at Castle Freiberg; decked it out for one joyous festal day, after so much misery—so much 'lost' life; and the two old friends were sitting—their labour done—on the terrace, looking out for those other friends from England. They came—what a cavalcade! The whole district seemed alive and astir with joy and happiness. The Germans have an instinct for welcoming people. It is no use to try *incognitos:* they will make a garland, or hoist a flag. The party was brought in with a 'triumphzug'—all the incongruous signs of loyalty that could be got together were present. The pastor came in his priest's gown; the schoolmaster marched the children up to

sing Lutheran hymns, and patriotic stirring songs; the Schulze's pretty daughter handed a lovely bouquet of the first Spring flowers to Ethel; and the peasant girls, in their rich national dress, strewed flowers and young Spring foliage along the path. The cavalcade halted at the entrance; old Mrs. Dornbush, the agent, Holmann, and Christian received it. How they crowded to get but one glimpse of Ethel! It was Ethel they wanted—the wife of their lord! They cared far less for the lord himself: *the benignant influence of a noble woman, in high position, is a power immeasurable in moral extent!*

Ethel got out—Ethel stood before them—fresh like a rose, self-dependent; every feature, every movement, impressed with Nature's seal of sound worth. She was not so beautiful as that other fated bride; but she was more—she was hopefulness itself! Ethel did not withdraw from inspection; she understood the yearning of those men, women, and children; made friends with them at once, and gained their hearts by one bright, grateful smile.

'Das ist die Rechte!' they said to each other; 'look at her, what a lovely girl. Nicht hochtrabend, die wird kochen und backen und wirthschaften, wie, eine ehrliche schlesische Landfrau. Hoch! hoch! hoch! die Frau soll leben!'

From hundreds of throats the 'hoch' went up—again, and again, and again. To them, she was already the 'Frau;' to them she was already the presiding genius of the neighbourhood.

The wedding was over—Hermann and Ethel were man and wife! The early May-day was closing in; their wedding day was waning towards its decline. Hermann and Ethel were not going on a tour—their people could not have parted with them; and they wanted from the first to be at home, on their own ground. Oh! that idea—to have a bit of *own* ground; to know that a few yards of this earth's surface are yours—yours in reality; to know that you may dig, and plant, and grow, there on that spot, how and what it pleases you! Lords and ladies, men and women, who do not appreciate that possession—who squander away your time and income, wrung from the cultivators of your lands, in the false excitement and hollow civilisation of large towns; men and women, go home, and learn the value of your possessions, and the obligations it entails upon you! The day may come when worthier than you will dwell on that ground. To enjoy the society of equals for some short space in the year, by leaving your country homes, is one thing; to neglect your country homes is another! *Absenteeism is a crime!*

The visitors and guests were all assembled in the spacious and magnificent drawing-rooms and galleries of the castle. Mrs. Damer was the presiding genius—the baby being asleep. The bride and bridegroom

were told they were not wanted, and might roam at their leisure, and they did. Ethel had donned a plain dress; so had Zollwitz. They went their way, having been promised by Mr. Damer immunity from again returning to the company. Was it not a company? Edward Damer was a little bored at first; but even *he* could not withstand the general hilarity. Some two dozen guests had been bidden to the afternoon dinner, and they had no intention of leaving. They were wealthy, all of them, had their carriages and fine blood horses waiting for them, and enjoyed the society of the 'Engländer.' Mr. Damer, now able to speak German fluently, met with kindred spirits, deep in agricultural matters. Aunt Sarah nodded and smiled most incongruously whenever addressed deferentially by some proud Silesian dame. Mrs. Damer, supported by Professor Holmann, had a host of young men and women around her; they took to her naturally, as you would to a sympathetic goddess. Edward was admiring the dawning beauty of a young countess; and Harry was ever behind Christian, enjoying most his monosyllabic remarks.

Out on the terrace of the castle stood Hermann and Ethel Zollwitz, their hands linked together, their earnest faces cast in Rembrandt shade and light by the fitful gleams of the struggling sun rays, as they pierced the interposing cloud masses above. It was not *all* sunshine around them; it would not be all sunshine before them. They did not expect it; they were ready to go the brave, honest, hard-working road of life, enjoy its joys, and battle with its troubles—doing their work. There they stood; the grey outlines of the castle at their back, the blue mountains and dark pines beyond, the flowers at their feet; two young valiant beings, each lending the other help to live, and not forgetting in their great mutual love the aim of all love: 'its communion with the rest of the world.' Closer and closer they were linked in one solemn, life-promising embrace; and then, having mutely understood each other, they went down beyond the castle to the churchyard; and where the robin redbreast had decked a grave with bits of moss, they stood communing with the sweet spirit that had flown, and had paid the penalty of the parents' wrong.

In an ancient country-house, in Hampshire, somebody sat that same evening of Zollwitz's and Ethel's wedding-day, in his library—young Lord Wharnton. He had been invited, but how *could* he have gone to Castle Freiberg on that day? True, he had been there many and many a day, sitting on that grave, whispering words of love to the mouldering husk below, and groaning in the very agony of grief. But, to-day—how could he have been there to-day, while marriage-bells rang, and wedding guests swarmed about? Not he, indeed, to be there then! In his library he sat, the shutters shut, the curtains drawn, his head leaning on

his arm—the despair of sweet remembrances in his heart. 'Dear George,' came again and again floating in the air to his ear; 'Dear George' hovered around him like the tones of heavenly harpists. God! oh, God! what pain there exists in this world—what discords sway our human sensibilities—what harsh touches vibrate on the finely-toned nerves of our being! And young Lord Wharnton felt it all—felt the depth of grief, misery, and despair; he knew that fate had dealt righteously with him. For the crime to have robbed Charlotte Dudin of her purity in wanton passion, fate had robbed him of the pure love of Mary Zollwitz. No marriage-bells for him—no wedding guests to salute his bride! He sat desolate and lonely in his library in Hampshire.

Poor George Harrowby! May the gods, kinder than the fates, bring you balm some day! Thou didst but follow the general fashion!

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ZOLLWITZ SPEAKS AND BISMARCK LISTENS.

> But he who boldly ventures, grandly wins;
> And earns a brilliant pardon for all sins.
>
> PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

IN the beginning of May, the wedding had taken place; by the end stirring times had come upon Freiberg. Zollwitz and Ethel were alone now; the Damers had departed; Holmann and Christian, so closely united to the family, had naturally taken up their abode at the castle, for the few years that remained to them. The young married people were in Elysium; ever active, ever studying their social duties, ever fostering something or other by their influence. Old Mrs. Dornbush shed tears over her lady's goodness and cleverness.

'Such a housekeeper,' said she,' 'it's wonderful, where she learnt it. never tired to listen to me, never fatigued by the talk of the peasants' wives; looking here and there and everywhere. Enchanting the schoolmaster by inspecting the schools, visiting the sick, encouraging the lazy. There, God bless her, I never thought so much goodness could come out of England—a detestable country, I believe, where women don't know how to knit a stocking. Just think, Mrs. Hirsch, when the women cannot knit a stocking; it's shocking to think of. And you should see her, my lady I mean, play the grand; she gets over that old termagant, Countess Gricien, and carries the day with Frau von Schlitzer, and goes to the Soldiers' Home to look after the invalids, winning the old general's heart. Bless my soul! she never can be an Englishwoman!—there must be some Silesian blood in her.'

Herr von Schlitzer had been obliged by ill health to give up his place in the Diet. Zollwitz had been chosen instead. Zollwitz and Ethel went up to Berlin. Now began that grand life for which Zollwitz had been longing; the life to make one of his country's deputies; to influence his country's policy, and by it, in some measure, the progress of humanity. Berlin was crowded. Great times had come upon Berlin. It had become the cynosure of other nations' eyes, and was pointed at as a centre of modern civilisation. Ethel came here, young, fresh—ready to see and comprehend the concerns of other people. Soon there gathered around her a circle of eager admirers; for Ethel would not be hid. She entered so fully into life's work that she became a power within a short time.

It was to be the day of her young husband's first speech. What a day! To see him, to whom her own existence was united by the closest tie humanity knows—to see him stand up among his country's chosen delegates, and give voice to the opinions gathered by study and thought! It was a solemn day for Ethel. She sat in the gallery, supported by half-a-dozen friends of her husband; for in Berlin, ladies and gentlemen may be seated in the same gallery. Zollwitz rose, and spoke. The name was known to many, and the eyes of many were on him. Courageously he stood up, and began to speak on the laws that should govern Alsace and Lorraine. There was something new in his voice; something foreign in his measured words; there was something English in his periods. He rather reasoned than gave his opinion; he rather wished to awaken the Diet to the responsibility it was incurring opposite the world, than merely blurt forth his own dogmatic decision. Little by little he awakened a new feeling in that cynic assembly—a feeling that an embryo orator stood there—that a nascent statesman of wide views was before them. Little by little something else happened. A man on the centre seat of the bench that belongs to the Reichsrath or Imperial Council, became attentive; looked up from his papers, crossed his arms on his broad chest, fixed his earnest eye on young Zollwitz, and nodded his head approvingly. The new deputy's opinions were not his own; but they were honest, straightforward, and bold. The new deputy's language was not his own, for it was conciliatory—learnt in England—and his was brusque and offensive; but the new deputy had a great soul, a mind of his own, and a tongue that could give vent to the conceptions of both. The man on the central seat of the bench, where the Imperial Council was seated, understood that; and Bismarck, the assertive, active man of the *present*, knew that before him stood Zollwitz, the conciliatory, reflective man of the *future*.

Zollwitz's speech was a great success, and his reward was a tender embrace, a long, loving kiss from his young English wife!

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE DAMERS AT HOME.

A good man is a sight for the gods.

GIVEN a snug house in Brompton, a small trim garden, an atmosphere of unostentatious comfort without, the sound of contented voices, the look of orderly management within; given the lights out at night before twelve, and the shutters open in the morning by seven—what deduction would you make from all these propositions? That human beings existed here who had taken life by the forelock. They were the Damers. Before that house there stood, many a morning, dark-coloured broughams, with peculiar visitors, men high in position in the affairs of the country, coming to see a plain, towering man, who had been ridiculed a good deal for peculiar crotchets. Mr. Damer had worked unceasingly; alone he had visited America; alone he had again seen Continental countries; alone he had thoroughly investigated the great centres of commercial and manufacturing life at home. He had not disdained to read older authorities on political development; he had not despised to study mere theorists; he had not neglected to look into the rise of peculiar English constitutional forms. Before him lay that old essay of Zollwitz's; a remarkably lucid statement; how England was but partially developed, being, though constitutionally governed, represented in certain interests only, and having neglected the fundamental primary strata of its composition. Mr. Damer had not been ashamed to own the worth and deep reasoning power of that essay. He had re-read it for the twentieth time that morning.

The bright June sun shone into his study—a modest room, compared to that in Eaton Square; the sun's rays fell full upon Mr. Damer's face; it was furrowed by a good many more lines, in which, according to Lavater, thought and reflection, but above all, the power of comparison, had built nests. Every now and then Mr. Damer's head was thrown back, with a peculiar gesture, and his eyes went meditatingly up to the ceiling. Mr. Damer could sit still now, and was satisfied with a reasonable space for his peregrinations. He was at that moment engaged in earning a few pounds by scribbling. The leader ended, Mr. Damer took up a letter just received from a cabinet minister, on the desirability of his again entering Parliament, becoming a legislator, and naturally one of the executive.

'No,' said Mr. Damer, 'not yet; I am not yet ready. My shield must have no flaw in it when I come again to the fore.'

A gentle knock at the door. 'Come in.' Mrs. Damer entered. He gave her the letter; she read it eagerly.

'Do, Robert, offer yourself again; you must surely be prepared now!'

'Perhaps; but I must go in under other auspices.'

'What do you mean?'

'I want to enter at the next General Election—it will surely be by ballot. I would rather come in with the rag, tag, and bobtail, that is. *presumably* to come in then.'

'Robert, your radicalism is getting horrible!'

'No, no! you don't understand me! I am not so radical as not to have my eyes open. I'll have no false pretence, or undue pressure. I'll try to represent the people soundly; not as a clamouring leader of multitudes, but as an honest guide for their rational self-assertion. I couldn't do that till next election. Besides, I must not neglect Edward. I am quite aware that I placed a great temptation in his way by that money; and I have to watch him a little longer, to see him go the right road. I think he has much improved by accompanying us abroad; he shall go again. At home, his money is such a fearful temptation for getting fast. Next year he will have done with Cambridge. Harry seems to get on remarkably well at Halle; he'll be for some time with the Zollwitzes. I am glad Edward and Lord Wharnton are such friends,. I respect Wharnton sincerely; he will drive all snobbism out of Edward. By-the-bye, Jane, whom do you think I saw yesterday? that nice girl,. Adelaide Trevor; and now I know who was George Harrowby's nurse. She came to him dressed in the garb of one of St. Mary's Sisters, when a nurse was required from the hospital; Miss Trevor had been attending there for some time. She owned it all to me, and told me that her brother found George Harrowby one night wounded by a fall outside the Alhambra, and took him home. It is much to me if the misery poor Wharnton has passed through cannot be in some measure healed by that dear noble girl. Poor fellow! he deserves it now!'

'I never can forget Mary Zollwitz!' said Mrs. Damer, gently.

'Nor I. Jane, dear, don't talk about it. The life "lost" in this world, through the agency of our wilful passions, or the inadequacy of our social arrangements, is a fearful holocaust to contemplate. The consequences of our actions do not always fall upon ourselves; the worst is, they fall mostly upon others.'

'Dear Robert, let us be a little cheerful to-day. You know who will be here soon—Aunt Sarah.'

A cab drove up, heaped up with innumerable hampers and parcels. It was Sarah Damer, from Suffolk. Hearty welcome over, said the old lady:

'Robert, the cottages are thriving better and better. I wouldn't own it before, but I must now. The people around us are beginning to.

respect us. God bless you, my boy! there is downright good stuff in you! Where's the baby?'

The morsel was brought, and the ladies, like mothers and aunts, thought it the most perfect piece of mechanism created, as it looked up with its wondering deep blue eyes.

On that same evening, at a late hour, a tall man stood in the little Brompton garden. The sky was clear, the atmosphere free from vapoury cloud-matter, and through the pure mixture of gases shone the scintillating heavenly bodies, called stars. All in the house were at rest, but that man. Having thrown away his cigar, he gazed up into those unknown worlds; his gaze became intenser, his bearing grander; he folded his arms across his chest, and lifted his soul up to the immense immeasurable distance beyond. What were his thoughts then? Clothed in but few formulas, full of consciousness that he was *a man*, the highest organised being on the face of the heavenly body which he inhabited; this thought was followed by another—to do his best, and use all the energy he could spare from the concerns of his family, in creating such social roads and humane ways as would give other men and women full room to live the life of nobly organised beings; not to stumble about their earthly abode like 'lost' sheep in their Master's fold. When the man had thought his thoughts, he bowed his head humbly, and went into his modest home, with his hand pressed on the ever memorable half-crown.

'I'll not forget my monitor,' said he.

Let Mr. Damer speak for himself at the next General Election!

THE END OF 'APOLOGIA MEA.'

THE twelve numbers have run their course; the last were somewhat compressed, since we meant to keep our promise not to let this romance outrun the first year's existence of the 'Dark Blue.' We have little to say; *there is no preface to write.* If we have deviated somewhat from ordinary grooves, we have done so with a view to show, in a slight measure, the union of vast concerns and individual life; and to prove that we are all particles of one great unity. Faintly have we hinted that on the action of one particle upon the other depends the harmony of the whole: and that the thoughtless passions, desires, and unduly asserted wants of one portion of those human particles, may procure gratification in which the very life of others is 'lost.'

IRELAND AND HER NEED.

UPON the question before us now, viz :—'Ireland and her need,' I propose to write only so far as my own experience is concerned, and in doing so, I may state, that I am by birth, an Irishman, and have had a long experience as a land agent in dealing with the land, the people, and the laws. The subject is certainly not a new one, but there are two questions connected with it, which must occasionally present themselves to an interested and observant mind. They are these: why does land in Ireland fetch a higher price than land in England? and why does legislation fail to make Ireland a quiet country? With regard to the first question, no doubt, the greater the demand for anything the higher will be its price in the market, for naturally, it becomes more scarce; and again, the more of it that is sold, the more people there will be to buy; for who is not aware that if Mrs. A. buys a carriage, Mrs. B. is sure to discover that she sadly wants one too. But it is not the Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. principle which causes the demand for land. The reasons are substantial, and such as cannot be denied; they are moreover, grave, and pregnant with much truth.

The people of Ireland, as a nation, are not as yet sufficiently removed from an aboriginal state. They are tillers of the land and raisers of cattle, emphatically.

The son that is born to-day, will soon herd his father's cattle and neglect his school; a few years more and his one ambition will be to guide the plough; and not much later on, with quite insufficient means, he will seek a farm for himself, and follow in his father's steps as nearly as it is possible to do so. The same course will be pursued by all his brothers, be their number even five or six.

It is because the Irishman is born to farm, brought up to farm, lives to farm, marries to farm, begets to farm and dies farming; that I say, that he is as yet not sufficiently removed from his aboriginal state. To till the earth and be lord upon it, over every living thing, was doubtless man's first estate; but as time rolled on nations have aspired to higher

spheres of thought and labour; of these nations Ireland is not one. True, there are to be found small isolated districts; where the attention of the people has been to some degree diverted from the ever-absorbing topics of farming and the land, and directed to perceive there are other modes as easy, by which a man can live; but these districts are few in number. In the south, one here, one there, a hundred miles apart. In the north they are more numerous, though strictly speaking the exception. The onus, therefore, if we may so speak, for the employment of the people and for their support, is entirely thrown on the *land*.

And what must be the consequence? Men's minds are full of one subject—the land. They seek to provide for themselves, but only by—the land. They propose a provision for their sons, but only by means of—land. And so it comes that they are easily led away by the propounder of Fenian doctrine, for he promises them the ownership of the land. A man with capital will give a large price for an estate, knowing how great a demand there is for every acre; he then lets it at a high rent, and as the demand becomes greater by the numbers who seek it increasing, he gradually raises the rent, and thus the poor tenant suffers, getting every year poorer and poorer. Take an Irishman's farm from him, and you may as well take his life, for in his ignorance he always imagines, that no farm can be as good as his own, upon which, it is more than probable, he has for many a year simply been *eking out* a bare existence. Futhermore, he knows of no other means by which to earn his bread.

How different are things in England! Every county has, besides its farms, its several manufactures; in some districts mining holds the palm, or at least to a great extent, and the people find their work in *thousands* of different channels. Let us take a case. A man takes a farm in England, perhaps in some Midland county, he struggles on for a time through the good years and the bad, trying first one experiment and then another, until at last his head, he feels, is somewhat above water. He then thinks it time to marry, and takes to himself a wife: probably they have several children. The attendance of these children at daily school is generally well looked after—they come to riper years, and the subject of their capabilities is often much discussed. One son follows in his father's steps, and becomes a farmer; another is apprenticed to a miller; a third is bound to a hosier, or they may be employed in foundries, dockyards, brewers' work. One daughter goes into a shop to learn some fancy trade; another, it may be, is appointed to a post in a telegraph-office; and a third is made a school-teacher, and thus the family is disposed of, each earns his bread honestly, and not one is a drag upon or a hindrance to the other. To this picture there are doubtless exceptions, but what I insist upon is this, that *in Ireland, farming is the one great thought and employment of the people; in England such*

is not the case. In England there is no one all-absorbing thought, no one all-absorbing employment—there are thousands of fields for honest work, and thousands of hands as honest, willing to learn and do it. And thus I argue it is, that in striking contrast to the Englishman, the Irishman has yet to learn that though farming the land be wholesome, and a good and right employment for himself and the Maori alike, there are countless other ways in which a man can earn his bread. To turn his attention to these other ways should be our most earnest aim. Were this accomplished, we should find that instead of men being sufficiently insane to give fifty years' purchase for their land, as lately occurred in Waterford, they would learn its proper value. Now, their heads are turned, for they think of nothing but land, and when the occasion offers, if the means can be scraped together, they will pay the most fancy prices to keep the land they have had as tenants, or to become possessors of more. Thus their future prospects suffer, and Paddy still is poor.

But some one may remark, 'Then you think the population of Ireland far too great?' I distinctly answer 'No.'

The population is small considering the area of the country, as compared with that of others, but *the farming population is double what it should be,* and the contention for land, runs it up to so high a price, for renting or for purchase, that to gain a living by farming is a very difficult task. The small farmer in the north of Ireland, who has saved a little capital, constantly pays for the tenant right of a poor farm, one-half of its value in fee, reserving, it is more than probable, a perfectly inadequate sum, to work the land he has leased. His rent soon falls into arrear, eviction then comes threatening, and eventually often takes place, and even when it does not, as a result of debt and despair at the thought of losing his farm, he determines to take revenge, and plots for his landlord's life. The landlord applies to the Government for protection. The Government offers rewards to informers, but of these there are none to be found, the district is proclaimed, the number of police is doubled, and the taxes likewise, for their maintenance: thus things go from bad to worse, and the country is what it is—discontented, unquiet and poor, the pity of the world and the ridicule of nations.

But before passing on to another question, I have yet observations to make on the farming and farmers of Ireland; and the fact that the number of farmers is too large, and that the mind of the nation is too much engrossed by one employment, makes a full and clear apprehension of the following serious truths all the more important. The small farmer of the north has his counterpart in the south, and the class to which I now refer, is by far the most numerous in Ireland. That is to say, the small tenant farmer, who holds from year to year, one to ten acres of land. He has no lease, and no capital, tenant-right does not

exist, and he is unread and ignorant. For a few years, however, by continually exhausting the land, he manages to pay his rent—but as a consequence of such bad treatment, the land ceases to yield, and eventually the tenant loses it, his family enters the workhouse, and the man tramps about the roads, in search of an odd day's work, or lives upon his neighbours; then he takes the Fenian oath, and ranks as a "deliverer of his country" from the English tyrant's yoke. Thus it is that rebels are created. The ignorant, idle, younger sons of perhaps a not badly off farmer, who during their whole life have never once even conceived the thought, that they can live by other means than farming, who have tried their hands at their father's employment, marry, and becoming parents by six and twenty years of age of half-a-dozen babies, are ultimately swamped, by nought but their own folly.

But there is another class in Ireland as much to be pitied as the last. I refer to the stronger tenant, who probably has a lease, and holds from twenty to one hundred acres of land, of a third-rate kind. He has means to purchase stock, and doubtless to pay for labour. As far as one would think from report, he ought to be a thriving man, and on the road to independence. But take a walk over his farm, you will then know much more about him. He holds about ninety acres, and the land is poor and wet; but the rent is proportionately small, about 80*l.* per annum. He has lately been draining the farm, but still he complains it is wet, and says his crops are not good.

We examine—and what do we find? The drains instead of being thirty feet apart, are much nearer ninety; instead of being four feet deep, they are generally two and a half. No care has been taken to vary the size of the several pipes laid down, in accordance with the quantity of water that they must be prepared to discharge. In every case we also observe, that the minor drains discharge into sub-mains right opposite to one another. The outfalls are not protected by masonry, and no drinking places for cattle have been either built or paved. The water courses have not been scoured, and the ditches are all choked with weeds. There are far too many fields upon the farm, and the fences are ten times too large. The gates all drag upon the ground from defective arrangement of the hinges. The grass land of the farm requires to be broken up and to be put through a series of cropping. But upon all these essential matters the tenant is profoundly ignorant. How could he succeed? *Though farming all his life, he does not know its first principles.*

Here then, we have two classes of men trying to live by farming, neither of which can possibly reach any degree of prosperity. And what is the inference to be drawn? Undoubtedly it is this, that neither the one class nor the other, ought ever to have attempted farming, and as we have said before, it is the numbers who do attempt it, and the

numbers who try farming and nothing else, although they are wholly unqualified, that make the price of land so high as it is in Ireland—so high, that the day must come when men must give up the idea that the land can provide for all.

And now we come to our second question. Why does legislation fail to make Ireland a quiet country?

The reasons to me seem plain—and the first one I give is this, that all recent legislation makes Paddy no better off. He still is as poor as a rat, and unless by emigration, he sees no brighter prospect in store for him in the future. He is therefore discontented and makes as much noise as he can. Touch a man's pocket and you touch his heart. Now the severance of the Church from the State, though, certainly to the mind of many, a just and proper course, did not tend to fill the pocket. A certain inequality in the distribution of favours, it may be, was done away—but it went no further.

The recent Land Bill, now become law, though intended well and as a great remedial measure, doubtless will not prove to be anything of the kind, for the class it will chiefly benefit, were few in number at any time, viz: the tenants who paid their rent, but who having no lease were turned out at six months' notice without any compensation, to gratify the landlord's whim; while the class, far the largest in numbers, and composed of the men who give trouble, viz: the small tenants without any means, are in no wise benefitted by the Bill.

What the Government have to meet is this: a large and idle, grumbling class of surplus would-be farmers who, finding no profitable or remunerative work in the only field of labour they have tried, and totally ignorant of the many other fields of industry, which in England are known to all, have turned into a noisy, useless mob of low and senseless agitators, ready to be led by any fool and to hearken to the most empty blustering.

It is the manifest wants of such a class who know not their needs themselves that the Government should try to supply, for it is not the nobles and gentry who complain, nor the men of education, nor is it the clergy who constantly clamour about the grievances of a downtrodden country. Nor yet does the comfortable farmer join, in the cry of 'Down with England.'

I could mention two or three large estates, though *great* exceptions, where a grumbler could not be found, and where on no terms, would the people change their present lot; and what is the reason of this? Simply, they have money saved, and every want supplied.

Afford to the surplus farming Irish population the means to become well off, and you will surely find that they will care little about Church and State, or endowments for this college or the other, or a parliament

to sit in Dublin, or the release of political prisoners, or the shutting of the gates of Derry.

But how is this to be done? It can only be achieved by legislation. Let the Government at once adopt a large, open-handed, liberal policy towards Ireland, remembering ever the fact, that whatever redresses have been made of late, there is an immense sum of money due to Ireland yet, as an integral part of the kingdom, for not half the revenues received by her rulers from her in years gone bye, have been laid out upon or even in the country. A very mistaken policy, to say the very least.

Now, supposing the means to be forthcoming, how ought the Government to proceed?

The course to be pursued is this: either teach the farmers how to farm, so that their labour will remunerate them, or, by placing within their reach other ways of living, induce them to give up farming altogether.

Now, to accomplish the first, as model farms would not answer the purpose, the following plan should be adopted.

Let the Government purchase large tracts of the country from the present proprietors, taking especial care that the amount purchased in each province be in proportion to its area and population. Upon the Government estates let four agricultural colleges be established, one in Ulster, one in Munster, one in Leinster, and one in Connaught.

The restrictions concerning admission should be few, and a residence at one of these for a specified time should entitle the pupil who has resided (besides other rewards he may have obtained during such term of residence), to the right of selecting a farm upon the estate, the power being given to him to borrow at an interest of 3 per cent. per annum, a sufficient sum upon the security of the land, to crop or stock his farm, such money to be repaid in the form of instalments, spread over a number of years, which would also include the price of the land in fee.

He would thus in time become sole owner of the farm on the identical plan which building societies adopt with their patronizers. I believe from a long consideration of the pro's and con's of this subject, that it would without doubt be found, that such an organisation of the whole institution might easily be planned, that it would when once established prove entirely self-supporting, and such a boon to the country at large, that much of the poverty and discontent would vanish. The resident would, by labour for which he would receive good wages, have an opportunity to save, for although he would pay for his provisions, they would be supplied to the agricultural institutions upon so large a scale, that they would be much cheaper in price. The colleges should be conducted by highly qualified men, distinguished for their knowledge of making farming pay, and not for their knowledge of the latest innovations. By

this means I feel convinced that the younger sons of the farmers, who now form a poor and idle class, would be enabled to become small proprietors, contented and independent.

But the alternative we must look at also. If the numbers farming be too great, and the plan which I have set forth for their better education be not adopted; then—turn these peoples' minds into other channels for their labour, where they can earn their bread as well. Let, in other words, manufacturing colleges be set up in the poorest and most wretched districts, where labour would be very cheap, where the people could be taught many trades, and where, in a similar manner, they would receive good wages for their work. Such establishments, I also maintain, would prove entirely self-supporting. Let the harbours of Ireland be opened up for more extended trade and commerce; let the River Shannon be made use of; let dockyards and arsenals be built at Irish ports, instead of confining them to England; let the Government purchase the railways and reduce the fares to one-third of the existing rate, both for passengers and for freight; give the Catholics and Protestants equality, with a just and impartial hand, and I venture to affirm that the aspect of the country will improve, and the grumbling of its people will soon cease.

A Government is like a parent; and no parent could expect his family to be quiet and content if he pursued a policy of getting from them as much as he possibly could, and giving them as little as they would take. But how different upon the other hand, the family where the parent is their leader, when he instructs them in that whereof they are ignorant, helps them when they need his help, and satisfies their reasonable wants: —the house is a quiet house, and its inmates a happy circle. And so it might be with Ireland and her parent England.

But to such suggestions, some one may reply, 'It is the want of coal and iron which makes it impossible for Ireland to compete with England in the business of manufacturing.' To such my answer is that there are numerous manufactures, which need little coal or iron to carry them on, and it must also be remembered that coal, though brought from England and Wales to Ireland, is cheaper by many shillings per ton in Dublin than it ever is in London. Then against the freight of necessary iron, which must be bought in England, you have to place the difference in price of labour in the two countries. Labour in Ireland being generally one-half the price it is in England.

If England understood Ireland's wants, and then comprehending them, would liberally supply them, that part of her dominion would prosper, and the world would hear less about her. England would be a gainer in many ways, but especially as regards her purse.

Compulsory Military Service.

By Major Knollys, F.R.G.S.

We are quite aware that on reading the title of this article many people will turn away with a shrug of disapproval, saying, 'That system may do very well in Prussia, but it would never be endured in this free country.' To such a possible—nay, probable—objection, we have a very simple answer, which is that patriotism means nothing if not the sacrifice of individuals for the public good. If by compulsory service alone we can ensure the safety, and what is even of greater importance, the honour of the country, then such a method of raising soldiers ought to be introduced. That there should be a distaste to it is not surprising; many things which are necessary or desirable are unpleasant; paying taxes, for instance, and serving on juries, are neither of them agreeable duties, but it is necessary that they should be fulfilled. The nation is convinced of the necessity, and consequently submits, with an occasional grumble, to that which is inevitable. Let the nation be once convinced that compulsory military service is essential, and it will pay it with as much readiness as it now pays taxes. To our minds, the very objections urged against the innovation are the strongest arguments in its favour. The public exclaims against it, because that public has lost much of the martial spirit which once distinguished it; because it is becoming daily more slothful, more luxurious, more self-indulgent, and less disposed to submit to any authority. Of late years liberty has degenerated into license; most men envy their more highly placed or richer neighbour; the most ordinary marks of respect are hurtful to the universal conceit which possesses us; and the most necessary restraints are felt to be irksome. Even the observance of those conditions under which alone society can exist are regarded as oppressive. In short, as regards the majority, each man lives for himself, and views everything merely as it concerns his own interests. Such being the case, we cannot be astonished that a law which would compel the sacrifice of individual ease or indulgence in license—nicknamed independence—for the purpose of ensuring the safety of all, should excite the most bitter opposition. If, however, such is the state of feeling of the nation, it is evident that, in case of danger, we should be unable to reckon on a reappearance of the warlike spirit of our ancestors, even if, in a crisis, hasty levies of enthusiastic, but untrained, men would be of the slightest value. Con-

sequently, not only would the remedy we propose cure an undoubted state of disease in the body politic, and restore the nation to its former condition of manly patriotism, but it would also induce a higher state of vigour than has yet been attained. We require compulsory service, not only because of the mortal sickness, but also as a means of curing it. The more unwilling the nation to accept it, the more energetically should its introduction be urged. Let us, however, set aside all consideration of the moral effects of such a measure, and look upon merely its material aspects. It is asserted by some that voluntary enlistment can, by proper management, be made to afford a supply ample for all requirements, and that, therefore, neither universal liability to military service nor a conscription is necessary. We will try and convince such persons of their error. It is notorious that our soldiers have for some years past been greatly falling off in physical, we may add, in moral qualities also. The line of to-day bears the same relation to the line of twenty years ago, that the militia bears to the line of to-day. The authorities have, ever since the Crimean war, been using their utmost endeavours to make a soldier's life more attractive to him in every way, and with results which would astonish the Duke of Wellington, could he rise from the grave. They have also lowered the standard of height considerably, and are ready to welcome the merest boys; yet, in spite of improvements in the condition, and a diminution of the qualifications, of the soldier, recruiting is in a most unsatisfactory state. We have not at our elbow any returns on the subject, but we have good reason for believing that at the present moment the army is below its establishment. The supply, in fact, fails both in quality and quantity. Even, however, supposing that every regiment was complete, the state of affairs would still be practically such as we have represented it to be, for only efficient soldiers should be reckoned, and our ranks are, it is well known, full of weedy boys, who would break down at the very commencement of a campaign. Nor is it a new thing that we should be below the sanctioned establishment, for we have before us an official return which shows the strength voted and the number wanted to complete on the 1st January in each year, from 1854 to 1865, both years inclusive. The numbers are as follows :—

	Wanting.	Supernumerary.		Wanting.	Supernumerary.
1854	2337	—	1860	3062	—
1855	46,658	—	1861	1312	—
1856	50,402	—	1862	3846	—
1857	—	5120	1863	2505	—
1858	21,611	—	1864	3545	—
1859	11,886	—	1865	4644	—

It will be observed that in only one year was there an excess over the establishment. That excess can easily be explained. The army had been largely augmented during the Crimean war. Its reduction only commenced at the close of the summer of 1856, and had not, by the 1st January, 1857, been completed. The enormous deficiencies in 1855 and 1856—amounting in the former year to 46,658, and in the latter year to 50,402—can also be accounted for. The establishment voted for the year ending the 1st April, 1854, was 124,801 ; that for the year ending 1st April, 1855, was 189,956—showing an increase of 65,155 ; that for the year ending 1st April, 1856, 205,808—showing a still further increase of 15,852, or a total increase of 81,077. To these numbers must be added those of the men who died or were discharged in excess of the ordinary rate. What we desire to point out is, that even in time of peace there was invariably a considerable deficiency, and that when a sudden demand was necessitated by a pressing emergency, the deficiency rose to an alarming amount. During the Crimean war we were not, it is true, fighting for our existence, though our honour and position as a nation were certainly at stake ; but during the Indian mutiny our very existence in India was imperilled, and every feeling which could excite our most energetic endeavours was called into play. Yet, neither during the Crimean war nor during the Indian mutiny did recruits come forward in the required numbers. So much for the effect on recruiting of a popular cause ; so much for the influence of patriotism. Even an enormous addition to the bounty, which latter amounted during 1855 to 8*l.* for the infantry, and to the levy money, which amounted during the same period to £9 13*s.* 6*d.*, failed to produce the desired effect. Nor did reducing the standard of height prove a more successful expedient. In 1854 the minimum standard was 5 ft. 4 in. ; in 1855, 5 ft. 5 in. ; and in 1858 and 1859, 5 ft. 3 in. From the above facts we gather, first, that the number of recruits is at all times insufficient to complete the establishment ; second, that we do not find an increased pay, improved treatment, and reduced standard, a remedy ; third, that when, on a pressing emergency, we seek suddenly and largely to increase the army, increased bounty and levy money, extraordinary reduction of the standard, and national enthusiasm, are inadequate to produce the desired results. The plain state of the case is simply this : that we cannot keep up the army when on a low establishment and in time of peace, nor can we, with every adventitious aid, succeed in making a considerable augmentation on occasions of pressure. If any one questions the accuracy of this statement, let him refer to the table above given, where he will find that after the most strenuous efforts, extending over a period of a year and nine months, the army was still upwards of 50,000 men short of its complement. It is easy to conceive that our difficulties on any future

sically and morally of inferior quality. The yeomanry and volunteers are a valuable auxiliary force, but generally indifferently officered, and necessarily, as a rule, deficient in training; moreover, the numbers are liable to fall off any day, should the service become unpopular. In fact, the 100,000 of one day might in the course of a month dwindle down to 10,000. It is clear, therefore, that no reliance can be placed on the auxiliary forces valuable in some respects, as large portions of them are. Their usefulness cannot be called in question, but seeing that even their numerical strength can scarcely be predicted from day to day, we should look on them as a desirable possible addition to rather than as a permanent part of our defensive force. Moreover, volunteers could not be embodied for any length of time without considerable private and public detriment. Take, for instance, the Civil Service and the Post Office Corps. To embody these regiments would be to cripple seriously the transaction of State business. The conclusion we arrive at is that the militia should be differently constituted, that the volunteers and yeomanry should be more thoroughly trained, should be compelled to give a substantial notice, say of three months, of a desire to quit the service, and that they should be really viewed as auxiliaries, whose aid would be valuable, but not indispensable. As at present, the active army should, in our opinion, be divided into men with the colours and men in the army reserve, the latter, as a rule, remaining attached to their former regiments. The militia should consist exclusively of men who have passed through the regular army, and be officered altogether by retired or half-pay officers connected with the county. The militia would then be a real reserve, which it certainly is not at present. The question now arises, how are the army and militia to be recruited? As we have said before, that even with our present system voluntary enlistment has proved a failure. To a system such as we propose it would be altogether inapplicable. Our choice, therefore, rests between conscription with substitutes, or universal liability to military service. We do not think there can be a moment's hesitation on the subject. If the former system be adopted the uniform of the soldier becomes a badge of social inferiority. The misfortune of a class and no idea of patriotism can in such a case be attached to the profession. Universal liability to service, on the contrary, may be a more wide-spread hardship, but it is one which would tend both to unite and ennoble all classes, and, moreover, by it we should obtain a fair sample of the nation, instead of merely the dregs. We are very fond of precedent, adhere with obstinate tenacity to old ideas, or those which we consider old, and, moreover, anything which interferes with the full freedom of individual action is extremely repugnant to our feelings. The army, also, has hitherto been supplied for the most part with such very indifferent raw material that it has been

in one draft to the 'Bellona.' Surely those who read the above statement will admit that even when bounties were given, the system of voluntary enlistment proved insufficient to keep up our army and navy to the required strength. As regards the future, we have already given our reasons for believing that our difficulties will be largely increased. What remains, then, to be done? Clearly we must have recourse either to the conscription, with power of procuring substitutes, or to universal liability to military service. Let us digress, however, for a little, and examine, first, what are our requirements? secondly, how many of them could be satisfied by present arrangements and under the existing system? For we feel certain that many people will argue as follows: All that you have said might have held good a few years ago, but have we not now so large an auxiliary and reserve force that we can afford to run the risk of the regular army being occasionally somewhat under its establishment? With regard to our requirements; it is unnecessary here to deal with statistics; it is sufficient to state that, in the face of possible hostile combinations among Continental Powers, able to bring almost fabulous forces into the field, we ought to be in a position to expand largely our army with trained soldiers at a moment's notice, and further, to provide for reinforcements by a sudden levy of untrained men. Much is made of the silver streak which is supposed to encircle us with a magical belt of defence. Our peaceful policy is also appealed to as an argument against any considerable military preparations. As to the silver streak, as soon as the naval projects of Russia and Germany shall have been fully carried out, the Channel will, for all practical purposes, have been bridged; while, with respect to our non-aggressive policy, it must be borne in mind that the most peaceful nations are precisely those most likely to be assailed, and that it is a military axiom that any defensive, must, to be successful, be combined with an offensive system. With respect to the means we now possess for satisfying the requirements of our position, we have an active army, chronically below its establishment in time of peace. We have an army reserve, intended to expand that active army. This reserve is, however, insignificant in numbers, and so badly organised that the men comprising it cannot be relied on to appear when called upon. At all events, there would be many absentees, and no arrangements exist for fusing reserve men efficiently with the men constantly serving with the colours. We have also the auxiliary forces—misnamed reserve forces—which comprise pensioners, and second class army reserve, militia, yeomanry, and volunteers. The second class army reserve, including pensioners, is only liable to home service; it is insignificant in numbers, and physically incapable of performing more than garrison duty. The militia is, for the most part, badly officered, imperfectly trained, seldom up to its full numbers, and both phy-

sically and morally of inferior quality. The yeomanry and volunteers are a valuable auxiliary force, but generally indifferently officered, and necessarily, as a rule, deficient in training; moreover, the numbers are liable to fall off any day, should the service become unpopular. In fact, the 100,000 of one day might in the course of a month dwindle down to 10,000. It is clear, therefore, that no reliance can be placed on the auxiliary forces valuable in some respects, as large portions of them are. Their usefulness cannot be called in question, but seeing that even their numerical strength can scarcely be predicted from day to day, we should look on them as a desirable possible addition to rather than as a permanent part of our defensive force. Moreover, volunteers could not be embodied for any length of time without considerable private and public detriment. Take, for instance, the Civil Service and the Post Office Corps. To embody these regiments would be to cripple seriously the transaction of State business. The conclusion we arrive at is that the militia should be differently constituted, that the volunteers and yeomanry should be more thoroughly trained, should be compelled to give a substantial notice, say of three months, of a desire to quit the service, and that they should be really viewed as auxiliaries, whose aid would be valuable, but not indispensable. As at present, the active army should, in our opinion, be divided into men with the colours and men in the army reserve, the latter, as a rule, remaining attached to their former regiments. The militia should consist exclusively of men who have passed through the regular army, and be officered altogether by retired or half-pay officers connected with the county. The militia would then be a real reserve, which it certainly is not at present. The question now arises, how are the army and militia to be recruited? As we have said before, that even with our present system voluntary enlistment has proved a failure. To a system such as we propose it would be altogether inapplicable. Our choice, therefore, rests between conscription with substitutes, or universal liability to military service. We do not think there can be a moment's hesitation on the subject. If the former system be adopted the uniform of the soldier becomes a badge of social inferiority. The misfortune of a class and no idea of patriotism can in such a case be attached to the profession. Universal liability to service, on the contrary, may be a more wide-spread hardship, but it is one which would tend both to unite and ennoble all classes, and, moreover, by it we should obtain a fair sample of the nation, instead of merely the dregs. We are very fond of precedent, adhere with obstinate tenacity to old ideas, or those which we consider old, and, moreover, anything which interferes with the full freedom of individual action is extremely repugnant to our feelings. The army, also, has hitherto been supplied for the most part with such very indifferent raw material that it has been

looked on by society with an amount of contempt by no means justified by facts. Interested demagogues have chosen also to assume that the placing of arms in the hands of men subjected to lawful authority, and restrained from indulgence in vicious propensities, is productive of danger to the liberties of the country. Consequently many eminent men have protested most energetically against any departure from the voluntary system. The late Mr. Godley, assistant Under Secretary of State for War, stated to the Royal Commission on Recruiting, which sat in 1860, his great objections to any other system than one of voluntary enlistment. He pronounced conscription to be the most expensive system which could be devised. If substitutes are allowed, he says it comes to a tax by lot, the individuals purchasing substitutes paying the money, instead of the State doing so, in the way of bounties, high pay, and other inducements to voluntary enlistment. We quite agree with Mr. Godley, but would remark that he does not seem to have conceived the idea of an alternative in the shape of universal liability to military service without substitutes. Lord Derby does recognise the possibility of an alternative, but he condemns it in the strongest terms. In a letter to the *Times*, published 15th December, 1870, he thus expressed himself. 'If you apply compulsory service universally, and endeavour to train everybody, you are making ten times the amount of preparation you require.' To this objection we answer that *it is not universal training, but universal liability and universal registering, that we propose.* Lord Derby considers, moreover, that personal service and the loss of time involved in it, presses lightly on the two extremes of society, but falls hardly on the skilled artizan or the professional men. The truth of this assertion cannot be controverted, but we see a way to mitigate the severity of personal service, and thus to meet Lord Derby's objection. To permit a man to compound for personal service by a money payment, is unjust and unadvisable. To make everyone serve in the regular army, as a private, is to inflict considerable hardship on a large class of the population. The mean between the two is to compel every man who objects to personal service in the regular army to enrol himself in the yeomanry or volunteers for a certain period, and to pay his share of all the expenses of maintaining those corps, receiving nothing whatever from the State save when embodied. Were this plan adopted, there would be a combination of money-payment and personal service. The volunteer would equally, with the linesman, serve his country, but he would do so in a less unpleasant and onerous manner. Almost everyone would gain by the arrangement. The State would save money, could demand more fixity of service, require a larger amount of training, and the volunteer himself would gain by being able to continue in his occupation or profession and to perform his military

duties with a minimum of trouble and annoyance. Another means of escape to those who wish to avoid service in the ranks of the regular army would be afforded by a commission which is now open to public competition. Well-grown lads of eighteen might also compound for the full amount of regular service, by serving, at their own cost, in the line for one year, and then finishing the term in the volunteers. In such cases, the Volunteer who has served his year in the line, should be allowed to terminate his liability to the State in a shorter time than ordinary volunteers. Naturally, were such a system introduced, the Government would possess such a hold over the yeomanry and volunteers, that it might require and obtain a much higher degree of efficiency than at present exists. The competition for commissions in the regular army would be much keener than it is now, and the general education of the country would be thus raised. It will, no doubt, be urged that to men of education and refinement the barrack-room would be intolerable. No doubt such would be the case if the army were constituted as it is at present, but universal liability would improve the tone of the army to an incalculable extent. The barrack-room of to-day might be an unpleasant residence to refined and educated men; but the barrack-room of to-morrow would be a very different thing. Besides, many young gentlemen in Australia associate at the diggings with companions of very questionable character and manners. That, which they do for their own gain, they may fairly be called upon to do for the gain of the State. The details of the organisation to be adopted need not here be discussed, but we fancy we could scarcely do better than follow the example of Prussia as to age.

To sum up, Mr. Godley considered that the choice lay between conscription and voluntary enlistment. Lord Derby further discusses the question of universal liability to military service, arriving at the conclusion, that the best method of all is voluntary enlistment. We have tried through a long course of years, and by every means in our power, to reconcile voluntary enlistment with military efficiency, and have failed. France has practised conscription, also a signal failure; the Germans some sixty years ago, adopted universal liability to military service and have found it to answer. The question is, can you accomplish what is absolutely necessary by means of voluntary enlistment? We answer that experience and reason show you cannot. The only thing to be done then, is to follow the example of Canada, fairly grapple with the subject, and force every man of a certain age to fulfil his first natural duty as a citizen, by giving as much of his time and labour as may be required to the security of the State. That the public mind is not yet prepared for so comprehensive a scheme, we fully allow, but the public mind of England ripens rapidly in these days; witness the Irish

Church question; and indications are not wanting to show that the measure we advocate is beginning to gain ground among thoughtful men. It is, no doubt, a curse to any country that it should have to devote any attention; to spend any money on military organisation, but till human nature changes, war will always be a contingency against which we must prepare. If our preparations can be carried out effectually by voluntary enlistment, well and good; but if not, it would be madness to be deterred by a little additional hardship from giving in our adhesion to universal liability to service. We believe that the nation will soon be convinced that it has no choice in the matter. In the meantime, it is the duty of all true patriots to spare no pains to educate the public mind, so as to hasten as much as possible the advent of the moment of complete conviction. When that time does come, our wealth, our honour, our independence, our influence, will be fully insured; till then, we are at the mercy of fortune.

Love's Land.

Could I set sail on an emerald sea—
Set sail for ever—my love with me,
Till I found Love's island, that blooms afar,
In the shadow of skies that are never cold,
'Neath a silver moon that never grows old,
And the purple light of his own sweet star!

Beyond the trouble of waves and winds,
And the thinnest vapoury veil that blinds
The silent face of the white, wan moon—
Love built him an altar for evermore
On the flowery hills of a golden shore,
When the world was weary, one night in June.

There the air is dulcet with harmonies;
White blossoms are thick on the changeless trees;
Pale lights float by on the perfum'd mist;
And rolling over a golden sand,
A river goes singing about the land,
Faint color'd and fair, like the amethyst.

Under the light of the dim, bright sky
Sometimes a shallop goes gleaming by,
Between the willows of either shore;
Steer'd by some unseen spirit, it speeds
Among the flags and the water-weeds,
Till it fades from sight, and is seen no more.

And, couched at length, twain lie in a dream;
They hear the song of the sleepy stream—
They turn and smile, with their soft, sad eyes;
And wonder if Time be yet, and Death,
And sorrow that comes of daily breath,
And the old green lands, and the bitter skies.

The feathery grasses are cool and sweet
To the fervent pulses of wandering feet;
And the dews that drip from the myrtle-boughs
Are soft as the kisses of maiden-lips;
Where the loose-bound ivy coronal slips,
And the rose lies heavy, on languid brows.

The faint, low music of laughter wakes
In the secret heart of the leafy brakes;
But never a murmur of tears or sighs;
And sometimes the quiver of wings is seen,
As the deathless dove, with her breast of sheen,
Floats down in the light of the silver skies.

The fair young year never knows decay;
The odorous night never grows to day;
The beam never fades of that pale, pure star;
The rose dies not, and the lily lives
For ever, and ever new perfume gives.
O love! wilt thou sail for that land afar?

Wilt thou sail with me, ere the daylight glides
Out into the west, o'er the crimson tides,
And the far-off song of the reaper swells
Through wooded valley, and upland, and lea,
To mix with the ebb and flow of the sea,
And the airy clamour of phantom bells?

There is no place in this world of change—
Where the earth forgets and the sky grows strange,
And the worm lies coil'd round the bud in its shell;
And youth fades—even as fade the flowers
He twines through his tresses in festal hours—
For Love, with his eyes, and his wings, to dwell.

O love! ere the star of the eve be born,
Wilt thou sail with me from this land forlorn,
Where the tempest roars, and the wind prevails;
And plough the billows for evermore,
Till we gain the waters of that sweet shore
Where Death never furl'd yet his gloomy sails?

FLORENCE K. BERGER.

A Morning in the Bodleian.

By Two Fellows.

How many people in England have ever been into the Bodleian? How many have ever read there, and how many even of the readers have ever dived into its depths or explored even a fraction of one of its departments? In the summer term at Oxford, down the centre passage of the library, goes a ceaseless rustle of ladies' dresses; 'lionesses,' led by undergraduate escorts as strange to the place as themselves, glide past the studies or stand more than half-bored at the cases of manuscripts and autograph letters. Yet even the giddiest and most ignorant among them must feel a little ashamed of the *ennui* which oppresses them. Surrounded by the thought of centuries, and face to face with those old parchments, with their famous signatures and ghostly halo of associations, even the hard-riding undergraduate, even the girl fresh from one flirtation and already planning another, must feel a moment's sobering, a moment's sense of insignificance. But the visit and its conscience-prickings are short-lived; half-an-hour is enough for most sight-seers, and the Bodleian knows them no more. Sometimes, as you stand at the catalogue shelf, you may see a more interesting group approaching—a little old parish clergyman, perhaps, with thin white hair and generally wise look, arrayed in a rusty master's gown, infinitely too long for him—he has just hired it, with the battered cap, regardless of fit. No matter. Behind walk wife and daughters, much impressed by the new splendour of his appearance; besides, in the wife's heart perhaps—she has a shrewd kindly look, motherly eyes, a pleasant brow—there awakes a sweet momentary sympathy with her husband's youth, that youth which laid all its capabilities and crudities at her feet, to which her girlhood gave itself gladly, and which is now such a dream to both. Then you may see him, the small ancient man, with conscious gait and eyes twinkling under his spectacles, board a passing librarian, make his name and academical status known with modest dignity, and demand a book. It is a MS. of 'Wyclif's *Sermons*,' perhaps, or a superb St. Augustine;

and tottering under its weight he takes it to some quiet resting-place where in the bosom of his family he details in an audible whisper his knowledge of its meaning. Gladly the Bodleian harbours such a simple reverend presence, and she closes her doors upon him with a benison.

Not less varied are the readers for whose present benefit these priceless stores are opened; readers of both sexes, and of every age, from the freshman touched with a love for gay illuminations to the spectacled bookworm whose mornings for forty weeks in the year have ever been consecrated to learning here. They come from all lands, for the Bodleian has treasures inaccessible elsewhere; its manuscripts and unique early printed books draw hungry seekers from across the sea. From Russia sometimes; of course from Germany; now and then an Italian may be here, for whom Milan and the Vatican have not sufficed; or even an American scholar, whom the New World's inevitable emptiness sends to draw from one of the oldest storehouses of the Old. Most typical of all is the German; a man still young probably, and yet with an air of age lent to him by his spectacles and his grey complexion and his colourless hair; a man of few words, and those guttural ones, of manners not the pleasantest, of dress not the most becoming; but patient in his obedience to his self-set task, as his countrymen to their captains in the field. He may be single-minded, or he may be controversial and terribly militant; but whether or no he has an enemy to crush, he travels straight on, missing nothing relevant, sparing no pains, and troubled by no vile illegibilities of fifteenth century handwriting. He is editing Nonnus perhaps; he finds nothing tedious in those forty-eight books of Dionysiaca, where the tinsel and the dulness of a *rococo* poetry is poorly redeemed by little gems of real observation and feeling; our German thinks nothing for the present of feeling or *rococo*; his business is to collate! Or it is a question of Athenian economy, misjudged by Boeckh, or Lachmann's *Lucretius*, has to be exploded, or Herr Tischendorf shown to be wrong on the text of St. John. Then his notes will be bitter enough, and he will exult in true Teutonic fashion at the slaughter of his enemy; and if his enemy's little helper perish with him, some poor Englishman who has ventured to adopt and support his reading, fresh joy is spread over the soul of our reader, Dr. Grausam, of Leipzig. But for all that he will not work more patiently; he will not—for it would be impossible—be more absorbed in the papers before him, more utterly heedless of the whispering visitors that curiously rustle by.

Yet, not all readers are foreigners—not all love for learning has died out of England. Practical we are, for the most part, even in our higher education; if we do not learn book-keeping and the work of the steam-engine, we strive, most of us, to learn those things only which will fit us to play our part, our social part, in the world: to talk well, to write

brilliantly, to philosophise cleverly at any and every crisis. But though this is the tendency of the higher education in England, and notably in Oxford, there are students left among us still. That old man in the study that you are passing, with his face buried in a folio of Plotinus, has learning enough to make even Dr. Grausam stare. Perhaps, if the paradox be allowed, he is too literally a student; too much bent on study, too little on realising study for the word's benefit. Endowments, ever good and evil, have had an evil effect on him; his rich fellowship has taken away one stimulus for public work, and his conscience has failed to supply him with another. So he has settled down to a life of mere luxury, not of the table but of the library, not of wines but of books. His wonderful receptive powers, his inexhaustible memory, his insatiable appetite, have made him a mine of knowledge in all its forms. Perhaps if he has a strong point, where all are strong, it is the Neoplatonic philosophy; his keen perception, his imagination, his tranquil disregard of the world around him, have perhaps led him on to an affinity with that strangest form of mysticism where eastern and western thought join hands. But if you have other sympathies he will satisfy them, supposing you to take him in one of those moments when he chooses to be generous of his learning; he will make Conde's Campaigns with you, or Cabot's Voyages; he will talk to you of Shakespeare and the First Folio, of the disputed lines in *Cymbeline;* he will teach you to

> —— see two points in Hamlet's soul
> Unseized by the Germans yet.

Or passing back through the history of poetry, if you ask whence Shakespeare drew his inspiration, he will roam with you by the canal-side in Venice, and will quote Ariosto to you, and Bojardo, and so pass backwards through Spanish romance and Provençal love-song, and onward again through the Minnesänger to all that warp and woof of sentiment which they first taught Germany to weave. Yet with all this, part indolent, part cynical, part fastidious, he will not write, he never has written. He knows too many books. He has seen too many reputations made by charlatans, marred for students; too many histories written, admired, and superseded; too many classics revived by patient editors to fall again to death. The game is not worth the candle. It is better to sit still and enjoy.

Many others there are, very different from each other and from him; such as the student-tradesman, who for the morning hours when business is light leaves his hosiery to an assistant and comes to compare charters and gather facts for a history of Herefordshire, among whose orchards he was born. He has had no teaching to speak of in his youth; but the historical impulse was strong in him, and Oxford awoke it into life;

so he taught himself Latin enough to read a chronicle, and set to work full of enthusiasm, certain of results. His neighbour, too, does good work; she too is enthusiastic, and with the enthusiasm which is the mother of patience. She wears spectacles; her nose is too *retroussé* for beauty, her colour too high; in the country she would be a prodigy, in Tyburnia she would be voted 'blue.' But she cares little for Tyburnia, and much for beautiful things and great interests; and so she is studying Holbein here. She has to read much, to be often disappointed, before she can discover anything new; in the library, you would say, she has the habits of a bookworm. But in half-an-hour's talk you would find that the eyes behind those spectacles are deep as well as penetrating; her liveliness, her warmth, will convince you that it is possible for a woman to be a student without being a pedant—without in fact ceasing to be a woman. You would find that the past is interesting to her, because the present is so intensely real; that she handles knowledge purely as the instrument of feeling, and loves it only because by it feeling is deepened, widened, and refined.

But the building itself, with its approaches, is as interesting as its inhabitants. Here it is, the low Tudor archway, the heavy oaken door swung back upon its hinges, and beyond it the stairs, cool in the utmost heat of summer and pervaded with that mingled fragrance of books and old oak, which is one of the most subtle and suggestive of scents. Pass up them, resting on the way if you will, on the broad window seats whence the quad is visible, with its quaint mistaken tower of the Five Orders, and its memory-haunted examination schools. Here are portraits of John Baliol and Devorguila his wife, a pair of ancient Radicals, vigorous and unconventional, fit progenitors of the modern Baliol. Here are maps, old and superseded, side by side with pictures of forgotten nobodies —old worlds, and the inhabiters thereof. Yonder are the steps into the gallery, an enchanted place, long and spacious, hung with portraits, old and new,—a marvellous Mary of Scots, from whose exquisite pale face sorrow has refined away the vanity and hardness of youth, pranked out in no ruff, no peaked head-dress, no pearls, but shrouded in black folds of drapery, which suit with the long years of imprisonment behind, the inevitable death in front; a Cranmer, by Holbein, with full weak red lips; a Duns Scotus, gaunt and unkempt, representative of the fossil race of the schoolmen; a solemn Lord Burleigh riding solemnly upon a beast, less than mule more than ass—strange and laughable conception. Here is Guy Fawkes' lantern, poor innocent accessory of a long-past crime, sole relic of many men and many passions: here is a chair, made from the ship in which Sir Francis Drake sailed round the world, and as you touch it, the forests unfathomable and creeper-twined of the New World spring up before you, and you catch in the offing the sails of the

Spanish treasure-ship, flying the pursuit of English hate. In a little octagonal chamber, lit by windows, over whose bright pure tints the becoming dimness of age has crept, stands the chest or strong-box of Sir Thomas Bodley. It has a marvellous lock truly; puzzle out its intricacies of polished steel, wrought here and there into mocking likenesses of leaves and flowers, if you can,—the burglar of past centuries tried a shorter method, and in the bottom of the chest you may still see the square hole he cut, blessing the elaborate stupidity of owner and maker the while. In yonder case, are the fruit-trenchers of Queen Elizabeth; they belong surely to the old age of the Virgin Queen, so cynical are the maxims, so bitter the would-be love poems inscribed upon them. It is a pleasant place, this gallery. At every turn, without effort or pain on our part, the past floods in upon us,—the dry bones live,—the vast library beneath our feet seems to take voice and speak from these faces, these varied relics from the holes and corners of bygone life.

But let us press on. This gallery after all is but full of symbols —is but itself a great symbol; through that green door lies the reality.

A great cruciform space opens before you. Right and left, before, behind, above, beneath, books—nothing but books. Over your head, a beamed and arched roof, the fire of whose bosses and blazonings time has long since sobered, and from whose painted squares speaks everywhere and at all times the prayer of mediæval learning '*Dominus illuminatio mea!*' The eyes of Dr. Grausam, of Lepsic, rest upon it sometimes with the calm superiority proper to a disciple of Voltaire; the English divine in yonder closed study, toiling over his Hebrew, notes it now and then with a vague feeling of refreshment, so subtly do the words re-call the time of quiet cloisters and calm-faced monks, busy with leaf-gold, and paint, and parchment. That is fifteenth century glass in those windows; match those fading blues, opal greens, and lucid browns in modern work if you can. Here are cases like those in the gallery—Queen Elizabeth's Latin Exercises, her books, her gloves. They are large, these last—it were hard to connect anything small and soft with the signing of those two death-warrants of Essex and Mary. On the other side, is a letter of Archbishop Laud's, written the night before his execution; the fine slanting characters aptly represent a man in whom a fatal leaven of sentiment, a fatal poetry of nature, fought obstinately against the drivings of common sense. Here is Monmouth's last humbling act of submission the day before his death and so on—a refined symbolic chamber of horrors, which need detain us no longer. Beyond the cases, you come to the Catalogue, the key to the great silent enigma around you—the new Catalogue is a great and thorough piece of work, as yet incomplete. Standing behind the librarian's chair, you look down

the nave of the library, honey-combed on either hand by studies, open and closed, filled with various readers and confusion of many books. Ah! those studies:—let us open one of them. The latticed doors, green-curtained, fly open, and you pass into a tiny room, book-walled, jutting flaps, ancient and dusty on either hand, lit by an Elizabethan window, through whose stone-framed panes the eye wanders to the green and reverend stillness of a college garden far beneath. As you slip into the chair got ready for you, a deep repose steals over you, the repose not of indolence but possession—the product of true work and patient thought only. Literature has no guerdon for 'bread-students' to quote the expressive German phrase; let not the young man reading for his pass, the London copyist, or the British Museum illuminator, hope to enter within the enchanted ring of her benignant influences; only to the silent ardours, the thirst, the disinterestedness of the true learner is she prodigal of all good gifts. To him she beckons, in him she confides, till she has produced in him that wonderful many sidedness, that universal sympathy, which stamps the true literary man and which is more religious than any form of creed.

So far we have gone; so far all the world may go. Let us pass downwards, however; let us enter the *penetralia*, leaving the studies where the brown folios lie, whose very titles are a dead-letter to us; *Pymander Mercurii Trismegisti*, *Rosselus de Sacramentis VII.*, *Ribera in Prophetas*, *Snepffius in Esaiam;* the mighty works of forgotten casuists, *Azorii Institt: Morales* in two enormous volumes, the ponderous *Œuvres de Richeome*, and hundreds more. Downwards through that green door marked 'private,' by stairs book-lined, through a long room, where live maps innumerable, roll-maps, sheet-maps, bound maps of every date and every size; past stands containing every report of every learned society throughout the world—a department which makes one hurry on, inwardly shivering:—through mazes of periodicals old and young, serious and trivial, from the 'Quarterly' down to the 'Lady's Magazine,' from 'Punch' to the 'Christian Remembrancer,' till we reach a room filled with strange folios, lettered with strange names, a room which faintly represents a literature once the noblest of the modern world, a room symbolised by the superb Koran lying open on yonder desk. In a small inner room are the Hebrew manuscripts; a German is working there, another in shirt-sleeves is here—strange people of innumerable tentacles, stretching all ways, from Genesis to the latest form of the needle-gun. Up the steps there is a mixed room, partly Oriental partly European: it need not detain us. But let us pause in the octagon of octagons, gem of these lower abodes. The rooms around and beyond may suggest labour and patience, may depress with the consciousness of immeasurable inferiority; this only suggests the cream of work, the flowers that bloom

rarely and brightly on the steep hillsides of literature. Here is the sumptuousness of modern binding; the 'Paléographies,' the 'Voyages Pittoresques,' the 'Antiquities' of this and that; all, in short, that is most princely and most lavish in modern culture. Then turn your hand a moment to these shelves, so close and so inviting; pull them out, the little shining slender volumes, and pass with mind attuned and sympathies awake into the playground of the middle-ages. Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ariosto, Tasso, copy after copy, edition after edition. Here is a 'Decameron; Venezia 1517.' The name and date go strangely together. In a solemn upheaval time when Wittenberg theses were startling Europe, when Protestantism, with all its base austere variations, was springing into being, this little book saw the light, glided into the world of the sixteenth century, whose public life wears so grim and earnest a look to posterity, and slipping from house to house and hand to hand, woke laughter in Italian eyes and fed the unquenched craving of the South for story-telling. Look at this annotated edition of Petrarch's sonnets; the sonnet, a gem, though scarcely of the first water, in a worthless setting of wire-spun commentary. At the time this was printed Petrarch was a greater force in the world than Dante. Europe was still young and childish, with youth's passion for grace, youth's shrinking from deep water and love for beautiful outsides. There is a Bojardo side by side with *Orlando Furioso*—shadow and substance. And in that lowest shelf a grim row of *Todten-tänzer* quaintly underlies these tales of love and war. All the characters in those haunts of pleasure are here reproduced, knight and maiden, monk and matron, but beside them all stands the inevitable spectre with scythe and hour-glass, and in the midst of its riot and festival you see the Middle-Age standing still with down-dropt eyes and hand on mouth, pondering for an instant the awful secret, ringed by which it lives and laughs. Opposite are books of alchemy, interspersed with unintelligible cyphers; such books as Leonardo da Vinci may have studied in that withdrawn transition time of his. Ah! we must leave it, our room of rooms, carrying with us a summer picture of it—calm bands of sunlight lying on the brown polish of the floor, and creeping along the book-lined angles, fit companion for all the jest and laughter, all the love and pathos which dwell here embalmed.

We have stayed so long in the antechambers that we have no time to linger long in the Douce Library to which it leads. And yet the Douce Library is rich beyond all telling in MSS., Latin, French and English; in early printed work, in the out-of-the-way corners of Elizabethan literature, in old stories of travel, quaintly illustrated and adorned. That centre-stand boasts four manuscripts of the 'Roman de la Rose,' one with four half-page illustrations, drawn in soft dove-like tints of grey, refreshing after the commoner reds and blues of the other three—'Lancelot du Lac,'

'Reynaut et Isengrim,' 'Vie de Merlin,' 'Vœu du Paon,' 'Roman d' Alexandre'—there they stand, one after another, names of enchantment for all time. And by them is the shelf of 'Hours,' not the least attractive of the books that surround you. Take out one of them, a small red octavo, 'Heures Gotique,' the binder mysteriously calls it, but if you turn to the mutilated title-page you will find that it is a book of 'Hours, à l'usaige de Soissons.' The famous Simon Vostre is the printer, so the date must be 1510 or so; on the wide margin of nearly every one of the 300 pages are four exquisite woodcuts, all different, all intensely German. Dürer might have drawn them all, except that they are even quainter than his work—a priest admitting a company of veritable Nürembergers to celebration; Herodias' daughter watching the fall of John Baptist's head; devils cast out and flying away on leathern wings; Dives and Lazarus, terribly specific; a double page, terribly dramatic, of David and 'Urie,' where Urie is in the forefront of the battle, in grim earnest, and the Nuremberg-fashioned spear of an Ammonite lanz-knecht is entering deep into his side. Or if you care more for splendour of illumination than for minute engraving, get the librarian's leave, and spend an hour with the famous 'Ormesby Psalter,' the 'Salterium fratris Roberti de Ormesby,' as the inscription calls it, among the most magnificent of all the monk-works of the magnificent fourteenth century. Not even the treasures of San Marco at Florence, where Angelico's own hand is traceable on the precious missals, can show more brilliant colouring, more fertile design, more delicate leafwork, or more fanciful grotesque, than this patient life's-labour of the northern friar.

Who can pass out of such a building without a feeling of profound melancholy? The thought is almost too obvious to be dwelt upon, but it is overpowering and inevitable. These shelves of mighty folios, these cases of laboured manuscripts, these illuminated volumes of which each may represent a life—the first dominant impression which they make cannot fail to be like that which a burial-ground leaves—a Hamlet-like sense of the pity of it. Which is the sadder image, the dust of Alexander stopping a bunghole, or the brain and lifeblood of a hundred monks cumbering the shelves of the Bodleian? Not the former, perhaps; for Alexander's dust matters little where, his work considered, but these monks' work is in their books; to their books they sacrificed their lives, and gave themselves up as an offering to posterity. And posterity, overburdened by its own concerns, passes them by without a look or a word! Here and there, of course, is a volume which has made a mark upon the world; but the mass are silent for ever, and zeal, industry, talent, for once that they have had permanent results, have a thousand times been sealed by failure. And yet men go on writing, writing; and books are

born under the shadow of the great libraries, just as children are born within sight of the tombs. It seems as though Nature's law were universal as well as rigid in its sphere—wide wastes of sand shut in the green oasis; many a seed falls among thorns, or by the wayside; many a bud must be sacrificed before there comes the perfect flower; many a little life must exhaust itself in a useless book before the great work is made which is to remain a force for ever. And so we might as profitably murmur at the withered buds, at the seed that takes no root, at the stretch of desert, as at the unread folios. They are waste, it is true; but it is the waste that is thrown off by humanity in its ceaseless process towards the fulfilment of its law.

Our Police System.

When the lives and properties of a population of between three and four millions are given over to the charge of some nine thousand individuals, the selection, organisation, modes of action and of thought of these guardians of all we hold dear, possess for the public a solid interest.

In London, the police forms a very respectable army in numbers, is organised on a military basis, with a complete hierarchy of officers, and of late has received a cavalry contingent, which will soon no doubt be the glory of its military directors.

The metropolis has been mapped out into new divisions for police purposes, and each street or series of streets, is placed under the especial guardianship of an individual officer. Telegraph wires running underground connect the various districts with head quarters; and—with the military discipline inflexibly maintained—render the force as effective for great or little services against the enemies of society, as any human arrangement yet invented has proved to be.

There are at the present moment under the Commissioner and Assistant Commissioners (all military officers): 26 Superintendents, 257 Inspectors, 955 Sergeants, and 7922 Constables, to watch over the enormous population and boundless wealth contained within the police radius of 688 square miles. As everybody knows, the head quarters of the whole is Scotland Yard, in a long, straggling, mean-looking building, opposite a line of stables. The stations throughout the metropolis are all connected by telegraph wires, and from these stations as sub-centres, the police, who are sub-divided into ordinary constables, reserves, and detectives, patrol countless miles of streets, and do in so far as in them lies, what man can do to prevent Her Majesty's lieges from coming to harm.

The Metropolitan Police, which owes its origin to Sir Robert Peel and to his dread of the power likely to fall into popular hands, as a consequence of the political changes presaged by the agitation about the time of the first Reform Bill, was organised by Colonel Rohan and Sir Richard, then Mr. Mayne, the former supplying the military, the latter the legal know-

ledge. Since the death of Sir Richard Mayne, Colonel Henderson, his successor, has succeeded in accomplishing a number of small changes in the system, having for their object a more effective drill, and a greater military smartness throughout. Assistant commissioners have been appointed, whose ideas savour more of the barrack than of the police station. There are not wanting those who consider that the thieves have no cause to regret the death of Sir Richard Mayne. But the system must be judged by its fruits, and unquestionably the latest statistics show that while the population of the metropolis has increased there has been a marked diminution in crime; for instance, the total number of cases of burglary, housebreaking, robbery and larceny, receiving stolen goods, and keeping disorderly houses, was but 12,251 last year, as compared with 14,258 in 1869, a remarkable reduction. Some may think that this agreeable result is due to the philanthropic efforts of those who labour to educate and christianise that section of the population from which the criminal classes are recruited. Others, with perhaps more reason, ascribe it to the severe powers given under the Habitual Criminals Act, for crushing out, or at least making highly uncomfortable, those who live by crime alone. The fact, however, is incontestable.

The nine thousand men of the force are divided into twenty divisions, nineteen of which are known by letters of the alphabet, each one numbering on an average from 450 to 500 men. The K or Stepney division is the strongest, having close upon 700 rank and file; with the exception of the Thames, an unlettered body, the H or Whitechapel division is the smallest, numbering less than 300. The 'Fancy A,' as it is called in the force, is the favoured division, being set apart to guard the palaces and the Houses of Parliament, and generally to assist in state pageants. It has three superintendents all to itself, and there are thirty-five inspectors, and ninety-seven sergeants to look after its 401 constables. The other divisions are more sparingly officered, even the K having to manage with one superintendent, thirteen inspectors, and seventy-nine sergeants. No particular rule governs the number of inspectors in each division. The B or Wandsworth men, with an area of sixty-four miles to look after, have but seven inspectors, while the R, or Greenwich, with three miles less, have four officers more. Each division is complete in itself and looks after all the beats within its own bounds. In times of disturbance it receives or gives assistance, but in all ordinary times it would be considered a monstrous offence for an M to trench on the ground of an N, or a C to walk on a D's side of the way.

The pay of all ranks has been recently increased, at least nominally. The men have an additional 1*s.* 6*d.* a week, but for that they are obliged to be satisfied with one day's leave in a fortnight, instead of one in a week. When a recruit joins he finds himself rated as an

ordinary constable of the 4th Class, with 1*l.* a week pay. The deductions for the superannuation fund, clothes, &c., leave him about eighteen shillings nett. He graduates through the 3rd and 2nd Class until he finds himself in the Reserve 2nd Class, with deductions. When he gets into the 1st Reserve, he will find himself in receipt of 1*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* a week, the highest pay for a private constable. If he is uncommonly sharp, or can make his superiors think he is, he may then become a divisional detective with an extra sixpence a week. He now waits for his sergeancy, which will be worth to him 1*l.* 9*s.* a week. If he is lucky he may advance until he gets as station sergeant 1*l.* 15*s.*, and if promoted to the chief office, 2*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.* An ordinary inspector of the 2nd Class gets 2*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* a week, and a chief inspector three guineas. The best paid detectives are those of Scotland Yard itself, who receive 4*l.* 16*s.* 2*d.* A superintendent in his first year gets no more, but his salary rises with every year until the eleventh, when he has 6*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.* and a chance of 25*l.* per annum extra, good service allowance.

Before the 4th Class constable can rise to the position of superintendent, he will find a great many obstacles to be surmounted. If his education be bad, as it too often is, he will have to make it good at the evening classes now attached to most stations. He will have to be always in the way when his sergeant wants him, to be civil to his inspector, and intelligent before the magistrate while conducting a case. If he can succeed in making a clever capture, he will find himself spoken of in the police reports as an active and intelligent officer, and he may consider himself on the right road. But pitfalls surround him at every step: if he is taciturn and sullen on his beat, he may provoke enmity leading to quarrels or vexatious 'reports,' generally damaging to his prospects; if he be sociable, he is sure to be invited to drink, and when tired out by long patrolling, hungry and perhaps wet, he is often tempted to accept the perilous gift. The slightest sign of drink is destruction to his hopes, the public is sure to make an outcry about a drunken policeman, upon the slightest appearance of intoxication, and it is then all over with him. To diminish the temptation to accept the dangerous refreshment so frequently proffered to constables, it is in contemplation to send round coffee and bread and butter to the men on their beats during the night—an excellent project, which we hope will be carried out. If the constable passes unscathed through all these minor perils and becomes a sergeant he will find the path to higher preferment much smoother. A great deal will then depend upon his own intelligence. The inspector relies for his chance of a superintendency upon the personal impression which he makes at head quarters itself. The superintendents can rise

no higher. They have obtained their Marshal's *batons*, and have nothing to hope or fear at the hands of their chief.

Each division is in constant communication with Scotland Yard; each superintendent is obliged to go there daily and report upon the state of his district. The inspectors have also to go thither periodically. The assistant commissioners make irregular visits to the different stations, and a constant telegraphic correspondence is kept up throughout the day, and at times even during the night. Every three hours, a printed list of persons wanted, as well as of robberies and offences, is sent from Scotland Yard to all stations; this is called 'circulating.' A staff of detectives, supposed to be the cleverest in the force, is kept at the head office, for special services, and communications have to be made to them by the divisional men, in the case of any great crime demanding unusal exertions.

The ranks are filled up by voluntary enlistment, promotion goes by merit, or, at all events by selection, seniority going for something, though not for much, and the highest grades are attainable by the humblest constable if he be favoured by the stars. If the young man wants to enter the force, he will find that nothing more is necessary than a knowledge of reading and writing, a strong constitution, and a good character. After he has got his name inscribed on a roll of portentous length, generally bearing the names of hundreds of applicants, he will, if he be sharp, assiduously busy himself in looking up some influence which can get him taken out of the ruck, and advanced at once over the heads of his competitors. Having passed the doctor he will be placed in the preparatory class, where he will be kept for some ten days, undergoing a course of drill and general instruction. He will be lectured by a superintendent of the A division, upon all the duties which he will be called on to fulfil; an instruction book is given him for his private reading, after drill hours; and the superintendent taking that as a sort of prayer book, and the Police Act as a bible, carefully prepares him for the ceremony of being sworn in before the commissioner himself at the earliest opportunity, at an early day.

The venerable old thief-taker places all his experience at the service of the raw recruit, describes to him imaginary cases of assault and battery, larceny and murder, running down and running over, and tells him what an active and intelligent constable ought to do under the circumstances. Thus enlightened, the youngster goes up before the commissioner, who looks solemnly at him, puts a question, not for knowledge, but to ascertain the want of it, and swears him in with a magisterial air. From that moment the young man is a constable of the 4th Class, he goes back to the preparatory class; but is warranted in looking down upon all those who have not as yet kissed the book.

For the following week he is sent out for five hours patrolling in the busiest thoroughfares, under the charge of a constable of either the A., B., or C. divisions, and as the time chosen is always from eight in the evening till one in the morning, he has opportunity enough for picking up a smattering of volunteer duty. If he behaves himself well, this dry-nursing will come to an end in a week, and on the following Monday afternoon, a divisional clerk will take him to one of the stations of the divisions to which he is to be attached. For the next week he will be rigorously confined in the station-house, with nothing to do but to watch what goes on; and submit as best he may to the chaff of the older officers. Time does not, however, lie heavily on his hands, especially in the evenings, for then hardly ten minutes pass without some charge or complaint being brought in; and by the reports of the constables in charge he learns what will be expected of him in all sorts of emergencies. In due time, he is sent out to walk alone, in certain streets, which are confided to him as his beat.

These beats are co-extensive with all the streets, lanes, and alleys of London, and the high-ways and bye-ways of the country round about. Each man is furnished with a beat card, on which the streets confided to his care are carefully marked down. He is obliged to begin at a particular end, and visit all the parts in prescribed order, so that the sergeant may know where to drop on him at a given moment. He is bound to examine the fastenings of every shop, factory, and other place of business, and see that all private houses are duly secured, and all basement windows closed, and he must report any instance of negligence he may find. This is an arduous duty, for which he gets little thanks. If a crowd gather on the pavement, it is his business to go straight into the centre and send to the right and left the disputants. In case of resistance, he must take *somebody* into custody. He is particularly instructed never to walk round about a crowd, or appear to hesitate before taking action. Decision and self-assertion are impressed on him as sacred duties. While on his beat none but a sergeant knows where to find him, hence the popular complaint, that a policeman is never to be had when he's wanted. To remedy this evil, 108 points have been recently selected, at which men are permanently stationed. The points are generally chosen at the intersection of great thoroughfares, as at King's Cross, the Angel, Elephant and Castle, &c., and there may now always be seen a member of the force. The points might be very usefully doubled, their utility being generally acknowledged.

For the country roads and outlying districts in the police radius, the horse police, a comparatively modern branch of the force, are found to be excellent. They are mostly old cavalry men, and are thoroughly efficient on patrol duty. They regard themselves as constituting the

aristocracy of the body, and look down on the foot police. Their especial use is in looking after a class of thieves, who go forth in light spring-carts, with fast-trotting horses, and dash down green lanes in search of whatever may be picked up. If a farm-house window be open, they clear the mantel-shelf of its ornaments and of any stray cash or trinkets that may be about. If they see a sheep in a field, with neither shepherd nor watch-dog at hand, they fling it to the bottom of their cart and are miles away before the farmer is aware of his loss. The cart and horse, turned to such bad use, are generally the property of some enterprising publican, better known than trusted by his more respectable fellow victuallers, and are hired out at a guinea a day, or two guineas a night, no questions asked. If he sometimes gets a present from the gentlemen who go into the country, he is very well pleased, and thinks it nothing at all out of the common. The horse police are the sole protection against these marauders, for so rapid are the movements of the trotting horse, in the light trap with the thin spoked wheels, that no ordinary policeman could hope to comê up with or intercept it. The police patrols, however, come up with him by hard riding, and do not always keep to Her Majesty's highway. A good many publicans have lately had cause to regret a decline in the business of hiring out horses and carts of the class alluded to. One particular horse was known to the police by its invariable absence from its stable, immediately prior to and just after robberies of plate in outlying country districts. It never went out except on a 'silver job,' and it never came home without some farmer or country gentleman having to mourn the loss of his spoons. Matters at last got to such a pitch that something like a misunderstanding arose between the horse's owner and the police, and so strong was the prejudice of the officers, that the misunderstood landlord would certainly have lost his license had he not parted with his invaluable animal.

The detectives form a class apart in the police. In addition to the arrangement of beats and fixed points, each division sends forth a certain number of plain-clothes men, whose duty it is to supplement as detectives the efforts of the constables in uniform. They go out dressed up as sailors or labourers, or others, and were it not for the cleanliness of their faces and the severe cut of their hair, to say nothing of their methodical tread, they would pass very well. As it is, any thief worth his salt is able to distinguish one of them at a glance; but at a little distance even thieves' sharpness may be deceived. To be a detective is, in the eye of the ordinary policeman, not only to be classed as a sharp and responsible man, but to be a lucky and a money-making man. They are divided into two branches—the divisional detectives, and those of Scotland Yard. The latter are, in a measure, the staff of the Force,

and form in some sort a connecting link between head-quarters and the various divisions. If a great murder be committed, the inspector of the locality details a couple of his plain-clothes men to make inquiries. The men chosen have generally some knowledge of the place and the people about, and they learn what they can relative to the matter. A report is sent up to Scotland Yard, and if the case be important it is put into the hands of one of the crack detectives there. He goes down to the locality, and puts himself into communication with the divisional detectives, who have been talking to apple-women, examining pot-boys, and sounding cabmen, with commendable industry. He requires them to yield up all their knowledge, laboriously acquired, and they do so, with the best grace they can, inwardly cursing him and the commissioner who sent him. For although they have the pains of making all the inquiries, and have stood the expense attending the getting of a clue which may ultimately lead to the desired capture, they will now have none of the glory of success, and only a small portion of any reward which may be offered. Sometimes the divisional detectives, who do the work, get only 10*l.* out of the reward of 200*l.*, which is generally offered on the occasion of a great crime. A swell-detective, if he gets his name into the papers, and he generally does, will get the lion's share not only of public applause, but of any substantial reward the case may bring.

In cases where the man is secured, and difficulty is experienced in bringing the facts home to him, the inspector not only takes counsel with the detectives, but with his superintendent, and all the circumstances are laid before the solicitor of the Treasury. That important functionary then decides as to the course to be pursued, and with him rests the choice of the evidence to be produced—we will not say withheld. Here, again, the distribution of praise and blame is not always unimpeachable. If the prosecution fail, it is said that the police have made a mess of it; and if it succeeds, the Treasury gets credit for the care and judgment with which it prepared the case. Yet the facts in either event have been all collected by the police, and the use made of them depended not on the judgment of the men in blue, but of the men of law—the Treasury solicitor and his counsel. The advice of the police is not asked, and if offered would not be taken, except as an evidence of presumption.

The detectives are not, however, always following or missing the trail of a murderer. Their duties sometimes cast their lines in pleasant places. At noblemen's balls helmeted policemen keep the doors, but the detective, in dress coat and kid gloves, enters with the company. It is not generally known that even at balls given by the highest nobility, by ambassadors, and the most exclusive of the 'Upper Ten,' a detective, in evening dress, with a bland smile on his face, and his moustache curled

in the most aggravating fashion, stalks about, and makes a note of divers things. If he happens to see, as he sometimes does, a swell-mobsman who has slipped in unawares, that swell-mobsman will find himself not necessarily arrested, but pushed out by moral pressure from the ball-room into the street, in five minutes. But it is not swell-mobsmen invariably that the detective, in evening dress, has to look after. Even in the very highest ranks, the mania for picking and stealing is not always undeveloped. Gentlemen with immense rent-rolls have been known to pocket a watch, abstracted from the belt of a lady with whom they have been waltzing. Even noblemen are not always above this incomprehensible weakness. If an act of this kind happen to be effected under the eye of the representative of the law, one thing is certain not to follow—the arrest and exposure of the culprit. That would make a scene, and well-bred society abhors scenes. The next morning, in the ordinary course of things, the valet of the gentleman who has possessed himself of his neighbour's goods, will find himself approached in a very diplomatic manner, and solicited to request the return of such and such an article of jewellery, which his noble master happened to pick up at the ball. The valet is generally a man of discretion, and hands over the article, with many apologies for not having taken it to his owner, as his master had directed,—but he was so busy, &c., &c.

Some officers are set apart for watching political movements, and sometimes they exercise a degree of ability and an ingenuity of which the public at large has little suspicion. Indeed, the public might, if it knew all, be tempted to apply very hard names to the intelligent officers and the *ruses* they employ. Instances have occurred in which distinguished foreigners, on political missions to this country, have had for their private secretaries detectives from Scotland Yard, introduced by parties whose position and influence were supposed to be 'guarantees of good faith.' Of course, all the private correspondence addressed to their employers by Englishmen and Continentals was duly read, the contents noted, and communicated to Scotland Yard. In this way much useful knowledge was acquired, of which our guests knew nothing. The men selected for such duties as those, in which great tact and cleverness are of course requisite, are good linguists, and of more or less education; they would pass muster fairly enough in any assembly of gentlemen—and gentlemen, of a sort, some of them undoubtedly are. The expenses of these men are very liberally provided for, not as a rule out of the police funds, but out of that secret-service money, whose amount exorcises so much the economic soul of Mr. Rylands, M.P.

It is impossible, in the limits of an article, to present to the reader anything like a complete view of the ramifications and inner workings of the police system. We have indicated its broad features—to do more

would require a volume. The prevailing idea is that the police are simply able-bodied fools, dressed up in blue; and that the detective is all his life employed in letting murderers slip through his fingers. But a very slight study of the subject would be sufficient to modify this impression. The system is wonderfully comprehensive, and makes its influence felt in matters of which the outside world knows nothing. If 1000*l.* worth of gunpowder be sent along the public streets, in a couple of open vans, it is the police who seize it before it has time to reduce a fourth of London to ruins. The smoke that ascends from a factory chimney, or a baker's flue, is noted by them, and the factory owner or the baker will find that in fourteen days forty shillings must be paid for polluting the air of heaven. It is the police who interdict a female Blondin from walking along a wire too thin to support her fragile limbs. If a kleptomaniac, in a duchess's ball-room, helps himself to a locket or a diamond, the police have an eye upon him just as much as if he were the occupant of a thieves' kitchen. The system often fails to do all that is expected of it, but, as a compensation, it very often does more than the public expects or would even desire.

CARMILLA.

By Sheridan le Fanu.

CHAPTER VII.

DESCENDING.

It would be vain my attempting to tell you the horror with which, even now, I recall the occurrence of that night. It was no such transitory terror as a dream leaves behind it. It seemed to deepen by time, and communicated itself to the room and the very furniture that had encompassed the apparition.

I could not bear next day to be alone for a moment. I should have told papa, but for two opposite reasons. At one time I thought he would laugh at my story, and I could not bear its being treated as a jest; and at another I thought he might fancy that I had been attacked by the mysterious complaint which had invaded our neighbourhood. I had myself no misgivings of the kind, and as he had been rather an invalid for some time, I was afraid of alarming him.

I was comfortable enough with my good-natured companions, Madame Paradon, and the vivacious Mademoiselle de Lafontaine. They both perceived that I was out of spirits and nervous, and at length I told them what lay so heavy at my heart.

Mademoiselle laughed, but I fancied that Madame Paradon looked anxious.

'By-the-bye,' said Mademoiselle, laughing, 'the long lime-tree walk, behind Carmilla's bedroom-window, is haunted!'

'Nonsense!' exclaimed Madame, who probably thought the theme rather inopportune, 'and who tells that story, my dear?'

'Martin says that he came up twice, when the old yard-gate was being repaired, before sunrise, and twice saw the same female figure walking down the lime-tree avenue.'

'So he well might, as long as there are cows to milk in the river fields,' said Madame.

'I daresay; but Martin chooses to be frightened, and never did I see fool *more* frightened.'

'You must not say a word about it to Carmilla, because she can see down that walk from her room window,' I interposed, 'and she is, if possible, a greater coward than I.'

Carmilla came down rather later than usual that day.

'I was so frightened last night,' she said, so soon as we were together, 'and I am sure I should have seen something dreadful if it had not been for that charm I bought from the poor little hunchback whom I called such hard names. I had a dream of something black coming round my bed, and I awoke in a perfect horror, and I really thought, for some seconds, I saw a dark figure near the chimney-piece, but I felt under my pillow for my charm, and the moment my fingers touched it, the figure disappeared, and I felt quite certain, only that I had it by me, that something frightful would have made its appearance, and, perhaps, throttled me, as it did those poor people we heard of.'

'Well, listen to me,' I began, and recounted my adventure, at the recital of which she appeared horrified.

'And had you the charm near you?' she asked, earnestly.

'No, I had dropped it into a china vase in the drawing-room, but I shall certainly take it with me to-night, as you have so much faith in it.'

At this distance of time I cannot tell you, or even understand, how I overcame my horror so effectually as to lie alone in my room that night. I remember distinctly that I pinned the charm to my pillow. I fell asleep almost immediately, and slept even more soundly than usual all night.

Next night I passed as well. My sleep was delightfully deep and dreamless. But I wakened with a sense of lassitude and melancholy, which, however, did not exceed a degree that was almost luxurious.

'Well, I told you so,' said Carmilla, when I described my quiet sleep, 'I had such delightful sleep myself last night; I pinned the charm to the breast of my night-dress. It was too far away the night before. I am quite sure it was all fancy, except the dreams. I used to think that evil spirits made dreams, but our doctor told me it is no such thing. Only a fever passing by, or some other malady, as they often do, he said, knocks at the door, and not being able to get in, passes on, with that alarm.'

'And what do you think the charm is?' said I.

'It has been fumigated or immersed in some drug, and is an antidote against the malaria,' she answered.

'Then it acts only on the body?'

'Certainly; you don't suppose that evil spirits are frightened by bits of ribbon, or the perfumes of a druggist's shop? No, these complaints

wandering in the air, begin by trying the nerves, and so infect the brain, but before they can seize upon you, the antidote repels them. That I am sure is what the charm has done for us. It is nothing magical, it is simply natural.'

I should have been happier if I could have quite agreed with Carmilla, but I did my best, and the impression was a little losing its force.

For some nights I slept profoundly; but still every morning I felt the same lassitude, and a languor weighed upon me all day. I felt myself a changed girl. A strange melancholy was stealing over me, a melancholy that I would not have interrupted. Dim thoughts of death began to open, and an idea that I was slowly sinking took gentle, and, somehow, not unwelcome, possession of me. If it was sad, the tone of mind which this induced was also sweet. Whatever it might be, my soul acquiesced in it.

I would not admit that I was ill, I would not consent to tell my papa, or to have the doctor sent for.

Carmilla became more devoted to me than ever, and her strange paroxysms of languid adoration more frequent. She used to gloat on me with increasing ardour the more my strength and spirits waned. This always shocked me like a momentary glare of insanity.

Without knowing it, I was now in a pretty advanced stage of the strangest illness under which mortal ever suffered. There was an unaccountable fascination in its earlier symptoms that more than reconciled me to the incapacitating effect of that stage of the malady. This fascination increased for a time, until it reached a certain point, when gradually a sense of the horrible mingled itself with it, deepening, as you shall hear, until it discoloured and perverted the whole state of my life.

The first change I experienced was rather agreeable. It was very near the turning-point from which began the descent of Avernus.

Certain vague and strange sensations visited me in my sleep. The prevailing one was of that pleasant, peculiar cold thrill which we feel in bathing, when we move against the current of a river. This was soon accompanied by dreams that seemed interminable, and were so vague that I could never recollect their scenery and persons, or any one connected portion of their action. But they left an awful impression, and a sense of exhaustion, as if I had passed through a long period of great mental exertion and danger. After all these dreams there remained on waking a remembrance of having been in a place very nearly dark, and of having spoken to people whom I could not see; and especially of one clear voice, of a female's, very deep, that spoke as if at a distance, slowly, and producing always the same sensation of indescribable solemnity and fear. Some-

times there came a sensation as if a hand was drawn softly along my cheek and neck. Sometimes it was as if warm lips kissed me, and longer and more lovingly as they reached my throat, but there the caress fixed itself. My heart beat faster, my breathing rose and fell rapidly and full drawn; a sobbing, that rose into a sense of strangulation, supervened, and turned into a dreadful convulsion, in which my senses left me and I became unconscious.

It was now three weeks since the commencement of this unaccountable state. My sufferings had, during the last week, told upon my appearance. I had grown pale, my eyes were dilated and darkened underneath, and the langour which I had long felt began to display itself in my countenance.

My father asked me often whether I was ill; but, with an obstinacy which now seems to me unaccountable, I persisted in assuring him that I was quite well.

In a sense this was true. I had no pain, I could complain of no bodily derangement. My complaint seemed to be one of the imagination, or the nerves, and, horrible as my sufferings were, I kept them, with a morbid reserve, very nearly to myself.

It could not be that terrible complaint which the peasants called the oupire, for I had now been suffering for three weeks, and they were seldom ill for much more than three days, when death put an end to their miseries.

Carmilla complained of dreams and feverish sensations, but by no means of so alarming a kind as mine. I say that mine were extremely alarming. Had I been capable of comprehending my condition, I would have invoked aid and advice on my knees. The narcotic of an unsuspected influence was acting upon me, and my perceptions were benumbed.

I am going to tell you now of a dream that led immediately to an odd discovery.

One night, instead of the voice I was accustomed to hear in the dark, I heard one, sweet and tender, and at the same time terrible, which said, 'Your mother warns you to beware of the assassin.' At the same time a light unexpectedly sprang up, and I saw Carmilla, standing, near the foot of my bed, in her white night-dress, bathed, from her chin to her feet, in one great stain of blood.

I wakened with a shriek, possessed with the one idea that Carmilla was being murdered. I remember springing from my bed, and my next recollection is that of standing on the lobby, crying for help.

Madame and Mademoiselle came scurrying out of their rooms in alarm; a lamp burned always on the lobby, and seeing me, they soon learned the cause of my terror.

I insisted on our knocking at Carmilla's door. Our knocking was un-

DRAWN BY D. H FRISTON. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'CARMILLA.'

answered. It soon became a pounding and an uproar. We shrieked her name, but all was vain.

We all grew frightened, for the door was locked. We hurried back, in panic, to my room. There we rang the bell long and furiously. If my father's room had been at that side of the house, we would have called him up at once to our aid. But, alas! he was quite out of hearing, and to reach him involved an excursion for which we none of us had courage.

Servants, however, soon came running up the stairs; I had got on my dressing-gown and slippers meanwhile, and my companions were already similarly furnished. Recognising the voices of the servants on the lobby, we sallied out together; and having renewed, as fruitlessly, our summons at Carmilla's door, I ordered the men to force the lock. They did so, and we stood, holding our lights aloft, in the doorway, and so stared into the room.

We called her by name; but there was still no reply. We looked round the room. Everything was undisturbed. It was exactly in the state in which I had left it on bidding her good night. But Carmilla was gone.

CHAPTER VIII.

SEARCH.

At sight of the room, perfectly undisturbed except for our violent entrance, we began to cool a little, and soon recovered our senses sufficiently to dismiss the men. It had struck Mademoiselle that possibly Carmilla had been wakened by the uproar at her door, and in her first panic had jumped from her bed, and hid herself in a press, or behind a curtain, from which she could not, of course, emerge until the major-domo and his myrmidons had withdrawn. We now recommenced our search, and began to call her by name again.

It was all to no purpose. Our perplexity and agitation increased. We examined the windows, but they were secured. I implored of Carmilla, if she had concealed herself, to play this cruel trick no longer—to come out, and to end our anxieties. It was all useless. I was by this time convinced that she was not in the room, nor in the dressing room, the door of which was still locked on this side. She could not have passed it. I was utterly puzzled. Had Carmilla discovered one of those secret passages which the old housekeeper said were known to exist in the schloss, although the tradition of their exact situation had been lost.

little time would, no doubt, explain all—utterly perplexed as, for the present, we were.

It was past four o'clock, and I preferred passing the remaining hours of darkness in Madame's room. Daylight brought no solution of the difficulty.

The whole household, with my father at its head, was in a state of agitation next morning. Every part of the chateau was searched. The grounds were explored. Not a trace of the missing lady could be discovered. The stream was about to be dragged; my father was in distraction; what a tale to have to tell the poor girl's mother on her return. I, too, was almost beside myself, though my grief was quite of a different kind.

The morning was passed in alarm and excitement. It was now one o'clock, and still no tidings. I ran up to Carmilla's room, and found her standing at her dressing-table. I was astounded. I could not believe my eyes. She beckoned me to her with her pretty finger, in silence. Her face expressed extreme fear.

I ran to her in an ecstasy of joy; I kissed and embraced her again and again. I ran to the bell and rang it vehemently, to bring others to the spot, who might at once relieve my father's anxiety.

'Dear Carmilla, what has become of you all this time? We have been in agonies of anxiety about you,' I exclaimed. 'Where have you been? How did you come back?'

'Last night has been a night of wonders,' she said.

'For mercy's sake, explain all you can.'

'It was past two last night' she said, 'when I went to sleep as usual in my bed, with my doors locked, that of the dressing-room, and that opening upon the gallery. My sleep was uninterrupted, and, so far as I know, dreamless; but I awoke just now on the sofa in the dressing-room there, and I found the door between the rooms open, and the other door forced. How could all this have happened without my being wakened? It must have been accompanied with a great deal of noise, and I am particularly easily wakened; and how could I have been carried out of my bed without my sleep having been interrupted, I whom the slightest stir startles?'

By this time, Madame, Mademoiselle, my father, and a number of the servants were in the room. Carmilla was, of course, overwhelmed with enquiries, congratulations, and welcomes. She had but one story to tell, and seemed the least able of all the party to suggest any way of accounting for what had happened.

My father took a turn up and down the room, thinking. I saw Carmilla's eye follow him for a moment with a sly, dark glance.

When my father had sent the servants away, Mademoiselle having

gone in search of a little bottle of valerian and sal-volatile, and there being no one now in the room with Carmilla, except my father, Madame, and myself, he came to her thoughtfully, took her hand very kindly, led her to the sofa, and sat down beside her.

'Will you forgive me, my dear, if I risk a conjecture, and ask a question?'

'Who can have a better right?' she said. 'Ask what you please, and I will tell you everything. But my story is simply one of bewilderment and darkness. I know absolutely nothing. Put any question you please. But you know, of course, the limitations mamma has placed me under?'

'Perfectly, my dear child. I need not approach the topics on which she desires our silence. Now, the marvel of last night consists in your having been removed from your bed and your room, without being wakened, and this removal's having occurred apparently while the windows were still secured, and the two doors locked upon the inside. I will tell you my theory, and first ask you a question.'

Carmilla was leaning on her hand dejectedly; Madame and I were listening breathlessly.

'Now, my question is this. Have you ever been suspected of walking in your sleep?'

'Never, since I was very young indeed.'

'But you did walk in your sleep when you were young?'

'Yes; I know I did. I have been told so often by my old nurse.'

My father smiled and nodded.

'Well, what has happened is this. You got up in your sleep, unlocked the door, not leaving the key, as usual, in the lock, but taking it out and locking it on the outside; you again took the key out, and carried it away with you to some one of the five-and-twenty rooms on this floor, or perhaps up-stairs or down-stairs. There are so many rooms and closets, so much heavy furniture, and such accumulations of lumber, that it would require a week to search this old house thoroughly. Do you see, now, what I mean?'

'I do, but not all,' she answered.

'And how, papa, do you account for her finding herself on the sofa in the dressing-room, which we had searched so carefully?'

'She came there after you had searched it, still in her sleep, and at last awoke spontaneously, and was as much surprised to find herself where she was as any one else. I wish all mysteries were as easily and innocently explained as yours, Carmilla,' he said, laughing. 'And so we may congratulate ourselves on the certainty that the most natural explanation of the occurrence is one that involves no drugging,, no tampering with locks, no burglars, or poisoners, or witches—nothing that need alarm Carmilla, or any one else, for our safety.'

Carmilla was looking charmingly. Nothing could be more beautiful than her tints. Her beauty was, I think, enhanced by that graceful languor that was peculiar to her. I think my father was silently contrasting her looks with mine, for he said :

'I wish my poor Laura was looking more like herself;' and he sighed.

So our alarms were happily ended, and Carmilla restored to her friends.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DOCTOR.

As Carmilla would not hear of an attendant sleeping in her room, my father arranged that a servant should sleep outside her door, so that she could not attempt to make another such excursion without being arrested at her own door.

That night passed quietly; and next morning early, the doctor, whom my father had sent for without telling me a word about it, arrived to see me.

Madame accompanied me to the library; and there the grave little doctor, with white hair and spectacles, whom I mentioned before, was waiting to receive me.

I told him my story, and as I proceeded he grew graver and graver.

We were standing, he and I, in the recess of one of the windows, facing one another. When my statement was over, he leaned with his shoulders against the wall, and with his eyes fixed on me earnestly, with an interest in which was a dash of horror.

After a minute's reflection, he asked Madame if he could see my father.

He was sent for accordingly, and as he entered, smiling, he said, 'I dare say, doctor, you are going to tell me that I am an old fool for having brought you here; I hope I am.'

But his smile faded into shadow as the doctor, with a very grave face, beckoned him to him.

He and the doctor talked for some time in the same recess where I had just conferred with the physician. It seemed an earnest and argumentative conversation. The room is very large, and I and Madame stood together, burning with curiosity, at the further end. Not a word could we hear, however, for they spoke in a very low tone, and the deep recess of the window quite concealed the doctor from view, and very nearly my father, whose foot, arm, and shoulder only could we see; and the voices

were, I suppose, all the less audible for the sort of closet which the thick wall and window formed.

After a time my father's face looked into the room; it was pale, thoughtful, and, I fancied, agitated.

'Laura, dear, come here for a moment. Madame, we shan't trouble you, the doctor says, at present.'

Accordingly I approached, for the first time a little alarmed; for, although I felt very weak, I did not feel ill; and strength, one always fancies, is a thing that may be picked up when we please.

My father held out his hand to me, as I drew near, but he was looking at the doctor, and he said:

'It certainly *is* very odd; I don't understand it quite. Laura, come here, dear; now attend to Doctor Spielsberg, and recollect yourself.'

'You mentioned a sensation like that of two needles piercing the skin, somewhere about your neck, on the night when you experienced your first horrible dream. Is there still any soreness?'

'None at all,' I answered.

'Can you indicate with your finger about the point at which you think this occurred?'

'Very little below my throat—*here*,' I answered.

I wore a morning dress, which covered the place I pointed to.

'Now you can satisfy yourself,' said the doctor. 'You won't mind your papa's lowering your dress a very little. It is necessary, to detect a symptom of the complaint under which you have been suffering.'

I acquiesced. It was only an inch or two below the edge of my collar.

'God bless me!—so it is,' exclaimed my father, growing pale.

'You see it now with your own eyes,' said the doctor, with a gloomy triumph.

'What is it?' I exclaimed, beginning to be frightened.

'Nothing, my dear young lady, but a small blue spot, about the size of the tip of your little finger; and now,' he continued, turning to papa, 'the question is what is best to be done?'

'Is there any danger?' I urged, in great trepidation.

'I trust not, my dear,' answered the doctor. 'I don't see why you should not recover. I don't see why you should not begin *immediately* to get better. That is the point at which the sense of strangulation begins?'

'Yes,' I answered.

'And—recollect as well as you can—the same point was a kind of centre of that thrill which you described just now, like the current of a cold stream running against you?'

'It may have been; I think it was.'

'Ay, you see?' he added, turning to my father. 'Shall I say a word to Madame?'

'Certainly,' said my father.

He called Madame to him, and said:

'I find my young friend here far from well. It won't be of any great consequence, I hope; but it will be necessary that some steps be taken, which I will explain by-and-bye; but in the meantime, Madame, you will be so good as not to let Miss Laura be alone for one moment. That is the only direction I need give for the present. It is indispensable.'

'We may rely upon your kindness, Madame, I know,' added my father.

Madame satisfied him eagerly.

'And you, dear Laura, I know you will observe the doctor's direction.'

'I shall have to ask your opinion upon another patient, whose symptoms slightly resemble those of my daughter, that have just been detailed to you—very much milder in degree, but I believe quite of the same sort. She is a young lady—our guest; but as you say you will be passing this way again this evening, you can't do better than take your supper here, and you can then see her. She does not come down till the afternoon.'

'I thank you,' said the doctor. 'I shall be with you, then, at about seven this evening.'

And then they repeated their directions to me and to Madame, and with this parting charge my father left us, and walked out with the doctor; and I saw them pacing together up and down between the road and the moat, on the grassy platform in front of the castle, evidently absorbed in earnest conversation.

The doctor did not return. I saw him mount his horse there, take his leave, and ride away eastward through the forest.

Nearly at the same time I saw the man arrive from Dranfeld with the letters, and dismount and hand the bag to my father.

In the meantime, Madame and I were both busy, lost in conjecture as to the reasons of the singular and earnest direction which the doctor and my father had concurred in imposing. Madame, as she afterwards told me, was afraid the doctor apprehended a sudden seizure, and that, without prompt assistance, I might either lose my life in a fit, or at least be seriously hurt. This interpretation did not strike me; and I fancied, perhaps luckily for my nerves, that the arrangement was prescribed simply to secure a companion, who would prevent my taking too much exercise, or eating unripe fruit, or doing any of the fifty foolish things to which young people are supposed to be prone.

About half-an-hour after my father came in—he had a letter in his hand—and said:

'This letter has been delayed; it is from General Spielsdorf. He

might have been here yesterday, he may not come till to-morrow, or he may be here to-day.' He put the open letter into my hand; but he did not look pleased, as he used when a guest, especially one so much loved as the General, was coming. On the contrary, he looked as if he wished him at the bottom of the Red Sea. There was plainly something on his mind which he did not choose to divulge.

'Papa, darling, will you tell me this?' said I, suddenly laying my hand on his arm, and looking, I am sure, imploringly in his face.

'Perhaps,' he answered, smoothing my hair caressingly over my eyes.

'Does the doctor think me very ill?'

'No, dear; he thinks, if right steps are taken, you will be quite well again, at least, on the high road to a complete recovery, in a day or two,' he answered, a little drily. 'I wish our good friend, the General, had chosen any other time; that is, I wish you had been perfectly well to receive him.'

'But do tell me, papa,' I insisted, '*what* does he think is the matter with me?'

'Nothing; you must not plague me with questions,' he answered, with more irritation than I ever remember him to have displayed before; and seeing that I looked wounded, I suppose, he kissed me, and added, 'You shall know all about it in a day or two; that is, all that *I* know. In the meantime you are not to trouble your head about it.'

He turned and left the room, but came back before I had done wondering and puzzling over the oddity of all this; it was merely to say that he was going to Karnstein, and had ordered the carriage to be ready at twelve, and that I and Madame should accompany him; he was going to see the priest who lived near those picturesque grounds, upon business, and as Carmilla had never seen them, she could follow, when she came down, with Mademoiselle, who would bring materials for what you call a pic-nic, which might be laid for us in the ruined castle.

At twelve o'clock, accordingly, I was ready, and not long after my father, Madame, and I set out upon our projected drive.

Passing the drawbridge we turn to the right, and follow the road over the steep gothic bridge, westward, to reach the deserted village and ruined castle of Karnstein. No sylvan drive can be fancied prettier. The ground breaks into gentle hills and hollows, all clothed with beautiful wood, totally destitute of the comparative formality which artificial planting and early culture and pruning impart.

The irregularities of the ground often lead the road out of its course, and cause it to wind beautifully round the sides of broken hollows and the steeper sides of the hills, among varieties of ground almost inexhaustible.

Turning one of these points, we suddenly encountered the old General,

riding towards us, attended by a mounted servant. His portmanteaus were following in a hired waggon, such as we term a cart.

The General dismounted as we pulled up, and, after the usual greetings, was easily persuaded to accept the vacant seat in the carriage, and send his horse on with his servant to the schloss.

CHAPTER X.

BEREAVED.

It was about ten months since we had last seen him; but that time had sufficed to make an alteration of years in his appearance. He had grown thinner; something of gloom and anxiety had taken the place of that cordial serenity which used to characterise his features. His dark blue eyes, always penetrating, now gleamed with a sterner light from under his shaggy grey eyebrows. It was not such a change as grief alone usually induces, and angrier passions seemed to have had their share in bringing it about.

We had not long resumed our drive, when the General began to talk, with his usual soldierly directness, of the bereavement, as he termed it, which he had sustained in the death of his beloved niece and ward; and he then broke out in a tone of intense bitterness and fury, inveighing against the 'hellish arts' to which she had fallen a victim, and expressing, with more exasperation than piety, his wonder that Heaven should tolerate so monstrous an indulgence of the lusts and malignity of hell.

My father, who saw at once that something very extraordinary had befallen, asked him, if not too painful to him, to detail the circumstances which he thought justified the strong terms in which he expressed himself.

'I should tell you all with pleasure,' said the General, 'but you would not believe me.'

'Why should I not?' he asked.

'Because,' he answered testily, 'you believe in nothing but what consists with your own prejudices and illusions. I remember when I was like you, but I have learned better.'

'Try me,' said my father; 'I am not such a dogmatist as you suppose. Besides which, I very well know that you generally require proof for what you believe, and am, therefore, very strongly pre-disposed to respect your conclusions.'

'You are right in supposing that I have not been led lightly into a belief in the marvellous—for what I have experienced *is* marvellous—

and I have been forced by extraordinary evidence to credit that which ran counter, diametrically, to all my theories. I have been made the dupe of a preternatural conspiracy.'

Notwithstanding his professions of confidence in the General's penetration, I saw my father, at this point, glance at the General, with, as I thought, a marked suspicion of his sanity.

The General did not see it, luckily. He was looking gloomily and curiously into the glades and vistas of the woods that were opening before us.

'You are going to the Ruins of Karnstein?' he said. 'Yes, it is a lucky coincidence; do you know I was going to ask you to bring me there to inspect them. I have a special object in exploring. There is a ruined chapel, aint there, with a great many tombs of that extinct family?'

'So there are—highly interesting,' said my father. 'I hope you are thinking of claiming the title and estates?'

My father said this gaily, but the General did not recollect the laugh, or even the smile, which courtesy exacts for a friend's joke; on the contrary, he looked grave and even fierce, ruminating on a matter that stirred his anger and horror.

'Something very different,' he said, gruffly. 'I mean to unearth some of those fine people. I hope, by God's blessing, to accomplish a pious sacrilege here, which will relieve our earth of certain monsters, and enable honest people to sleep in their beds without being assailed by murderers. I have strange things to tell you, my dear friend, such as I myself would have scouted as incredible a few months since.'

My father looked at him again, but this time not with a glance of suspicion—with an eye, rather, of keen intelligence and alarm.

'The house of Karnstein,' he said, 'has been long extinct: a hundred years at least. My dear wife was maternally descended from the Karnsteins. But the name and title have long ceased to exist. The castle is a ruin; the very village is deserted; it is fifty years since the smoke of a chimney was seen there; not a roof left.'

'Quite true. I have heard a great deal about that since I last saw you; a great deal that will astonish you. But I had better relate everything in the order in which it occurred,' said the General. 'You saw my dear ward—my child, I may call her. No creature could have been more beautiful, and only three months ago none more blooming.'

'Yes, poor thing! when I saw her last she certainly was quite lovely,' said my father. 'I was grieved and shocked more than I can tell you, my dear friend; I knew what a blow it was to you.'

He took the General's hand, and they exchanged a kind pressure. Tears gathered in the old soldier's eyes. He did not seek to conceal them. He said:

'We have been very old friends; I knew you would feel for me, childless as I am. She had become an object of very near interest to me, and repaid my care by an affection that cheered my home and made my life happy. That is all gone. The years that remain to me on earth may not be very long; but by God's mercy I hope to accomplish a service to mankind before I die, and to subserve the vengeance of Heaven upon the fiends who have murdered my poor child in the spring of her hopes and beauty!'

'You said, just now, that you intended relating everything as it occurred,' said my father. 'Pray do; I assure you that it is not mere curiosity that prompts me.'

By this time we had reached the point at which the Drunstall road, by which the General had come, diverges from the road which we were travelling to Karnstein.

'How far is it to the ruins?' enquired the General, looking anxiously forward.

'About half a league,' answered my father. 'Pray let us hear the story you were so good as to promise.'

[*To be continued.*]

Personal Reminiscences of a War Correspondent at Versailles.

By the Earl of Dunraven.

Perhaps the most interesting day's work that could be done from Versailles, returning the same evening, was a visit to the battered, ruined fort of Issy, including, as it did, a glimpse of the Chateau of Meudon and the fort of Vanvres, and a good view of the enceinte and the city. The road runs through the villages of Viroflay, Chaville, Sévres, Bas Meudon, and Bellevue—villages which, compared with the destruction which had fallen on Garches, Vaucresson and St. Cloud, may be said to have escaped almost unscathed by war. Viroflay and Chaville were untouched, but in Sévres the marks of shot and shell began to show, becoming more numerous as the front was neared. In the same way that on a battle-field you will see men wounded and killed in all manner of curious ways, scarcely any two of them being hit in precisely the same spot, so the houses in these exposed villages were suffering from every conceivable sort of contusion, and showed an infinite variety of blows, bruises, and rents. Some had been shot through the head, great holes having been torn in the roof by bursting shells; others were merely grazed, a shutter knocked off here, a cornice shattered there; others, again, which had escaped the iron hail, had become so demoralised by the brutal incidents of war that they were quietly, but hopelessly, succumbing to a process of premature decay.

From near Bas Meudon we followed on foot the course of the German approaches. Entering upon the railway embankment by a sheltered gully, the besiegers had worked their way along their own side of the line, burrowing like moles, well under cover, until they reached a bridge sheltered from the enemy's fire. Making a bolt across this, they established themselves on the other side, and continued slowly boring their way along, forming, as they went, a safe commodious trench. Every

depression in the ground had been utilised, every rise taken advantage of to dig rifle-pits or throw up a little earthwork surmounted with sandbags, and on the only ridge which at all commanded the line and which was also therefore exposed to the guns of Issy they had fortified themselves quite sufficiently to render it secure against any ordinary attack. Thus they had crept on, bit by bit, as far as Clamard Station, where they were met by the French working to meet them. Here they had thrown up a strong barricade across the line, not more than twenty yards distant from the defences of the French. At right angles to the barricade and consequently parallel to the railway, they had dug rifle-pits and fortified themselves pretty strongly in a position from which their fire must have proved very galling to the gunners on the fort, their nearest pits being about 150 yards from the ramparts. The French barricade was approached by very neatly executed traverses from the fort, and they had also thrown up earthworks and dug pits close to the station, in order to keep the enemy in check. What an exciting time they must have had in these opposing works, creeping about like mice, burrowing like moles, peering through interstices in fascines, chinks in shutters, and crevices in the earth! Issy was a wonderful sight to see, a marvellous example of the destructive effects of a bombardment upon lofty buildings, and the comparative slight result obtained against the earthworks and masonry of the fortified lines. It is a fine specimen of a fortification depending entirely upon adapted science for its strength. Placed on a perfectly level plain, dominated by the low hills above Fleury, Meudon, and Clamard, it is indebted in no way to nature, and has, in consequence, been planned and built with especial care. Without entering very minutely into technicalities, which would be partly unintelligible to the reader, I will endeavour to give some idea of this fort, which, on account of its exposed position, was singled out as the one most suitable for attack. It is constructed on an almost level plain; and the ground, sloping slightly from it, forms an admirable field of fire all around. In shape it is pentagonal, built on the principle of the French bastion trace, which differs slightly in the salient and re-entering angles of the bastion fronts from that adopted in other schools of military engineering. The first obstacle to an opposing force consists of a strong abattis, or chevaux de frise, of branches and trees, which follows the configuration of the fort a little in advance of the glacis. Just at the foot of the slope forming the glacis a stockade or palisade is also fixed. The curtains and faces of the bastions are formed in the usual manner, the upper part of sloped earth, the lower of earth faced with stone and brick mixed. The counterscarp is constructed of the same material. The fosse is very wide, level at the bottom, and about 20 ft. in depth. The principal entrance towards

Paris, and the posterns on either side, are defended by small interior stockaded works. On the right of the south-west front (that facing Meudon) is a lunette, situated close to a small graveyard, and connected with the main work. Two heavy guns, mounted in this outlying fort, caused great annoyance to the Prussian batteries before and during the bombardment. On the left of the same front—that is, towards Clamard Station—another small stockaded earthwork had been thrown up.

Guns of very various calibres were mounted on the fort, which was armed on all faces, excepting only the front opposite to Paris. Every variety of arm was represented, from the cumbrous heavy pieces of naval ordnance to the light jaunty-looking guns of the field artillery. The curtains and bastion faces were armed with iron naval guns, measuring about 16 centimetres in diameter of bore, and with long 24 lbs. cannon, all of which are muzzle-loading. All the iron naval guns, and most of the 24lbs., are rifled. On the flanks of the bastions, placed so as to command the approaches, and sweep with a cross-fire the faces of the curtains and fronts, were placed 12 lb. and 16 lb. siege guns, a few of which only are rifled. Besides the cannon enumerated, there was a battery of four 10-inch mortars on the bastion-face looking towards Sévres. The guns in this, as in all the other forts forming the extramural defences of Paris were mounted *en barbette*, and were in most cases worked in embrasures formed of gabions, fascines, and barrels filled with sand or clay; but in some instances the pieces were placed so as to fire over the level parapet. Of casemates, properly so-called, there were none. They had excavated bomb proofs in the solid earth forming the parapet, but had not mounted any guns within them or pierced them with embrasures. The external defences of Paris, though they are regular forts as to shape, and, in so far as they have brick and stone-built scarp and counterscarp, partake more of the nature of an earthwork than of the old-fashioned stone and mortar forts. Of the relative merits of the two systems I know nothing. One thing is obvious to any one who has paid the slightest attention to the operations of the Germans during the bombardment, and that is, that although the lines and defences of a fort may be scarcely damaged at all, it is impossible for men, unless properly sheltered, to work their guns under the sort of fire that can be brought to bear against them from batteries erected at even considerable distances. The French sailors, who in a great measure manned the forts, are first-rate men, and no doubt fought their guns as long as they could. One glance at the interior of Issy was sufficient to show that no man could have lived under the storm of shot and shell that worked such destruction there. It has come to be very nearly a question of shelter, and certainly if the gunners in Fort Issy had been well protected, there existed no reason why they should not have remained there as long as they had a ration of food left. The

French appear to have been marvellously remiss in this respect. During the four months which elapsed after the city was invested, they did, comparatively speaking, nothing to better their condition. In Issy they did not seem to have made any preparations for a bombardment. No splinter proofs had been erected over the batteries; no efforts made to house the men in commodious bomb-proof quarters; the lofty peace barracks were left standing, making capital targets for the enemies' guns, and the men, no other shelter having been provided, were obliged to remain in them till they were actually shelled out. An artist desirous of drawing a picture entitled 'War and the effects thereof,' could not have had a better study than the *terre plein*, or interior, of Fort Issy. The barracks and officers' quarters were not only knocked to pieces, but portions of them had been actually ground, powdered, and smashed into dust as fine as if they had been brazed in a mortar. Of the portions of the walls left standing there was scarcely a spot the size of your hand which was not marked by shot or splinters of shell, and the ground was strewed around with broken, jagged, bits of rusty iron. In the batteries things were very different, and the damage done was comparatively slight. The mortar battery must however have proved a pretty hot corner, judging by the shell splinters strewn thickly about, and on the south-eastern bastion a gun had been struck, and the embrasure knocked to pieces. On the exterior slope of the parapet also, especially on the southern side, the shot-holes were very numerous. The German fire had evidently been concentrated on two points—the barracks and houses, and the masonry of the curtain facing the hill at Fleury, on which their most advanced mortar battery was placed. Here they endeavoured to make a breach, and had so far succeeded that they had knocked a hole clean through the stone-work into the casemate behind, which aperture the French had filled up with sandbags. The damage, though serious, in no way rendered the fort open to assault. A circular opening of no great size had been made in the scarp, but above it there remained intact at least four feet of solid masonry, together with the coping and the earth, forming the upper portion of the ramparts; both bastion flanks are also untouched, and a storming party would have found themselves terribly enfiladed by a cross-fire from either side. The counterscarp, too, had escaped, not a single shot having struck the edge of the fosse; and the outer defences, such as the palisade and chevaux de frise, had sustained but little damage. The breach therefore could not have been pronounced practicable; yet that the French expected an assault was evidenced by the fact that quantities of canister and grape were lying in the service magazines ready for use.

From the ramparts a glimpse could be obtained of the German batteries on the heights above Clamard and Meudon, and of the mortar battery at

Fleury—that is to say, their position was indicated by little open spaces in the woods where the trees had been felled to unmask the guns. On the right, prominent on account of its size and situation, lay the Chateau of Meudon, its bare walls standing out bleak and drear against the evening sky—once an epitome of civilisation, taste, and art, now a heap of smoke-begrimed but gilded ruins.

On our way home we overtook upon the railway the detachments marching in from their day's outpost duty, the men singing in chorus, laughing, joking, and evidently in great good spirits; they were happy at the thought that their trials and hardships were at an end, and pleased, no doubt, to find themselves the glad possessors of unperforated skins. Small parties of poor peasants were also wending their weary way out of Paris, each man carrying a small bundle, in search of the houses in which they dwelt. In many cases they must have found nothing but a heap of ruins; others will have found the bare walls standing, but all their furniture removed, broken, and scattered about the roads; others, again, must have been astonished to see the lowly dwellings in which they left nothing but the coarse but useful articles of humble domestic life, now replete with elegant and luxurious articles culled from the neighbouring houses of the better sort.

But though Issy was the most instructive, I need scarcely say that Valerien was the most interesting object to be seen. The former afforded an excellent opportunity of judging of the skill displayed by the besiegers in topographical engineering, and the care and prudence with which, in making their approaches, they had utilised every little natural advantage afforded by the nature of the ground. Nothing is too great or too small for this people. The smallest detail is treated with the same care that is given to the most comprehensive scheme. From the master mind who traces on the map the outline of the plans which he leaves to others to fill in, down, through many gradations, to the raw soldier—the animated target, turning over his shovel-full of earth, unconsciously obedient to the directing brain—all know their own separate tasks, all are thoroughly conversant with the duties peculiar to their station. There is no necessity for interference or instruction. The superior has but to give his order; the subordinate has all the knowledge necessary to obey. The idea of the chief, who ponders, calm and secluded, far from the scene of strife, works its way down, in all cases thoroughly fulfilled, from the highest to the lowest, till it stirs the sturdy muscles of the soldier labouring in the foremost trench. Still Valerien we had throughout looked upon as the great stronghold of the enemy; and I, among others, hurried off there in time to see the Red, White, and Blue hauled down, and replaced by the Black, White, and Red.

It was too late, however, to see much that evening, and I soon paid the fort another visit, proceeding, the barricades having been cleared away, by Ville d'Avray and Montretout, and returning through what was once the lovely village of St. Cloud.

In and about Montretout the houses were knocked about in a marvellous manner—smashed into strange, fantastic shapes. Roofs blown off, floors blown up, walls blown in. Half of a house carried away here, laying the whole interior bare, and showing the articles of furniture still standing on the shattered remnant of the floor; there, one with the roof swept clean away. On this side, a conservatory, with fading exotics still standing in the flower-pots, but with the iron top all twisted and curled up into long corkscrew shavings by the tearing passage of a shell; on that side, a pretty villa, otherwise untouched, but just grazed by a shot, which has knocked all the shutters and jalousies into tooth-picks, smashed the ornamental cornices, caught the leaden water-pipe and twirled it up in the air in ribbons, and finally broken off the upper corner of the wall. Nearly all the houses had been fired, and were still sending up dull clouds of smoke—fitting incense to be offered to the god of war. Most of the dwellings are pretty suburban villas, belonging to rich, well-to-do, comfortable people; and are furnished in that light, elegant, but somewhat gaudy, style which delights the heart of the Parisian trader who has 'made his pile.' I could see through the shot-holes and windows, as I rode along, bits of bright broken furniture, gilded chairs, large mirrors, gilt candlesticks, clock cases, &c.—all black and grimy with smoke and dirt, scorched, cracked, and blistered with heat, trodden under foot, covered with mud, filth, and dust. As to the road, it was in places strewed with furniture, broken toys, remnants of curtains and hangings, smashed perambulators, &c. The insides of the houses seem to have been simply dragged out and scattered broadcast over the face of the earth. A few poor people, principally servants, had wandered back, and were timidly peering about among the ruins, looking like sad, silent spectres of the past, compelled to revisit their former haunts. They had brought food with them, and were engaged in making fires of green wet sticks, patching up holes, and making themselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. It was not a cheerful scene, and I was glad to get away.

There is an excellent view from the road leading up to Valerien; groups of people were walking in the Bois de Boulogne, or standing on the race-course, looking anxiously, perhaps, at the sites of their houses and villas, and wondering in what condition they would find their property when they could obtain permission to leave the city. Behind us lay the blackened, smoke-shrouded remnants of Montretout; before us stretched the river and the town. It was the

first genial day of the young year; the air felt balmy, the sun was bright and warm, and birds were singing to welcome returning life and growth. The bosom of the Seine, still and placid, unruffled by the slightest breeze, reflected a picturesque image of the shattered arches of the bridge upon the surface of its waters; numerous tall chimneys in the capital were rolling out great clouds of smoke, as though industry was in full swing. The scene was very charming—so full of hope, life, and peace. The sweet spring time, with its returning life; the vivifying rays of the great dispenser of heat and light, gathering strength then day by day; the song of the bird, and the bursting of each blade and bud, seemed emblematical of fresh vigour and new life to the nation which had just issued from such a long, dreary winter of suffering and woe. Who would have then thought that 'the end was not yet,' but that darker scenes had yet to come!

Valerien is a five-sided fortress. The lines of the pentagon are, on the side nearest Paris, about 400 metres long, on the opposite front they measure only 350. The contour of these lines is, as is the case also at Issy, drawn on the French bastion-trace, and they were armed with 24, 12, and 6-pounder bronze muzzle-loading guns. Within a circle having a radius of about half a mile from the fort as a centre, the ground rises in gentle slopes. It is devoted principally to the culture of the vine, and is of a bare and uninteresting character. Within the bastion-trace the gradient becomes much more steep, and the land rises rapidly to a height of about 400 feet, forming a steep hill, having an artificially levelled top, on which are erected partially case-mated barracks for the accommodation of troops, bomb-proof magazines for ammunition, officers' quarters, commandant's house, chapel, and numerous other buildings. On this flat summit is also erected a battery, armed with the heaviest iron naval guns in the possession of the French. These are breech-loading pieces, and two of them measure 16 centimetres in diameter of bore. Raised above its fellows, on a 'cavalier,' or mound of earth, protected by gabions, sand-bags, barrels filled with clay, &c., is placed a huge breech-loading piece of ordinance. Fixed on each side of the wrought-iron carriage are two davits, or cranes, fitted with tackles, whereby the muzzle can be hove up or lowered, in order to depress or elevate the gun. So unwieldy is this gigantic weapon that without the assistance of some such mechanical contrivance it would have been impossible to alter the angle at which the gun was originally fixed. This cannon measures 25 centimetres in diameter of bore, and is the one which threw a bolt about 75 centimetres in length right across the Seine on to the slope below the terrace at St. Germain, thereby scattering the crowd of idle sight-seers congregated there, and interfering considerably with the digestion of the peaceful

diners in the hospitable salons of the Pavilion Henry IV. Below this monster are the other two breech-loading iron guns of 19 centimetres calibre, which fired on Bougival and Ville St. Cloud; while on either side of them the batteries are filled up with eight muzzle-loading marine guns, of 16 centimetres bore. Half way up the slope, between the ordinary bastions and the heavy naval battery, and on the southern face of the hill, was a tier of guns, principally 24-pounders, throwing a long conical shot of 56 lbs. in weight. Most of these were directed against Sévres, Montretout, and Ville d'Avray. On this level also a splinter-proof battery was in course of construction; the uprights had been fixed, but the work would seem to have been suddenly interrupted, as there were no preparations visible for completing the frame, or mounting guns. The guns were all mounted *en barbette*, and many of them placed on fronts and faces unprovided with embrasures, had been simply fired over the edge of the parapet. Some of these guns have been elevated to such an angle that it was found necessary to depress the trails into holes dug in the earth for that purpose.

Besides the defences of the principal fort, two outlying earthworks or redoubts had been thrown up during the siege; one in the direction of Rueil, and at a considerable distance from the main work, with which it is connected by traverses. This is the redoubt well known under the name of the 'Windmill battery,' which was very active in its attentions to the fourth corps during the sortie of the 21st. No siege guns had been mounted in it. It was armed for the occasion with field artillery only. The other outwork is thrown out upon the southern, or, more properly speaking, the south-western side. It was armed with heavy guns, and was very active at one time. It was this battery which shelled the Landwehr officers out of their comfortable, quiet quarters near Marly, and from the audacious mouth of one of its guns was thrown the shell which fell not far from the aqueduct of Marly, having been, it is supposed, aimed at a distinguished group who were surveying the scene from the secure elevation afforded by that building. At Valerien or at Issy the French appeared to have wasted their time, and thrown away their opportunities sadly; scarcely any preparation had been made for a bombardment. No proper measures had been taken to provide even proper sleeping places for the men, and the bastion fronts and batteries were very much exposed.

The homeward route lay through St. Cloud. St. Cloud once contained in itself all the evidences of what we consider a highly civilised phase of existence. Inhabited by men whose delight it was to gather up all that wealth, industry, and artistic skill could produce, its houses were patterns of ornamental science and art. And what has been the net result of this? What is the appearance of the place now? Rows of skeleton

houses, bare blackened walls, charred rafters, and deserted hearths, show how quickly man can destroy what man has toiled and striven to set up. Could we but comprehend the misery that is represented by these outward signs, and trace to the end the story connected with each shattered dwelling and each nameless grave, we might well cry in despair, How can these things be? Where is the Providence that allows the innocent to suffer for faults or ignorances they were powerless to control?

The road from here passed through the Park, where the scene, equally desolate, became in its bareness almost grotesque. The chateau stood a black, fire-riven wreck, looking strangely out of place with the still neat, though neglected, contour of the orange trees and clipped yews. The contrast was rendered still more bizarre by the appearance of the statues, which did not seem to have shared in the universal grief. Venus, with mock modesty, was still calling attention to her half-hidden charms. Fauns were dancing, satyrs grinning, and gentlemen with nothing on, still complacently playing quoits. These figures were so utterly at variance with the scene, and in their action, attitudes, and occupations reflected such a bitter moral, such a biting sarcasm, upon the lives, thoughts, and feelings of the men around them, that had I wished to write an essay upon the mutability of human affairs, I should have sat down there for my inspiration beneath one of the shell-struck chestnuts in the park of St. Cloud.

Except, perhaps, to the technical eye of a military engineer, there is but little difference in the form and appearance of the other forts on the western and south-western side of Paris. The nature of the ground has, of course, determined the plan of the work. Vanvres, for instance, is quadrilateral, as is also Montrouge. All are on the principle of the French bastion-trace. Vanvres was armed with five 30 lb. rifled marine guns, six 24 lb. and six 12 lb. rifled siege guns, eleven smooth-bore 16 lb., and 8 smooth-bore 12 lb. Besides these, there were in the work, five howitzers of 32 centimetres in diameter of bore, and four of 16; also, eight mortars of 27 centimetres, and one of 22. The bomb-proofs and magazines were well constructed, but the heavy fire this fort was subjected to had cracked it on both sides, so that daylight could be seen through and through.

Vanvres is somewhat singularly situated. It lies a little to the rear of a straight line drawn from Issy to Montrouge, and therefore connects these forts like a curtain between two bastions. It is impregnable as long as Issy and Montrouge are held; but an enemy once in possession of those works, it would be untenable, and a terrible fire could be opened from it upon the city. It was, therefore, a position of great importance to both besiegers and besieged. Montrouge was armed with ten 30 lb., five 24 lb., and six 12 lb. rifled marine guns, and nine howitzers, three

of 22 centimetres diameter of bore, and six of 16. There were also in its defences ten mortars, three of 27, three of 20, and four of 15 centimetres diameter respectively. Besides these, there were, in the centre of the work, one 12 lb. rifled marine gun, four 4 lb. rifled-cannon field artillery, and six 12 lb. smooth-bore guns, together with five mortars of 16 centimetres in bore. No fort on the south-west side sustained a heavier fire than did Montrouge; but although several times reported as silenced, it managed always to re-open fire, and succumbed at last only when the general scheme of defence was abandoned.

So much for Valerien, Issy, Vanvres, and Montrouge. To the north of the first-named fort lie the Fort de l'Est and the Double Couronne du Nord, the latter of which is rather peculiar in its shape. It is a work with an open gorge, skirted by a road. Its outer front presents to an enemy three bastions, with intervening curtains, the right and left flanks being further protected by irregular outworks. It was armed with seven 30 lb. rifled marine guns, three 24 lb. rifled siege guns, thirteen 12 lb. rifled siege guns, and twelve other pieces of various calibre. There were also five howitzers and four mortars.

The Fort de l'Est contained forty-one pieces of artillery; four rifled 30 lb., five 24 lb., and twelve 12 lb., nine 16 lb., and two 12 lb. smooth-bores, three howitzers of 22 centimetres, and six mortars, three of 27 and three of 22 centimetres diameter of bore.

Issy, Vanvres, and Montrouge were subjected to the fire of 126 24 lb. and twenty-four 12 lb. rifled cannon, from twenty-three German batteries, so that there were 150 German pieces against 110 French; the equilibrium was, however, to some extent restored by the superior weight of metal thrown by some of the latter. Two batteries of six 12 lb. each fired also upon the redoubt of Villejuif. On the north line of attack, the bombardment of La Briche, the Double Couronne, and the Fort de l'Est, was kept up by twelve German batteries, containing about 102 24 and 12-pounder rifled guns. In the last attack thirteen batteries, armed with, I believe, seventy-six cannon of the same calibre—namely, 24 and 12-pounders—fired upon Nogent, Rosny, Noisy, and other works behind Mount Avron.

There were also 160 pieces of artillery left in park at Villa Coublay, which had never been placed in position. It was from the guns operating against Issy and Montrouge that projectiles were directed against the enceinte and the city. Both these forts, as before mentioned, were badly knocked about, and bastions 68 and 73 of the enceinte especially; the latter received great damage. The railway viaduct immediately behind the bastions was shot through and through in many places, the barracks much injured, and the bomb-proofs for the protection of the men pierced, and in some instances completely destroyed.

To me, looking at these things as a mere amateur, and reviewing them through the haze of nearly twelve months' time, three facts appear worthy of remark: First. The strength of the French line of fortification was inverted, the strongest defences being nearest home, the weakest towards the enemy; Secondly. The armament of the forts was insignificant, and the preparations for defence extremely small; Thirdly. The means of offence on the part of the enemy were not commensurate with the undertaking they had in hand. On the third point I have not much to say, but I think it is evident that the weight of the metal used by the Germans was totally inadequate either to reduce the city by bombardment, or to render the forts untenable had proper precautions been taken for the protection of the men therein. The second case appears self-evident; in scarcely one of the forts I have mentioned had proper shelter been afforded for the men, no splinter-proofs had been erected over the batteries, and the gunners were in all cases left so exposed that it was impossible for them to work their guns under the fire directed against them. With the exception of the three iron breech-loading pieces on the cavalier of Mount Valerien, no guns had been mounted worthy of the position in which they stood. Most of the batteries had been armed with old-fashioned 24 and 12-pounders, while in some of them nothing more powerful than field artillery had been placed. Had sufficient attention been paid to the security of the soldiers in question, and of the artillerists at their guns; had, for instance, the summit of Valerien been crowned with a battery of heavy cannon in iron-plated casemates, or had any of the more modern defensive inventions been made use of, there can be but little doubt that the forts could have resisted the attack as long as a single ration of food remained. In this last respect, also, the French were most strangely remiss. Judging from the best sources of information, it seems certain that if all the food had been taken in hand by the Government at the commencement of the siege, and a proper system of rationing inaugurated and carried out, there would have been provision enough to have lasted well into the summer. This waste of food is one of the curious facts in the war which, perhaps, future historians will explain. The whole siege, indeed, abounds in anomalies; an immense force of armed men were kept in check in a fortified city by less than half their number, extended around them in a circle, having a circumference of twenty or thirty miles. The greatest military nation of the world neglected to arm the defences of its capital in a proper manner, and apparently made no effort to better its condition during a siege of four months. I have said that the strength of the French fortifications was inverted; the barricades within the city were better executed and far more solidly constructed than the extemporary earthworks thrown up in the neighbourhood of the forts. The enceinte

also was in better order than the forts, the casemates and bomb-proofs stronger, and the comfort and security of the men more carefully considered, and it was difficult to avoid the conclusion that in planning the defences of Paris more thought had been bestowed upon a possible enemy attacking from within the city than to a foreign foe advancing from without.

I have spoken much of the monotony of life at Versailles, because from a mistaken notion on the part of the public, that campaigns and sieges consist of continually recurring sensation scenes: a great deal of mischief is likely to ensue. Incidents of thrilling interest do fall beneath the observation of an individual, but they are, comparatively speaking, few and far between. War is very dramatic, taken as a whole, but the experience of one man is, or ought to be, limited to what he sees, or to the consideration of that which to the best of his ability he believes to be true, and it is impossible for one man, without drawing largely upon his imagination, to be continually supplying exciting details of interesting events. What are men to do, whose success depends on their sending off day by day, picturesque descriptions, and vivid delineations of warlike scenes, when in reality their surroundings may for weeks together be as peaceable and devoid of interest, as though they were dwelling in some quiet country town? Are they to stifle the imaginations of a clever brain, and confine themselves to actual dull facts; or are they to fill in gaps as best they may, by drawing upon past experience or fancy? There is a story of a French author, who requested an eye witness to describe a battle, in order that he might write an account of it. His informant began to say, that the nature of the ground was hilly, and that the enemy was posted in such a position, and their troops on the opposite side; 'Stop,' said this gifted writer, 'that is sufficient'—and in a short time his facile pen had drawn a highly coloured and thrilling picture of the engagement; interesting to read, no doubt, but of almost as much value in history as the last chapter of a sensation novel.

The way that history is made has became a proverb, and it is a trite saying to remark upon the difficulty of obtaining a strictly true account of even ordinary circumstances. It has been said, and it should be truly said, that the labours of a correspondent who writes contemporaneous history, should materially lessen the difficulties in the way of sifting truth from error. The good that can be done by the trustworthy reports of an eye-witness is only equalled by the evil that must arise from exaggeration or false statements; circumstances continually occur where the evidence of an impartial witness is invaluable—for instance, was it not only after the retreat of Von der Tann from Orleans that General Aurelles de Paladine advance immediately upon the capital, through

the gap that was left open to him? In such a case as this, future historians must gather their material on the subject from various persons, all interested one side or the other, but if they could refer to the account of some unprejudiced spectator of the event, they would probably be enabled to arrive at the truth and judge fairly of the conflicting evidence before them. But for such testimony to be valuable, it must spring from a source that cannot be questioned.

I look upon it therefore as a very great evil that the public should expect from war correspondents, a never-failing supply of interesting letters, full of ghostly horrors or picturesque scenes, and resonant with the din of battle and the roar guns, never taking into consideration whether in the circumstances in which they are placed, they can do so without falling back upon the using of that ancient weapon the long bow.

The remedy lies with three classes,—with the correspondents, with the proprietors of the newspapers, and with the public. The correspondents cannot, perhaps, do much, they are servants; and as such have to obey orders, but they can maintain among themselves a very high standard of reliability, and to look upon exaggeration or mis-statement for the sake of effect as a most unworthy act. The proprietors, as long as they look for large and immediate profits, are in a situation of difficulty, they must administer food sufficiently highly spiced to suit the popular taste. And is not our taste becoming rather morbid? Are we not copying too much from the Transatlantic press? I believe that most Americans will agree with me, that if some of the reliability upon which we pride ourselves so much, were transferred into the journals of their own country, it would tend to render that branch of literature both more trustworthy and more powerful. There is too much of the *tricks of trade* practiced in America, things distasteful are put in very small type, something likely to tickle the public fancy, in letters of an inch long. They strive too much after quick information, and obtain it so rapidly that in some instances I am aware of, events were mentioned years ago that have not yet occurred. I fear we are inclined to err in this respect in England also. The one practical improvement which proprietors can effect is to divide the work differently. A war staff should be organised purposely, all accounts should be sent to the war editor, and every man should be responsible, with his own name, for what he said. The correspondent should be looked to merely for statement of facts. The editor at home could pile up the agony, and write sensational letters from the accumulated statements received from the seat of war. In the event of a battle, an assault, or some other great event, the correspondent might indulge his powers in writing to any extent, but he should not be expected to supply the paper with two or three columns daily—this should

fall to the war editor at home, who could condense or amplify, as the case might require, the daily budget of news which he received from all points of the campaign. Whether, however, contemporaneous history is to be useful or not, must principally depend upon the public; if they prefer gilt ginger-bread to solid food, and pay a higher price for it, they will certainly get the article, but must not be surprised if it disagrees; if they like glitter and brilliancy better than facts, they will be misled, and will mislead others after them. But, however fond the public may be of satisfying the craving for excitement, they still prefer truth to error, and in the long run, no doubt, the most reliable paper will beat a more flashy but less trustworthy rival.

It must be distinctly understood that I am not now thinking of past wars, but speaking in anticipation of the future. I am not referring to any individuals, or to anything that has occurred, but merely jotting down reflections that must strike any one who notices how the peculiar phase of journalism to which I refer has increased of late years. There is material for an interesting 'Essay on War Correspondence, from the Time of Julius Cæsar to the Present Day.' Society being less complicated in his time, the Roman general succeeded in beating his enemies, and writing an account of the transaction at the same time. In our day the offices of commander and correspondent not only are not combined, but are, for the most part, rather antagonistic to each other. Since the time of the campaign in the Crimea, whence we may date the commencement of war correspondence, the system has so largely expanded itself, that, not only all the principal London papers, but some provincial journals, and many American and continental publications, think themselves bound and entitled to send, not only one, but several specials to watch operations in the field. Hitherto they have depended almost entirely upon their own unaided efforts, and have got on the best they could, and picked up information without any authority or right to do so; but what chance has a man living on sufferance with an army, without the possibility of investigating the truth of any rumour or enquiring the rights of any story he may hear, of furnishing anything worthy of the name of history. He cannot be accurate, and yet his words are often accepted as gospel truth. Now that their number has so largely increased, it will be necessary that the position of a correspondent should be clearly defined or understood. No military authorities can be expected to allow forty or fifty men, of whom they know nothing, a free passage in and out of their lines, and unrestricted access to their forces in the field; much less can they be expected to afford them any assistance in the important matter of food and forage, or to grant them the convenience of using field posts and telegraph wires. It will, I think, become necessary for the press to enter into some sort of

association, whereby a number of journals can be supplied with information by one correspondent. The correspondence should be recognised by the authorities, and inspected on both sides; as a concomitant he should be given every opportunity of obtaining good information, and should be held responsible if, by injurious writing, he betrayed anything to the enemy. He should therefore confine himself principally to facts, without indulging in too much speculation, or disclosing, if he knows them, the result of combinations going on at the time. The war correspondent holds a very responsible position, and one which will increase in importance as men become more anxious for further information. Perhaps the greatest difficulty he has to contend with in himself is to become perfectly impartial. I do not mean that he should not sympathise with the side to which he is attached, but that he should not be influenced by any preference for individuals. There is so much jealousy amongst equals in command, between inferiors and superiors, that an immense deal of mischief may be done by a correspondent allowing himself to be made a mouth-piece of any one man or party. It is for this reason that it is so important that he should be independent, and occupy a sure position. If through the kindness of friends he is enabled to accompany the force, how can he judge fairly of the actions of one on whom the very fact of his being present depends. Although not spoken, and perhaps unrealised, there still exists a sort of pact between them; the correspondent might be almost morally bound to give his protector a helping hand. The case depends on circumstances; the nature of the war, the fact of your being with your own people or attached to a foreign army would precisely affect the case. This, I think, remains sure, that the correspondent should be a known, recognised, respectable agent, and that his province should be to chronicle passing events faithfully, and not to write picturesque letters, whether he has material for them or not.

Two Pictures.

I.

A FRAIL fair angel presence—she is kneeling
Where the last lingering beams of dying day
Through storied pane, dim aisle, and fretted ceiling,
Float in a golden glory: cold and gray
Looms the dark shrine beneath, but clasped above,
Meeting the mellowed sun-shower, praying hands
And a wild wealth of tresses; Death and Love,
Brood o'er her—as yon shadows fleck the light,
And both are mighty—but Grief's finger brands
No lines that mar that sweet brow's earnest grace,
Though pain burns there, and weakness wrestles might.
On snowy neck bent upward to the skies,
On parted lips the bright beams trembling flit,
And o'er her sable vesture lustre stealeth
Light there; but oh, no light of earth e'er lit
The azure glory of those upturned eyes,
The saintly splendours of that wasted face,
Pale as the drooping Christ before whose throes
And streaming brows and agonies she kneeleth.
Wan with His wounds and wasted with His woes,
Though that gashed side the finished strife revealeth.
Day droopeth on drooped brow and upstrained arm,
Heaven's gold still tangled with bleak earth's alloy,
Wild passion shadowed on ethereal calm,
And sorrow trembling into speechless joy.

Two Pictures.

II.

A proud, firm, queenly form, splendour and bloom,
Youth and an insolent glory, burn and gleam
Around her—grand, intolerable, intense—
Through gorgeous glimmers of voluptuous gloom
That fold her, while the fierce light's golden beam
Threads the dim shade and flashes on the sense
Pale brows, where dreams unutterable sleep,
Hard eyes like diamonds, glittering cold and keen,
Dark lashes with the proud imperial sweep,
White drooping lids, so dazzlingly serene
Beneath the wild magnificence that strays
And winds and wantons o'er the queenly brow
E'en to the snowy shoulder: white and warm
Throbs the full throat, love-dinted even now,
And full breasts heave where failing drap'ry betrays
The lithe, smooth-rounded, undulating form
Gauze-cinctured, yielding, languorous—the while
One indolent hand adjusts the wreathèd hair,
And one arrests the sliding robe for shame,
But the red luscious lips too tremblingly close
To hide the agonies that slumber where
Hot Love too real mocks that proud cold smile
And the frail vestures quiveringly declare
We be but lightly clasped—her shuddering frame
Struggles and pants for ruinous repose.

John C. Collins.

The Coming Session.

A succession of years in which political questions of the gravest importance have been debated with peculiar acrimony has unused the nation to the prospect, so commonly presented throughout Lord Palmerston's last Administration, of a Parliamentary Session, offering, as it seems, no favourable ground for the hot strife of parties, and still less for the conflict of principles. Parliamentary Reform, Religious Equality in Ireland, the Tenure of Land, National Education, National Defence—all, as developed in Ministerial measures, excited enthusiastic partisanship, or aroused passionate antagonism. For the first three years of Mr. Gladstone's Premiership, the Prime Minister saw himself not only environed by an attached and faithful following, possessing a majority in the House of Commons, but what was a still firmer assurance, backed by a nation reposing implicit faith in his statesmanship, his honesty, and his earnestness. By a series of misfortunes and mistakes this faith has been sorely tried. Many there are now—once counted among the truest of the Liberals—who have ceased to believe in Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship; some there are who even doubt his earnestness and his honesty. There is no longer that fervour of allegiance to a leader who is expected to carry forward unflinchingly the banner of the party of progress. There is no longer the settled resolution to march after the chief because it is certain that he will never halt nor turn back. In the Liberal camp one sees there is nothing but disunion and recrimination, while the Opposition, for the first time since Sir Robert Peel's surrender of Protection, appears to be closing its ranks, under the generalship of a cool, cautious, and eminently Conservative statesman. The coincidence of Mr. Gladstone's manifold misfortunes with Lord Derby's proclamation of the new Tory policy, appears to indicate a coming battle of parties, under conditions very different from those which have been witnessed in Parliament for nearly thirty years. The one camp is broken up into half-a-dozen bitterly hostile factions; the old Whigs who, from the seclusion of Brooks', emit their jeremiads against the rattling pace at which they are being dragged along by our revolutionary Premier, the economists who

have constituted themselves the executors of Mr. Cobden's political testament, the Nonconformists who are enraged at Mr. Forster's coquetry with the Church, the Churchmen who are wrathful at the abolition of their monopoly in the Universities, the Irish Nationalists who are crying out for 'Home Rule,' and the Irish Catholic priesthood who have advanced the most extravagant and impracticable demands for the control of education, are one and all in a rage against a Government which three years ago united their suffrages. It is not easy to see how a general disbanding of the party is to be avoided. On the other hand, the discipline of the Tories is better than it ever was, though the feeble attempt of poor Mr. Scott Russell to organise an alliance between that party and the proletariate has ended in the discomfiture of the projector and the disappointment of those who believed in him. Under Lord Derby, who plainly is destined to succeed Mr. Disraeli in the leadership of the Conservatives, and whose accession cannot, considering the failing powers of the brilliant author of 'Lothair,' be very distant, the Tories have taken their stand on a policy, narrow, but safe enough, commending itself peculiarly to the appreciation of the English mind, and consistent with sound economical principles. It will not dazzle the nation, but it will attract much steady, thoughtful, earnest support, and unless Liberal statesmanship can devise a rival policy equally safe, and at the same time more inspiring, this generation may witness a Conservative reaction more enduring, because more real and deep-seated, than that which placed Sir Robert Peel in power in 1841.

In confronting Parliament, then, in the second week of the present month, Mr. Gladstone will have to address himself to a task of great difficulty and complexity. He will have not only to frame a new policy for his party, but to create the material for the structure. It is by no means sufficient in politics to draw up in the seclusion of a library, or even to string together in a Cabinet Council, a number of legislative projects in themselves more or less excellent. If the policy thus concocted does not appeal to the imaginations of the people, or thoroughly satisfy their reason, it will fail, and bring down in its fall the Ministry who relies upon it. It is, however, very doubtful whether any of the schemes which—it is known or suspected—the Government have on the anvil, appeal in an effective way either to the popular reason or to the popular imagination. It is a long time before a people so characteristically slow-witted as the English, get to the thorough comprehension of a political idea. All the great questions which have been settled within the past five years had been discussed incessantly for a quarter of a century or more; but of those that now remain, and are pressing for solution, the mass of the nation has yet to learn the very alphabet. Sanitary

reform, for instance, is incomparably the most important of all the subjects that can engage the attention of Ministers, and lately the public outside are growing to a certain vague perception of its necessity. But there is no precise knowledge as to its limits, as to the combination of the powers that are to carry it out, as to the inroads it will unavoidably make on vested interests and individual liberty. There is no consensus as to the means, though all profess to consider sanitary reform as an end on every account desirable; but in this vagueness of the popular mind, a Conservative opposition to any large scheme—an opposition very distinctly shadowed forth in Lord Derby's Liverpool speech—might easily be triumphant. Again, the licensing question is full of difficulties, when once we quit the plain, bare, and utterly impracticable ground on which the United Kingdom Alliance takes its stand. Everybody is anxious to check drunkenness, and nobody, except a handful of well-meaning, but altogether unpractical fanatics, desires to make the sale of drink penal. Between these two extremes there lie an infinite number of *viæ mediæ*, any of which Mr. Gladstone may choose; but that he can carry the nation along any one of them with him, as he did in his campaign against that wretched Irish 'Upas-tree,' it would be vain to hope. Nor is law reform a subject about which the people are well instructed enough to be in earnest; it is felt that its settlement must, after all, be left to the lawyers themselves, and that accordingly the interference of laymen in the matter is not likely to be of much service. So far it seems that not one of the three main planks in Mr. Gladstone's platform, as far as we may venture to forecast it before the Speech from the Throne, is sufficiently understood by the people to elicit more than languid support, nor is any one of them capable of being embodied at present in a policy that will stand out and strike into the popular imagination. Mr. Gladstone, certainly, with his splendid rhetoric and his unequalled power of working himself into a state of passionate advocacy, may do much before the year is over to kindle the nation into an intelligent and enthusiastic sympathy with his projects; but the question is whether he can do so in time before the warring elements in his own party break out into open hostility, and shipwreck the Administration.

The ballot, it is true, will, no doubt, be established by law this year, as a part of the machinery of elections; but there is little enthusiasm for the ballot now-a-days, and Mr. Gladstone has discounted the credit of enacting the measure he battled against so long. If the Tories are wise they will do all in their power to expedite the passage through both Houses of Mr. Forster's Parliamentary Elections Bill, for many Liberals in and out of Parliament will be unwilling to have out their own quarrel with the Government till the long-expected political legacy of Grote and Molesworth is realised. Nor could the Tories, though they now recognise

the fact that they have little to fear from the ballot, go so far as to support it in office. It is not this measure, however, that will either make or mar the political fortunes of the Government.

Of more importance to the character of the Ministry will be Mr. Cardwell's scheme of military reorganisation. This is a debt of which the payment has once been evaded, and which can be deferred no longer. But Mr. Cardwell will find that his work of last year was easy compared with his present task. Construction is not so simple as destruction; and a mere Royal Warrant will not suffice to redeem the profuse promises on the faith of which the national assent was given to the abolition of purchase. Those promises are all remembered and recorded; and it will be the duty of the Secretary for War to carry them out. But here another difficulty arises. When those pledges were given, the country was in a hot fit; now it is unmistakably in the cold fit. Then there was an invasion panic, producing its crop of 'Battles of Dorking,' and the like; now the taxpayer is wincing under the burdens he professed a few months ago to be ready and even eager to bear, and Mr. Vernon Harcourt and Mr. Fawcett are listened to with approbation when they denounce the lavish and unnecessary expenditure on the Army Estimates. Mr. Cardwell will be sorely puzzled to repel the attacks of the Economists on the one hand, and those of the Militarists on the other. Yet he can thoroughly content neither the one nor the other. Except the officials whose business it is 'to keep a House, to make a House, and to cheer a Minister,' there will be few warm champions of his measures on either side of the Speaker's chair.

Mr. Goschen has not yet on his hands the reconstruction of the British Navy, unless indeed, as is quite possible, 'the torpedo question' should ripen in the coming Session; but he will have quite enough to do notwitstanding. The inquiry into the loss of the *Megæra* has not only revealed the most scandalous negligence in those who sent the ill-fated vessel to sea; but has shown that the Admiralty, the department on which the efficiency of our 'first line of defence,' depends, is in an absolutely anarchical condition. The First Lord will have to defend his own conduct, and that of his subordinates in letting a rotten ship go to sea with some hundreds of British soldiers and sailors on board; he will also have to explain, if he can, how it came to pass that under Mr. Childers' rule, and under his, all responsibility, efficiency, and order were lost at the Admiralty. From Mr. Goschen, then, Mr. Gladstone cannot hope for much assistance in holding his party together. It will be enough if the First Lord can save himself from Parliamentary censure. The same thing may be said of Lord Hatherley, from whom nothing is to be looked for but a conscientiously sophistical defence of Sir Robert Collier's appointment. Indeed, the case of the *Megæra*, and that of the late Attorney-

General's promotion, are the two most formidable stumbling-blocks that lie at the outset of the session in the way of the Government.

It will depend chiefly on the tenor of the Speech from the Throne whether or not advantage will be taken of one or other of these articles of charge against the Government to press a vote of censure on the House of Commons. The Opposition, though not desirous—as Lord Derby's Liverpool speech proved—to take office at present, would be willing enough to avail themselves of the aid of any malcontent Liberals to weaken the power of the Ministry. If any large section of the malcontents are offended by what they find, or by what they fail to find, in the Queen's Speech, they may be ready to join with the Tories in condemning the conduct of the Government in regard to the *Megæra*, or in regard to Sir Robert Collier's appointment. And even Mr. Gladstone's ingenuity, we apprehend, will be tasked to concoct a Royal Speech which will please every section of his followers.

But it is possible that the Ministerial programme may, at the beginning of the Session, promise so fairly as to allay in some degree the present dissatisfaction. The unparalleled prosperity of the nation may allow Mr. Lowe to produce a budget laid down on the old lines, and not disfigured by unscientific crotchets. Still, it is scarcely conceivable that the Session can go far without some manifestation of decided antagonism between the various divisions of the Liberal party. If the subject of Local Taxation be raised, we shall see an open divergence—as Mr. Christopher Neville's address to the electors of North Notts indicates—between the Whigs and the Radicals. The Government must side with one or the other; if with the latter, as might be inferred from Mr. Goschen's abortive bill of last year, it is likely that Whigs and Tories together might make up a majority. Again, the Irish Catholic members will come up to Westminster supporting Cardinal Cullen's overbearing demand for the transfer of the control of education from the State to the priests, and threatening the Ministry with a secession to the Home Rule party if a Catholic University, and all the rest of the Marlborough Street programme, is not granted. If Government refuse—as it surely must—the tactics of independent opposition will be repeated; and Mr. Butt, with the rest of the Irish members, will go into the lobby against the Government whenever he gets a chance. If, on the other hand, concessions are granted, such as Mr. Chichester Fortescue would evidently make to his friends the priests, almost the whole of the Opposition would coalesce with the Nonconformist members, and with a large number of the old Whigs, in opposing the Ministerial policy. It is not easy to see what escape there is for the Government out of these quicksands.

The probabilities, therefore, appear to be that before the close of the Session, Mr. Gladstone's Government will be placed in a minority on

some important vote; yet it does not follow that at the commencement of the Session of 1873 we shall not still have Mr. Gladstone at the head of affairs. Of course, a Ministerial defeat on a Cabinet question would necessitate the resignation of Ministers, and the leader of the Opposition would be invited to form an Administration. If Mr. Gladstone were to resign on any question which had brought him into conflict with the Conservative section of his party—the people who write letters to the 'Times,' from Brooks'—it is likely enough that his defeat would be taken advantage of by the Tories to recruit their ranks from the Whig malcontents; and in that case, in spite of Lord Derby's unambitious language at Liverpool, the Opposition would doubtless accept the responsibilities of power. But in the more probable event of a Ministerial defeat on some ground which united irreconcilable adversaries, such as Tories and Radicals, or Tories and Catholics, for the moment, the policy of the Opposition would be different. The appointment of Sir Robert Collier, or the sending to sea of the *Megæra*, might be condemned by the House of Commons, and yet very few of the Liberals voting in the majority would be prepared to pledge themselves to support a Tory Administration. Still more certainly would the Nonconformists—however willing to punish Mr. Gladstone for any concessions to the Ultramontane faction—decline to lend their aid towards maintaining Mr. Disraeli in place, with Mr. Gathorne Hardy as his lieutenant in the Lower House. In either of these cases, therefore, the leader of the Opposition—perhaps after negociations with the Whigs, such as fell through in 1866—would announce that he had failed to form a Ministry, and Mr. Gladstone would come back to power, taking advantage, one may hope, of the interregnum to get rid of some of the Jonahs who now cumber the Ministerial vessel, and to get the round men out of the square holes. But a defeat never serves an Administration; and unless Mr. Gladstone is wise in time, he may be compelled to approach Parliament a year hence with a party still more disorganised than at present, with even a less popular policy, and with an Opposition in front of him ever growing stronger, bolder, and more impatient to get back to the right hand side of the Speaker.

A Liberal.

An Episode of the Terror

'Glückselig ist wer Liebe rein geniesst,
Weil doch zuletzt das Grab so Lieb' als Hass verschliesst.'—Goethe.

Prairial, year 2. The red fool fury of the Seine was at its height. It was the time which stands distinct in human history as the Reign of Terror. French demoniac frenzy revelled in its saturnalia of vengeance.

The eighteen prisons of Paris were choked with more than twelve thousand prisoners. Since May no account had been kept of the number guillotined. Indictments had ceased to have so much as plausibility. Denunciation was death. Fouquier-Tinville sat in permanence. He snatched his meals at the table on which he signed the sentences of death; he slept upon a mattrass in the revolutionary tribunal; he allowed himself no rest; he kept blank indictments ready, which were afterwards filled up with names. He sentenced in batches, the *Fournées* of the Revolution. His mind, he said, was so troubled with horror, that it seemed to him, as it had seemed to Danton, that the Seine rolled in blood.

Indefatigable as he was, Fouquier-Tinville alone could not overtake his work. The decree of the twenty-second prairial, which gave extension to the law of the Suspect, rendered necessary the creation of four similar revolutionary tribunals, each to have its own president, all to labour at once, without formalities, and so to execute satisfactorily the vengeance of the Republic. Fouquier-Tinville's scheme of a guillotine of improved velocity, to work under cover in an apartment adjoining the tribunal itself, was not approved, as the Committee of Public Safety desired to awaken the jaded feeling of the people by the imposing spectacle of one hundred and fifty heads falling daily and in public.

Meanwhile the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of the Place de la Revolution sickened at the frequency of the executions; and the guillotine was ultimately shifted to the suburbs Saint Antoine and Saint Marceau, in order that those quarters might enjoy a sight so dear to a virtuous and republican people. Daily the death-tumbrils rolled

through streets crowded with fierce, cruel, haggard faces, fiendish with the frenzy of blind national revenge, and characteristic with the hate and the suspicion of a pitiless time. As they emerged from the prisons to enter the death carts, the victims were met by the public insulters, male and female, who accompanied them throughout that long journey of agony with brutal jibes, and taunts, and execrations, which only ceased as the critical *tricoteuses* watched gleefully the rapid falling of Sanson's fatal axe.

In the city of terror the accursed *Mouton* pursued his trade of informer and of denouncer of aristocrats. In the prisons the same creature, disguised as a prisoner, acted as spy, and detected real or denounced pretended plots in the prison. Neither age or sex, nor infancy, nor innocence escaped accusation, and accusation meant almost certain death. Some suffered for being rich, others for being poor; one died for an opinion, another for his silence; some suffered for not having adored Marat, others for having regretted the Girondins. Life was wholly insecure. In revolutions, as Danton said when he fell before Robespierre, victory remains with the most wicked; and never, since man swayed power on earth, was there a more cruel or more wicked time—short-lived as such wickedness necessarily was—than the month of Prairial, in the year 2 of the French Republic, during the Revolution's awful reign of Terror.

In the department of the Loire Inférieure, in the country not very many miles from the city of Nantes, the family of De Rougeville had for very many generations inhabited their fine old chateau. The cadets of the house invariably entered the army. The family belonged to that class of the French provincial nobility which lived upon its estates, and was generally beloved in its own neighbourhood. Not far from the De Rougeville's lived the family of the old Counts La Roque, and the two houses had long lived upon a footing of intimacy which had been cemented by intermarriage. During the sadness and the terror of the revolution, Victor De Rougeville, the heir of his house, married Lucile, the only daughter of the Count La Roque. Theirs had been a long boy and girl love, dating from childhood, and deepening with time. When Lucile's father died, M. De Rougeville hastened to give to the woman he loved, and who was left unprotected, the shelter of his name and home. Lucile was the most beautiful girl in the province, and was ardent, gentle, and pure. The young lovers were tenderly attached, but the troubles which deepened and darkened round the French *noblesse* did not fail to affect M. and Madame de Rougeville, whose sympathies were naturally with royalty and with their order, and who had relatives and friends in the camp of the emigration. They continued to live upon their estate until the arrival in Nantes of Representative Carrier, with

his 'Company of Marat,' and his portable guillotine, in 1793. In spite of their local popularity, the De Rougevilles were soon denounced to the butcher Carrier as aristocrats and enemies of the people. Victor, however, received from a friendly hand timely notice of his danger, and he had just time to save the lives of his wife and himself by a precipitate flight in disguise. He was proscribed, and his estates confiscated by Carrier.

It was, however, too dangerous for a couple so ostensibly aristocratic to remain together. The whole country was one spy, and pity for, or fidelity to, aristocrats were rare. With many tears Victor and Lucile separated. He found at first a temporary shelter with a small farmer, who to old feudal loyalty added a strong personal attachment to the descendant of an ancient house; but Victor dared not remain long in the neighbourhood of Nantes, and was soon compelled to fly, after a narrow escape from detection and arrest. The whole air was tainted with suspicion, and every footfall was a step taken in danger. Under various disguises, M. De Rougeville frequently changed his place of residence. Sometimes he met with sympathy and shelter, but his life was lonely, harassed, and hunted. Lucile succeeded in reaching Paris, and there found a refuge amongst friends and connections of the aristocratic colony of the Faubourg St. Germain. While there, she gave birth to a daughter, who, however, lived but a few hours. M. De Rougeville did not dare to come to Paris. Apart from his own risk, he feared to increase the danger of detection for his wife. Correspondence between them was hazardous and uncertain. It had to be carried on under feigned names, and their letters were carefully worded to avoid suspicion; but still husband and wife did manage to communicate with each other, though rarely and at long intervals, and Victor was hiding in Rouen when he received the news of the birth and death of his first child, and heard of the illness, and then of the recovery, of the dear wife from whom he was separated so hopelessly and sadly. It was a terrible time of suspense and sorrow. Each weary day broke in doubt and dragged on in danger. Detection and denunciation might come at any moment, and an aristocrat in the 'Terror' lived and moved with life attended ever by the spectres of the dungeon and the guillotine.

In one dreadful night the whole Royalist colony of the Faubourg St. Germain, comprising three hundred families, was seized, and its members were distributed among the eighteen prisons of Paris. Once more Madame De Rougeville escaped. A poor woman, to whom the kindly lady had shown some kindness, succeeded in hiding her benefactress until the search was over. Madame De Rougeville then found an asylum in that obscure quarter of Paris which is shaded by the towers of St. Sulpice. There, in the Rue Servandoni, a poor widow, one Madame

Vernet, gladly sheltered the unfortunate. But Madame De Rougeville was still in danger. Her beauty and fine manners marked her unmistakably as aristocrat. She seldom went out. Living in an attic, the gentle lady descended to take her repast, as a guest, at the table of her hostess. Unfortunately, a Montagnard, a member of the Convention, whom Madame Vernet dared not refuse as a lodger, came to live in the house. At first he was discreet and generous. Whatever he might suspect, he affected to notice nothing, and the first fears of Madame Vernet and of Madame De Rougeville were allayed. Soon, however, he became attracted by the great beauty of the fair inmate. He sought opportunities of meeting her on the staircase, or of speaking to her in Madame Vernet's room.

At length he declared a passion for the fair and sorrowful young wife. He was a man who had swallowed all formulas, and was superior to any prejudice. Marriage he regarded as an enslaving superstition which had been exploded by the Goddess of Reason; and he proposed to Madame De Rougeville the enlightened and ecstatic position of his mistress. Meeting with a repulse, as decided as the poor hunted lady dared to make it—for it was not a light thing during the 'Terror' for an aristocrat to offend a Montagnard member of the Convention—he commenced a persecution which was designed to convince her reason while it inflamed her passions.

He insisted upon lending her Hébert's obscene and sanguinary 'Père Duchesne.' He redoubled his attentions, and declaimed more vehemently in support of his theories. Appeals to his generosity were naturally futile. In terror for her own life, and still more for that of her husband, the wretched lady temporised while seeking to avoid her ruthless wooer; or when it was impossible to escape a meeting, endeavoured to move his compassion or to stir his sense of honour. She dared not fly, for she knew of no other refuge in Paris. All her efforts to soften the Montagnard were vain, and she lived for some time a life of terror and of misery; until at length her fierce admirer, weary of what he regarded as silly scruples, pressed his attentions so brutally that the outraged wife was driven to desperation, and repulsed the Montagnard with a trembling passion of hatred and of scorn. Thus baffled, the feeling of the terrible lover changed from the desire of obtaining a beautiful woman into a sullen and implacable malignity. He seemed to desist from his importunities, and the two women hoped and believed that the danger was past; but, though he hesitated himself to denounce and to sacrifice a woman so friendless, so gentle, and so fair, he soon and easily found means—means easily discoverable in Prairial, year 2—to render his victim amenable to Couthon's famous decree for the extension of the Law of the Suspect.

In the neighbourhood of the Rue Servandoni lived a concierge who was one of the *Moutons* of Robespierre, while his wife was one of the *tricoteuses* of the guillotine. The Montagnard took steps to draw the attention of the *tricoteuse* to Madame De Rougeville, when that lady took one of her rare evening walks. Madame De Rougeville wore none of the exterior signs of patriotism, which, either from sympathy with, or in dread of, the Revolution, were so generally adopted by the women of Paris during the 'Terror.' The Montagnard, himself unseen, jestingly pointed out to the *tricoteuse* a young lady who did not look like a good patriot, and then took his leave. His work was done. The instinct of the fury of the Revolution detected an aristocrat in the quiet lady who, accompanied by Madame Vernet, was walking timidly along the terror-laden streets. The *tricoteuse* confronted, and stopped abruptly opposite the poor lady, who shrank before the fierce and baleful eyes out of which glared hatred and suspicion.

'Ho! ho! my pretty citizeness,' began the woman of the Revolution, in a loud raucous voice, 'Have you been to-day at the Place de la Revolution? A fine sight for a true patriot! Jourdan Coup-tête sent fifty-four heads of the accursed aristocrats to *eternuer dans le sac*. A fine sight. There was one fellow so old that he could hardly crawl up the steps, and the headsman had to carry him. He was a marquis once—ha! ha! There was a lad of twelve, who wanted no razor but the national one. One young fellow was very brave and handsome. His turn came last, and he had almost as fine a sight as we had. You were not there? And you wear no cockade—no sash? H'm. There were some young women, too, in the cart—young and pretty, like you, citizeness; for I promise you that I suspect you. You are no true patriot, I see. Well, well, your turn may come, pretty one! and we shall see how you will behave. Good night! Take care, citizeness! Aristocrate!'

During this sinister address, Madame De Rougeville leaned, trembling, upon her companion. She recoiled, at first in disgust, afterwards in terror, from the unsexed incarnation of the fiendish frenzy of French popular vengeance. The pale, fair face of the lady, beautiful in its sorrow and its fear, contrasted strongly with the sallow demoniac countenance of the *tricoteuse*, on which the working passions of hatred and of revenge had lined fierce furrows. Lucile's blue eyes, opened widely in astonishment and dread, were fixed intently on those dark evil eyes, in the blackness of which was mixed a tint of lurid redness which seemed to be engendered by much gazing upon blood. The nostrils of the woman of the guillotine were dilated as if they scented blood. Madame De Rougeville remained wholly silent until the *tricoteuse* ceased to speak. The last word, 'Aristocrate!' was hissed out in a menacing, fierce whisper; and then the eyes of the vengeance and the victim un-

locked themselves from their fixed and steady glance. The woman of the people strode rapidly away, and Lucile clung, with a shudder, to the arm of Madame Vernet, who, better than herself, realised the full extent of danger, possibly to both, but certainly to the lady that she had sheltered so long, and whom she loved so well. Their home seemed no longer a refuge, but the two women, terrified and depressed, stole silently back; and Madame De Rougeville, whose life was now distinctly threatened by a danger which might at any moment assume the ghastly reality of denunciation, felt for the first time the full horror of the 'Terror.'

The two or three following days were passed by Madame De Rougeville and by Madame Vernet in dreadful anxiety. Madame Vernet did not so much apprehend danger for herself, but felt certain that the lady to whom she became day by day more attached was in the greatest peril. Madame De Rougeville, who knew less of the system under which the suspected could be denounced, became somewhat reassured after three days had passed without disturbance.

On the night of the fourth day the arrest came. The two women were together in the room of Madame Vernet. The landlady was sewing, and Madame De Rougeville had been writing to her husband one of those letters which formed the consolation of their separation, when the emissaries of the Convention came. By the dim light of a candle the terrified women looked upon the dreaded death messengers. There were four, but they seemed to fill the little room. One, the leader, wore a cocked hat over the lank long hair which fell down on the high collar of his uniform coat. A tricolor sash surrounded his waist, and his sabre clanked as he moved. The others were common ruffians, carrying pikes and wearing the bonnet rouge. There was an awful silence for a moment, during which the women could almost hear the beating of their hearts, while the leader looked from the one to the other. He soon recognised his prey, and then his hoarse and husky voice broke the hush of silence: 'I come in the name of the Republic to arrest the Citoyenne De Rougeville, denounced to the Committee of Public Safety as a suspected person and an aristocrat.'

The two women clung to each other, weeping passionately. Madame Vernet implored, franctically, the mercy of the emissaries. Madame De Rougeville regained composure, and treated her captors with modest dignity. They allowed her to take with her a few necessaries, and Madame Vernet contrived to convey to her a small sum of money. As the women embraced for what Madame Vernet knew was the last time, Madame De Rougeville whispered, 'No word to Victor; send off my letter; he will know all soon enough. Do not let him endanger himself by coming to Paris.' The leader of the band cut short all further com-

munication, and Madame De Rougeville, caught at last in the actual death-mesh of the Revolution, passed out into the dark night with her terrible escort.

The Montagnard lodger was not at home when the arrest was made. When poor, distracted Madame Vernet told him, he seemed surprised. In answer to her prayers for his intercession, he replied coldly that 'The Republic must strike its enemies, and purge the earth of aristocrats and enemies of the virtuous people.'

Madame Vernet, notwithstanding Lucile's prohibition, at once wrote the news of his wife's arrest to M. De Rougeville. She enclosed Lucile's letter, and sent both off to the husband, addressed to him, under his assumed name, at his place of concealment at Rouen. But it was uncertain when a letter might reach him, and Madame Vernet feared that he might receive it only when the wife of his youth and love should be no more. M. De Rougeville was himself proscribed, and his arrest meant his certain and speedy death. The kind-hearted shelterer of misfortune remained inconsolable, and tortured by doubt and sorrow.

Madame De Rougeville was at first imprisoned in the Abbaye, but was removed, after two or three days, to the Conciergerie. This gloomiest of prisons formed a subterranean edifice beneath the Palais de Justice of the Republic, which was the ancient Palace of St. Louis. Prisoners descended from the level and the light of day into the sombre vaults or the tomb-like prison. The wash of the Seine against its bridges, the rolling of carriages along the quay, the hollow thunder of the vast crowd which, during the day, thronged the tribunal of the upper floor—such were the sounds which echoed through the dim, damp darkness of the corridors and cells of the terrible Conciergerie. Massive pillars, low vaults, arches, quaint sculpture, cloistered passages, attested the Gothic origin of the old palace of feudalism. A row of rough oaken doors, fastening with iron bands, heavy locks, and massive bolts, opened into the cells of the prisoners, the floor of which descended three steps below the level of the passage. The stone of the corridors—dark grey, and cold—glistened with perpetual humidity. Some cells had behind them second cells, yet lower, darker, and more sepulchral. Small windows, blurred with heavy iron interwoven bars, borrowed from the level of the street a small square of air and of light. Amid the arcades of the cloister was a court, which formed the promenade of the prisoners; while one large, dark, bare room was used as their common day apartment. A tomb before death, the Conciergerie was but a fatal antechamber to the guillotine and the grave.

Young and fair, gently nurtured and tender, unhappy and alone, Madame De Rougeville found herself by night the solitary occupant of one of those terrible cells, while her days began to share the life of the

community of misfortune in the common apartment. Her innocence availed her nothing, except to intensify grief. It could not secure safety. She longed to communicate with her husband; to, at least, see him once again before her death; but she dared not expose him to the almost certain danger of a visit to Paris. Meanwhile the days rolled on. Life was a daily uncertainty; but, day by day, as the turnkeys chalked on the doors a list of the morrow's *Fournée*, her name came not. The act of accusation seemed to linger. Each day brought a fresh crop of prisoners; each day a batch left the prison for the Revolutionary Tribunal; each day another batch passed through the wickets, amid the hoarse roar of the savage crowd, to the tumbrils and the scaffold. Friendships, and even courtships, sprang up in that strange common room. Human sociability became intensified by common misfortune. Some remained but a day in the Conciergerie; others, apparently forgotten, lingered for uncertain periods. It was not, indeed, wished by the Committee that more than eighty should be executed in one day. Experience had shown that a larger number caused inconvenience to public business, nor could a virtuous Republic make unreasonable demands upon the time or the health of its executioners. Each day brought its agony of expectation as the list of the *fournées* arrived and were proclaimed; each day brought its agony of certainty as the condemned left the prison.

Madame De Rougeville's gentleness and beauty soon gained for her a friend in the wife of the Concierge of the prison, Madame Bault; and, through the kindness of her gaoler, she found means to write to Madame Vernet, who was still left unmolested in the Rue Servandoni. The Montagnard, who sacrificed Madame De Rougeville, saved Madame Vernet. The *Mouton* Jacques August-Tenth, was ordered not to denounce the shelterer of aristocrats, in whose house the Montagnard still lodged.

Meanwhile the death-mesh allured another victim. M. De Rougeville received the letter of Madame Vernet. He instantly started for Paris, determined to risk all to see his wife. One evening a man disguised as a patriot workman presented himself in the Rue Servandoni. It was M. De Rougeville. He learned that his wife still lived, and was in the Conciergerie, but Madame Vernet could not suggest any plan by which he could obtain an interview. Whilst they were speaking, the Montagnard returned. He appeared to take no notice of the workman, who, however, immediately left the house. The Montagnard shortly afterwards went out. M. De Rougeville, tortured with anxiety for his wife, walked about restlessly on the quays near the Palais de Justice, beneath which his Lucile, weeping in her lonely cell, was thinking of and praying for him. He touched the cold rough stones of the walls beneath which she lay immured. She thought him far away in Rouen; she yearned for his presence, but gloried in his supposed safety, and wondered how

he would bear the news which any day might reach him. She had written him a letter of farewell, which she had entrusted to Madame Bault to be sent to her husband after her death. Little did she guess, as she looked upwards, through tear-blinded eyes, at the little square patch of dim night at the top of the cruel cell, that he—the husband of her youth and love—stood within a few feet of her, as unhappy for her as she was for him; stood there, not safe, but in as great—aye, in even greater danger than she herself was.

Though it was summer the night was wild, and the fitful wind was high. The clouds tore swiftly across the troubled sky. The moon occasionally shone for a moment through the hurrying cloud drift on the gleaming river and on the shadowy houses, and then again her light seemed snatched away. The fever in his blood, the agitation of his mind, rendered M. de Rougeville as restless as was the unquiet sky. He crossed the river, pausing upon the bridge to look upwards on the wind-scourged wrack. To him, as it did to Danton, the river seemed to flow in blood.

He had, however, a shelter to seek. Ignorant of any but of those parts of Paris in which his order had lived, this was to him a matter of difficulty. He entered a second-rate wine-shop, which combined with that trade the character of a small hôtel. Here he secured a room in his assumed character of workman. The hostess looked at him suspiciously, but granted his request. As he sat in the dingy, common room of the cabaret, trying to eat some supper, five or six rough, vile looking citizens of the true patriot type entered. They began playing cards and drinking brandy. Amid oaths, obscenities, and hideous blasphemies, they narrated, with horrible glee, the details of the trials and of the executions of the day. Presently they addressed M. De Rougeville. They invited him to join their game, and demanded of him sympathy with their sentiments. He tried to excuse himself—too politely for his assumed character. They insisted, and M. De Rougeville, naturally impetuous, and somewhat haughty and imperious in manner, declined positively to associate with them. Then ensued a sort of confused quarrel, a hubbub of talking voices, from one of which was heard the ominous word 'aristocrat,' while the shrill voice of the landlady expressed her suspicions. Then came a hurried scuffle, and an attempt to seize and search M. De Rougeville, who resisted desperately, as a person suspect to patriots. On him was found a small copy of Horace—a damning proof of want of patriotism; and amid the confusion, while the ruffians were binding their prisoner, a voice said quietly, 'Citizens, you have done well; your instincts have led you right. You have arrested M. De Rougeville, proscribed by the Republic at Nantes. He is royalist, aristocrat, traitor, enemy of the people. He is out of the law; he only needs identification. Bring him to the House of Detention. His

wife is in the Conciergerie, and their guilty heads shall fall together before the sovereign majesty of the people.'

The speaker was Jacques August-Tenth. The prisoner was triumphantly secured, and was rapidly borne away by his captors.

The next morning he was brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. The hoarse yells of the gallery condemned so palpable an aristocrat before the judge could complete his formalities. The accused bore himself proudly and firmly, and scornfully surveyed the raging mob. He was soon denounced, identified, sentenced. Death within four-and-twenty hours was the award of Fouquier-Tinville.

As the doomed man was escorted to the Conciergerie his mind revolved incessantly one terrible question. Could he, would it be possible to conceal his fate from Lucile, who could know nothing of his arrest? Should he have strength, even if he could succeed in concealing from her his condemnation, to pass to death, knowing that she was in the same prison, without speaking to her—without a last embrace, a last farewell? The question was idle; she seemed to be waiting for him, and saw him as he entered the gaol.

Victor and Lucile were thus re-united in the Conciergerie and in the shadow of death. He was but four-and-twenty, she but twenty years of age. His only crime consisted in belonging to an order into which he was born. Her pure and tender life had been one grace and benefit to every human being that had seen and known her. They were so noble and so young; they loved so fondly and so well; life, had it been granted to them, seemed to hold a prospect of so much happiness; and yet, enmeshed in the terrible entity which men called Revolution, they sat there, hand in hand, for the last day that they should ever pass together.

The other prisoners respected their great sorrow and greater love. One corner of the common room was left to the married lovers. They recalled the tender memories of their past love, they reminded each other of scenes and incidents in their youth and passion. Each was brave for the other. Lucile's only regret was that they could not die together. Victor hoped that she might yet be spared; she believed, and believed with joy, that she should soon follow.

That evening, as they were removed to their separate cells for the night—for his last night on earth—a note was put into the hand of Lucile. It was from the Montagnard. He offered, if she would marry him, to save her life. If she accepted, she was to send an answer that night. If no answer were then sent she should surely die. 'I offer life or death,' said the brief billet; 'but do not mistake me. I am not to be played with. If you do not accept, I give you as a sacrifice to the justice of the Republic.'

Lucile crumpled up the note and threw it from her into the darkness

of the cell. She hardly regarded that part which spoke of life; but the prospect of near and certain death, of soon following Victor to Heaven, filled her with peace and joy. She felt certain that they could not be long divided.

Victor wished to spare Lucile the pang of the last parting on the fatal morrow. He induced Madame Bault to promise to leave his wife's cell locked until the tumbrils should have left the prison; but the kind gaoler could not resist the young wife's tears and prayers, and there, in the early morning, in the long stone corridor below the grate of Victor's cell, stood Lucile. They could not see each other, but they could speak together. She could not quite reach his hand, which stretched out between the iron bars of the grate.

Soon the prison was all astir. Many were to die that morning. The tumbrils and the populace waited at the gate. The horsemen who were to escort the carts to the scaffold chatted and smoked their pipes. In the prison, gaolers and headsmen were busy. The arms of the condemned were bound, the long hair was shorn to the shortness required for the axe. As each cartful of condemned was ready, it was marched off into its tumbril; and the terrible roar of the crowd, mingled with the shrill screams and laughter of the *insulteuses*, pierced into the prison whenever the wickets were opened to let out another batch. Victor was left to the last. As Sanson and his assistants approached the cell, a great heartbust of agony broke from poor Lucile. 'Husband! love! soon, soon we meet again!' The key of the executioner grated in the lock—a moment, and he would come forth. A blanched stupor of horror and of agony beyond human endurance, numbed all the senses of the fond young wife, and, in a merciful swoon, she fell heavily upon the stone pavement. 'Better so!' muttered Victor, as he pressed one long kiss upon the insensible pale lips, and then hurried on lest she should return to consciousness before he was gone. The door was opened, and a flood of light greyed into the long corridor and the dim prison. He ascended the steps to the street. The air blew fresh, and the light revived him. The crowd, the hootings and roars, nerved him and braced his soldier courage. For him the bitterness of death was past, and he rode onward to the scaffold, and passed out of life like a proud, brave man, for whom all dread has ended.

Some of her fellow-prisoners and Madame Bault tended poor Lucile through that most wretched day. When the list of the next day's accusation came, and she saw her name written on chalk upon the door of her cell, she became calm, and even happy. On that next day she was tried. Clad in white, with a black silk scarf crossed upon her bosom and fastened round her waist, her bright fair hair flowing loose to her girdle, her colour heightened and her eyes strangely radiant, she went,

in a sort of tremulous triumph, to the murder-bar of the Revolution. Never, since Madame Roland stood there, had the Tribunal seen such a vision. A murmur, of doubtful import—half revolutionary fury, half involuntary admiration—ran through the galleries. Amid all the crimes committed, O Liberty! in thy name, none could be greater than the sacrifice to popular demoniac fury of a woman so pure, so tender, and so innocent. She answered all questions modestly and laconically. Her soft, clear, feminine voice produced a kind of sympathy in the Court. Fouquier Tinville felt the sympathy, and, not unwilling to spare such a victim, suggested answers which might tend to save her. It appeared, too, that she had been anonymously denounced. But she repelled all efforts to let her escape. She not only accepted, but she desired death. Once, at a movement in the Court, she looked round, and then she saw the Montagnard, with a haggard pallor on his anxious sallow face. He held up a warning finger to caution her against the imprudence of her answers; but she persisted. She declared her wish to join her murdered husband; she avowed that she had loved the Queen; she admitted that she was an aristocrat. At the mention of the Queen, a hoarse ominous growl ran through the gallery. Sympathy with the 'Widow Capel' was fatal, and Fouquier Tinville felt that his chance of showing mercy was gone. Her doom was soon pronounced. As she left the Tribunal once more she murmured, 'O husband! love! soon, soon I come.' She entered the prison with a quick step. To the inquiries of those who crowded round, she answered with the usual sign of the uplifted finger. She seemed happy, even joyful. One night only divided her from Victor. She confessed to a Constitutional priest, who, in lay clothes, was tolerated in the Conciergerie. She refused the offer of Madame Bault to pass the night with her in her cell; she was happy, quite happy, she said, and should sleep well. To her youth, so full of life, death had no terror.

The next morning came. She seemed sublimed to a kind of rapture. She spoke little, but said a few kindly words to those who, weeping, bid her farewell. She gave her last ornament to Madame Bault, and submitted, with cheerful quiet, to have her long golden locks cut off, and her fair arms bound. Passing out of the wicket, she quailed for a moment under the insults of the women and the roar of the surging crowd. The *tricoteuse*, who had once threatened her, was there, mocking and jeering at the fair young creature who was beyond her power, because so glad to die.

The long agony of the transit through the brutal streets to the Place de la Revolution did not dismay her. She seemed lifted above the consciousness of surrounding things by an inner ecstasy which transcended the suffering of the hour. In the cart with her was an old man, very

ill and feeble. His arms being bound, he could not maintain his position, and the mob laughed loudly to see him fall and weep. Lucile sustained his white head upon her knees, and, forgetting herself, spoke to him words of comfort and of hope. A young noble, who had been her fellow prisoner, and who went to death gaily and defiantly, regarded her with undisguised admiration. Her fellow sufferers all looked to her for the inspiration of courage and of calm. The tumbrils reached the scaffold. She gazed for a second at the blade of the axe which, bright and sunny though the summer morning was, gleamed dull and cruel, dim with much shearing through necks, worn with much sharpening, and discoloured with dark stains of blood. She had arrived in the last of the tumbrils. Sanson usually beheaded women first; but she begged to be left to the last, in order that no other might have the pain of waiting so long and of witnessing so much horror. She said a few kindly words of farewell to each of her companions that left her to mount the steps of the guillotine; she comforted the old man to the last. All were gone, and after about an hour of waiting, her turn came. Murmuring 'Husband, husband, I come!' she rapidly ascended the steps. The heavy blade descended, the hard steel tore sharply through the white soft neck —and the wife had her wish and had rejoined her husband. The Revolution, as Vergniaud said, Saturn like, devoured its own children. The Montagnard denouncer went the common way. His fate had one feature of peculiar bitterness. He was executed on the ninth Thermidor, when Robespierre had fallen from power, and when, in consequence, the 'Terror' was at an end. As the tumbrils which contained its last *Fournées* rolled onwards to the Barriére du Trone, the people in the streets of Saint Antoine shouted to the condemned that Robespierre had fallen, and tried to save the last victims of his reign. The Montagnard made frantic efforts; he appealed passionately to the people for help, for life; he recited his services and his sufferings for the Revolution. It seemed for one moment —a moment of unspeakable anxiety to the Montagnard— that the mob would save the last death-batch of the 'Terror.' His maddened shrieks for life died away, stifled in the hoarseness of despair, as black Henriot, waving his sabre, and calling on the mounted escort, charged, and drove back the surging mob. Henriot succeeded in delivering to Sanson the tale of 70 heads, but the wretched Montagnard seemed more dead than alive as he was hurried up the steps of the guillotine. In that terrible instant, in which a gleam of hope for his life shone vainly upon the Montagnard, Lucile and Victor were perhaps avenged.

Jacques August-Tenth and his *tricoteuse* wife perished on Vendémiaire 13th, when Citizen Buonaparte, with a whiff of grape shot, blew the life out of the sansculottism of the Revolution, as it stood at bay, in its last effort against the counter-revolution, under Lepelletier, in the Church of St. Roch.

After Vendémiaire came a time in which the 'Terror' was execrated and its many victims mourned. At the *Bals á Victime* crape on the left arm was worn by many in sorrowing sympathy for the fate of Lucile and of Victor: and, reader, we too may mourn them still. They were the lesser natures for whom, even when most innocent, it is ever dangerous to come between the fell pass and incensed points of mighty opposites. They stood, in their helpless innocence, between the opponents in the terrible struggle that ensued when the long misrule of effete authority was supplanted by sanguinary French anarchy. They, with so many others, were victims of that great conflict; but the pathos of their fate is not on that account the less. They were caught up, and whirled round to death, in the maelstrom of the Revolution. Lucile was a rare and ideal woman; a woman with the balanced beauty of the equal soul and frame. How fair, how tender, and how good she was! Like Posthumous, her young husband seems to us ennobled by the high love of his wife. She makes him beautiful, as the moon hallows the earth. Beauty and courage, united by such tender love, pass, in the prime and glory of their radiant youth, to death, through the red frame of the hideous guillotine. Sorrow and suffering end there. Born in another, and a happier time, we had, perhaps, met them, joyous and joy-giving, as types of happiness and of charm; but, chancing to be placed in the mad, fever time of the Revolution, we see them in the stony grey of dungeons, and we part with them when Fate has led them to her fatal scaffold. And shall not we, too, O reader, mourn, if it be but for a moment, in these far-removed times, the sad and early deaths of these victims of the 'Terror?'

H. Schütz-Wilson.

Conversation.

In spite of what the cynics teach,
Of all it hides and all it teaches,
We cannot well dispense with speech—
Excepting in the form of speeches!
Of all the varied gifts we use,
Speech is most varied in its uses;
Of all the powers we abuse,
Speech gets the most of the abuses!

How slowly Wisdom's words distil!
Yet, like a petrifying fountain,
They shrine decay in forms that will
Endure as long as sea and mountain!
While in the rush of words you find
The man who shows the most loquacity
Is sure to be the one whose mind
Is of the very least capacity.

The wise in all the lore of schools
Are solemn as their weighty pages;
And consequently silent fools
Are taken for sagacious sages.
Words may be very insincere—
Deeds best demonstrate who's sincerest;
And every one likes '*Faire sans dire*,'
E'en from the fairest and the dearest!

Some people never care to try
To get at other people's knowledge;
They seem to think that Learning's 'dry,'
And ought to be confined to college!
For them the streams from Wisdom's spring
Disperse in unproductive vapours;
And nothing is in anything
That isn't in the daily papers!

How very seldom does a man
Join properly in conversation!
Each has a notion that he can
GIVE, rather than GAIN, information.
Some demon fancy, fact, or thought,
Has of his mind the sole possession,
And all beside he deems as nought
But worthless sound and wrong impression.

SPONDEE is full of ancient lore
As is of air an empty bottle,
And certainly knows vastly more
Than Plato did, or Aristotle.
And yet his talk—for talk he can,
Though mostly silent as a dummy—
Is just what you'd expect from an
Intelligent Egyptian mummy!

You can't persuade Professor FLAM,
Of modern man's originality;
He says that Tennyson's a sham,
And some old heathen the reality.
In vain the modern muse may show
Her Christabel—her Jack and *her* Gill—
Some parallel he's sure to know
In Homer, Æschylus, or Virgil.

Poor Doctor HOBBY has but one
Idea his wise head to muddle;
Hydropathy—and that has run
His brain to a perpetual puddle!
You may begin with views profound
On central suns, or Jeptha's daughter,
He brings the conversation round
To the importance of cold water!

COLON, whose flowing streams of thought
Run into seas of mighty teachings,
Can seldom guide his speech to aught,
Save lengthy lecturings and preachings!
Such men are very apt to wide
Their arguments into verbosity;
And keep the talk *all* on one side,
Like very Irish reciprocity!

What 'NOODLE' says, he never knows,
He speaks so often without thinking!—
As difficult, you might suppose,
To swallow water without drinking!
Remind him of his words next day—
That e'er he said them he can't credit!
He never thought so!—that's his way—
He did not think—he only said it!

That centenarian, old BROWN,
In answer to the simplest query,
Grounds his reply long ages down,
And rambles on until you're weary.
You ask the date of Jones's death;
His answer he begins with Moses—
Touches on Plutarch and Macbeth,
And gives some notes on Roman noses;

Mentions a place in Northern Ind,
Which cures the very worst diseases;
And combats the idea that wind
Can blow from any point it pleases.
He gives the route that Cæsar went
Through France—and then his own; and queries
What profit he was charged per cent.
In Paris, when he dined at Very's.

SIR VERDANT GREEN can never say
Two sentences aright together;
Can manage 'How d'ye do to-day?'
And something *easy* on the weather.
Then gazes round with vacant stare,
As further conversation scorning;
And starts at last with hasty air,
Merely to wish you a 'Good morning!'

Then there's the man you sometimes see,
Whose morbid brain is always running
On jokes, where none are meant to be,
And violent attempts at punning.
No observation can be made,
But he commences searching after
Some joke, conundrum, or charade,
Until it grows too sad for laughter.

Of course we never can embrace
In these remarks those lovely ladies,
Who lend society such grace,
And talk like modern Sche'razades.
But hearts are won by heart—not head;
And if you'd rather love than pity,
Be nice and natural, instead
Of trying to be wise and witty!

In fine, if anyone must say
His say, let it be no intrusion;
Do it in private—that's the way
To cause the very least confusion.
Monopoly is quite gone out,
In talk as well as other matters,
And people who will always 'spout'
Are taken to be 'mad as hatters!'

Speeches are made but to be read,
For few can hear; but read them—many;
And so the world learns what is said,
By laying out a daily penny.
We bless that man in private life
Who writes—not talks—his lucubration;
Who keeps his lectures for—his wife,
But shares with friends his conversation!

CHARLES H. WARING.

A Real Education for Women.

By Amelia Lewis.

II.

It is absolutely necessary that sound ideas on 'What is Education?' should underlie our future action in promoting it; the female sex, even more than the other, requires this rational course, since false direction will not only lead to waste of time, but to such a development as may leave the girl and woman less able to fulfil her future duties than if she had been merely allowed to take her chance and improve her general intelligence as best she could.

In female education we have to build upon a delicately woven organisation of natural emotion, the beauty of which is such that, truth to say, we have not yet quite comprehended its wonderful combinations. The creative idea, that the tenderest emotions shall lead to the propagation of the race, has never been sounded down to its depth, and the neglect of tracing creative intentions has allowed woman to be dealt with merely as subversive to man in strength, when her organisation is the higher of the two, though her power may be the less. The moment finer organisations in nature are neglected or ill-guided, they fall not only to decay, but often turn their tendrils into an opposite direction; their delicate fibre becoming an easy prey to mere force, they search for sustenance in the lower regions of human feelings, motives, and appetites. For man to even think of improvement, means, as a first step, to shield that more delicately formed *natural* companion of his from his *own* overbearing manner, and allow her freedom of expression without undue subversive influence. But little philosophical logic is taught in our schools, or man would long have perceived that the more he cherishes and expands those higher, tenderer faculties in woman, the better will she hold out to him her graceful hand, and become the strong natural support of his ruder nature.

If we have begun tracing an outline of female education by advocating first of all the complete acquisition of those means of intercommunica-

tion that are, as we say, the starting-points of human knowledge, we meant at once to establish a sound basis for our superstructure. But we do not mean a mere analytical knowledge of our tongue; on the contrary, we would rather place the analytical knowledge of languages behind their actual acquisition. Girls have more vivid imaginations, quicker receptive faculties than boys, and should from the first be guided to find food for them in the best adapted writings of their own mother tongue. To teach a girl grammar, or analytical forms of composition, and neglect the substance to which these forms apply, is putting a straight-waistcoat on the girl's mind, which must, first of all, have food to live on, and not only food, but the right food. For such purpose the mother, and later the teacher, should from the beginning of a girl's life repeat to her, by word of mouth first, both prose tales, descriptions, and poetic compositions, and later accustom her daily to read aloud portions of writings adapted to her growing capacity, and induce her to commit some to memory by reciting them *vivâ voce*. We have no hesitation in saying that all our authorship is nought if it does not become food for our minds, and our education paltry if we teach merely to dissect forms and forget to infuse the living spirit.

The knowledge of analytical forms, or grammar, is required to understand language, not to acquire it. How many children and young people become disgusted and fatigued with dissections of word-forms, before their young minds have ever been able to gather up sufficient material for employing them! We must, therefore, insist that the teaching of our own, or any other tongue, does *not* consist in learning its forms, but its substance; at the same time that the substance is acquired, the forms are easily learnt.

We should like to use the axiom of a great German doctor: 'The principal thing is to find out the seat of disease; it really matters very little afterwards what you use to cure it.'

At the same time that children and young people acquire language let them also learn to employ it. In many schools not the slightest provision is made for this phase, but all at once the pupil is asked to write an 'essay.' Write an essay! The most difficult of all composition, demanding concentration of ideas, logical deduction, and terse language to clothe them in. The poor girl stands there, horrified at her task; her mind has learnt facts, but no ideas; she may have written a halting letter to a friend, but never anything beyond it. Teach her from the first to give back the impressions she receives, by sentences, by short compositions of all kinds, and later by more expanded themes.

The education of a girl that is built on a sound knowledge of her own tongue will easily fall into any other grooves of knowledge to be acquired.

The second operation of mankind following upon mutual communi-

cation of ideas in either of the three ways mentioned, is computation of interests, or the science of numbers. Therefore, arithmetic is one of the principal branches of instruction. As, until now, woman has been thought incapable of logical methods of procedure in daily life, the manipulation of numbers has always appeared unsuited to her, and arithmetic has been a subject taught her in a most superficial and dry way. But numbers have a meaning; and arithmetic can be made one of the most agreeable and vivifying branches of teaching, *even* for girls—or, as we should say, *particularly* for girls. Notwithstanding all the immense mathematical genius in the English nation, the science of measures, either abstract or concrete, has not yet been so formed for beginners that it should stamp upon young people's memory not only methods for various arithmetical operations, but also open their minds to those ideas of comparison of interests which underlie all arithmetical processes. The importance of the study of numbers is as great for woman as for man. As provider for the family and dispenser of the family's income, it is absolutely necessary that a methodical association of notions should exist in woman's brain, and that a logical sequence (how much can be done with a certain amount of monetary means) should result therefrom. Paper arithmetic has been greatly pursued for girls in a most desultory manner, without combination or felicitous application; and mental arithmetic, which developes thought and straightens perceptive faculties, has altogether been left in the shade. To this form we would direct attention, and we would most particularly impress upon those who are inclined to give female education a higher impulse, that the old method of drawling through the four cardinal simple and compound rules, through some examples of practice, through a most desultory way of rule of three—by putting one number in a mysterious manner in one corner, and the others in opposite directions—and finally by attempting a few fractions—is not arithmetic. A great science is that same arithmetic, opening out to the girl's mind visions of reality that may lead her ultimately to comprehend those great operations of nature of which our earth-science is but a particle. While widening the mind, proper instruction of arithmetic forces upon a girls' attention the value of minutiæ, the importance of operations by small sums, for which certain representative articles are to be obtained, and the fundamental notions that everything in life has a comparative representative monetary price.

Should it be desirable to introduce into a girl's education branches of mathematics, we would most emphatically say that these are utterly useless, unless they are founded on sound arithmetical and primary notions of number. A new movement for technical education for girls is setting in in Germany; but we are not here treating of superior education, or education applied to peculiar subjects of bread-winning;

but of one uniform general method for such instruction as will make every girl a rational, self-dependent being.

Suppose the old-fashioned three 'R's' have been attended to, as we might say—what other information would appear necessary for the training of a young girl? Before we go one step further, we wish to observe that whenever and wherever mental education begins, there must with it commence a course of exercises fitted to develope the strength and health of the body. Man is conservative in a general sense, because man is lazy, and though we know our remarks, the fruit of long study, observation, and experience, will be read, yet no one will much alter his or her system until some active and energetic mind takes up the cause and makes a start. Still, knowing that even an *earnest* magazine article may go the road of all flesh, we hope to make some little impression somewhere, and induce mothers to let their daughters' mental development go hand in hand with the acquisition of bodily strength. We say boldly that educational establishments fulfil but half their purpose if they do not include methods that will teach children how to use leisure time and enjoy recreation. It is, however, very difficult to speak of woman's education at all, as we cannot hope to have much influence on those ladies who have the middle-class girls' schools in hand, and many of whom are ambitious to heap up in the brains of their pupils an amount of irrelevant facts that kills their nervous strength. We halt here, as we are anxious in our next paper to give a regulated synopsis of subjects, and some plan which might, more than general remarks, lead to some definite results.

ANNIE.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

I.

A FAIR and comely child,
Her widowed mother's dear,
That mother's only comfort,
A dark life's only cheer.

Bright eyes and winning smile,
Soft cheek and flowing hair—
No claim to classic beauty;
But charms as rich are there.

A happy loving girl,
The joy of one poor hearth;
With heart as pure and trustful
As any beats on earth.

Alas! that trustful hearts
Should fall because they trust!
Alas! that charms so homely
Should tempt man's heartless lust!

II.

Only a bundle of rags
That hide some human dust—
All that is left of a woman,
The victim of selfish lust.

Only a woman's form—
The tale so often told—
Her eye is fixed and glassy,
Her sunken cheek is cold!

A corpse in a heap of rags,
A saddening, sickening sight;
A spirit gone to judgment—
Passed into endless night!

A corpse in a parish shroud,
Laid in a pauper's tomb.
If her's the sinner's sentence,
There's *one* will share her doom!

R. ANDERSON.

AT THE THEATRES.

THE announcement that Lord Lytton's 'Last Days of Pompeii' was about to be dramatised by John Oxenford, and produced at the Queen's Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Ryder, created, not only among the general public, but also in theatrical circles, an almost unusual amount of excitement, which was much heightened, as the time approached for the appearance of the piece, by various rumours, which were naturally most contradictory. Little strings of artfully-conceived advertisements, inserted in every paper of note, had crowned public excitement; and on the opening night the house was crammed with a most eager audience, all in a state of 'great expectations.' How these expectations were realised I can barely state, as I did not go on that eventful evening; but on the next and following mornings the press were almost jubilant in their general condemnation of everything, to which a climax was put by a letter from the manager, who informed his readers that the well-known single step from the sublime to the ridiculous had been taken by himself and those connected with him—the sublimity reached, I am creditably informed, consisted of a tight-rope, which extended from one side of the stage to the other, and on which a certain Mr. Famous Christoff was to dance over the heads of a dinner-party represented in one of the scenes of the play. The ridiculous consisted of the fact that Mr. Famous Christoff danced but too well, and fell, to the great confusion of the guests, one of whom, with commendable anxiety, recommenced the conversation by the observation, 'What a wonderful man!' which, though no doubt in his part, was too much for the audience, who now became assured that the whole play was an elaborate burlesque of a new kind, and which had been so artfully prepared that no suspicion of its real character was aroused till this the second scene of the third act. There are those, however, that assert that, owing to the presence of certain celebrated spiritualists, the tightness had disappeared from the rope and entered Mr. Famous Christoff long before the performance commenced, which I will not, however, advance as my own opinion, because, as I do not keep a legal adviser on the premises, I am unable to know whether it is libellous or not.

Hearing that the piece had been condemned by the press, I waited a few nights in order that things might have been got into better order, and one evening, having dined with a friend at the Albion, we wended our way to Long Acre. Mr. Lionel Brough had possession of the house, and to such good use he put his power, that he extracted from his hearers

an amount of hilarity that seemed inexhaustible, and to which I referred later on in the evening with some astonishment, when I saw the lugubrious and lengthened faces of those who were sitting in my immediate vicinity. To come, however, to the piece itself. After Mr. Schoening had conducted the orchestra through a solemn dirge, that appeared to wish to ring a funeral knell to the play before it commenced, the curtain rose upon one of the most exquisite pieces of scene-painting I have ever seen. Not being an architect or a geometrician, I cannot say whether everything was in drawing and in perspective; but certainly the effect of this and of all the other scenes, as far, at least, as the scenic artist was concerned, was magnificent, and the audience very frequently showed their unqualified delight. Of the play as a play I can really hardly speak, because there was, first of all, so little of it, the dialogue having evidently been cut down to such an extent that it appeared here and there to spring up like vegetation after rain, in detached spots, as if the author had sprinkled it over the scenes from a pepper-box; and secondly, because I have a shrewd suspicion that the action of the piece was intelligible only to those who had read the novel. There was a great deal of ballet business, both in the house of the wicked and designing Mr. Arbaces, an Egyptian priest, who, in a sublime spirit of deprivation, had abstracted the greater portion of the young ladies' dresses; and also in the house of a certain Mr. Diomed, a house well known to the police by the vagaries of Mr. Famous Christoff (expressly engaged). At the end of the second act there was an earthquake which must have severely tried Mr. Arbaces' muscles, as the figure which ought to have crushed him wouldn't come down and finish the work he had himself begun, for just previously he had narrowly escaped spontaneous combustion in a frantic effort to assist a super in producing a light from some obstreperous red fire. A young man named Apæcides, the brother of a young girl, Ione, who, with a blind girl Nydia, are constantly in trouble, wanders through the first three acts in a state of helpless indecision, until Mr. Arbaces, who has humoured him thus far, having come to the conclusion that he is a bore, kills him by the light of several moonbeams. I ought to state that in this act there is a really capital scene between Nydia of constant trouble and a young man named Mr. Glaucus, who is very rich and is very much in love with the other young girl, Ione. The fourth act is consumed by an eruption of Vesuvians, that serves to cover the retreat of certain athletes who have been knocking one another down by invisible blows. Here also Mr. Arbaces, who by this time has come to horrid grief by the treachery of a drinking acquaintance, finds means to escape in time to enable him to reappear in the fifth act, and assist in ringing down another reluctant earthquake, which kills off everybody with the exception of Mr. Glaucus, who is soon afterwards discovered

floating about in an open boat with the two young ladies, Ione and Nydia, the latter of whom, finding there is not room enough for everybody, generously jumps into a blanket prepared for her below, and leaves the world much in the state it was when there was only one man and one woman to begin with.

It is a very great pity that the play is so badly constructed, and that it gives so little scope to an actor of Mr. Ryder's great power and undoubted talent, who has but few opportunities of doing anything else than look his part, which he certainly does *à merveille*. Miss Hodson as Nydia appealed several times to the deepest sympathies of the audience by her admirable representation of the grief that the blind suffer when they experience the necessity of sudden action.

Mr. Gilbert's new piece, 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' is attracting crowded houses at the Haymarket. The only scene (by O'Connor, who is always good) consists of the studio of a Greek artist, Pygmalion, who goes through a series of adventures, equally divided between his wife and a statue of his own workmanship, which he has brought to life by a very clever piece of stage effect. These adventures are relieved from becoming monotonous by the casual remarks of one Chrysos, an Art patron, who is always quarrelling with his wife, who on that account adores him, and snubs everybody else, the statue included. An Athenian soldier, a couple of slaves, and a young lady, the sculptor's sister, carry on their little games by themselves, and are very happy, thus forming a striking contrast to the statue, who, towards the end of the play, gets very tired of herself, and wants to go home—that is, return, by means of another stage effect, to stone. With this resolve Pygmalion is delighted, and the curtain falls upon a scene of universal hugging. I am here going to hazard a piece of oracular criticism. Mr. Buckstone, as Chrysos, the Art patron, is, of course above praise, and Miss Robertson, as the statue, is most certainly beyond it.

The Adelphi is just now rendered notorious by Mr. Charles Millward's very charming and chaste extravaganza, 'Little Snowwhite.' No one who has *read* anything of the piece can come to any other conclusion but that 'Little Snowwhite' goes far to restore the old style of extravaganza, a style happily opposed to the vulgarities of modern burlesque. I say *read*, for the *actors* are inaudible, try as you may to hear them. However, Mrs. John Wood and Mrs. Alfred Mellon make up for the deficiency, and work to such good purpose, that the audience, to show their appreciation, make them sing a certain duet five times over, the refrain of which is 'For we are so awfully clever,' to which I would add, 'Which nobody can deny.' Before I forget it, let me mention a rumour I have just heard, to the effect that, in this piece, the acting of the ladies has had such an effect upon the gentlemen, that, at a meeting

held at the 'Coalhole Tavern' (a very favorite resort of distinguished men), it was unanimously resolved that they do all forthwith send in their resignations to Mr. Benjamin Webster, on the plea that they had discovered that they had mistaken their vocations, and intended to apply for the vacant situations in the many *Australian Mutton and American Jerked Beef Companies.* I am muchly inclined to believe this rumour, especially when I remember that the charming Mesdames Beauclerc, Maude Howard, and Temple, all play in 'Little Snowwhite.'

At the Princess's we have Mr. Phelps, Mr. Benjamin Webster, and Miss Furtado, all doing their utmost to make Mr. Watts Phillips' piece, 'On the Jury,' go, which it does by the willing '*devotion*' and '*sacrifice*' of a penny steamer, whose appearance 'after dark' is sufficient '*atonement*' for its '*recognition*' as a steamer at all. (Lest anybody should not understand the preceding jokes, I ought to state that each of the four acts of the play is headed by one of the italicised words). Alas that Mr. Phelps and Mr. Webster have played so much, for their acting was so grand that I wished I'd been born earlier to have seen more than I have of it. What shall I say of Miss Furtado? I hardly know. But I *feel* that she is inexpressibly winning and tender in every part she undertakes.

They do say that Mr. Gilbert wrote 'Thespis' for the Gaiety, but having seen it the other night, I came to the conclusion that the statement must be mythological. Since then a friend has told me that it is all right, but that the eccentricities that startled me were owing to the fact that Mr. Toole, the principal actor, was a bit of a 'gag.' I didn't like to display my ignorance on the occasion, and so refrained from asking what a 'gag' meant. But I have since been to the Savage Club in Covent Garden, where there is a most extensive and valuable collection of works, by consulting which I discovered that the word is of Græco-Hindoo origin, and was first applied to one Gaggus, an Hibernian actor, who always managed to say everything that was not in the piece, and nothing that was in it. Perhaps, however, as the *entomologists* say, the word is corrupt, and has no derivation or meaning at all. Nevertheless, Mr. Toole, gag or no gag, has the great art of pleasing; and having 'made' everything, except enemies, wherever he goes, by the sheer force of hard work and indomitable good nature, thoroughly deserves his popularity—a popularity so great that whenever he is announced to play at the Gaiety all the seats get engaged with cruel rapidity, and the very restaurant next door gets in a fair way of making its fortune.

I must not conclude these few observations without stating that I cannot hold myself responsible for anything I have said.

W—LB—RF—RCE.

U. CALIFORNIA.

Two New Books

GILLOT AND GOOSEQUILL.[1]

Why the author of the delightful 'Carols of Cockayne' should have given the above title to the poems before us we are unable to say. Was it one of those bright ideas that are depicted emanating from his head on the cover of the book, or was it the suggestion of some rival poet, who wished to mar the work by giving it an unmeaning and unrepresentative title? We are angry with Mr. Leigh—or, perhaps, it would be better to say, we are angry on his account—for we feel that many will be deterred from deriving pleasure from this excellent collection of *Vers de Société* by reason of a title which might have been given to a work on Arabian monuments with equal justice. The position which Mr. Leigh occupies in the literary world is of such a nature that his preface is barely in good taste. Surely he cannot be ignorant, when he says 'My verses mean very little,' that the style in which he writes may combine the highest philosophy, the deepest feeling, and the brightest descriptive power. Of the work itself we can but speak in terms of the warmest praise and congratulation. Without being in the slightest degree obtrusively moral, there is no one passage that can possibly offend the most delicate ear—a great deal to say in these days of uncompromising dirt. Another excellent characteristic of all Mr. Leigh's writing is its freshness, of which no better instance can be given than the opening lines :—

> Take me away with you, Fancy dear,
> Out of this pestilent atmosphere ;
> Where people are wasting lives to see
> What can be spelt out of £. s. d.
> Take me and hurry me leagues away—
> Anywhere, anywhere, one brief day.
> Carry me back into years gone by ;
> Cycle or century, what care I !

From certain references that occur frequently in the book, we cannot help sympathising with the author in his affection and admiration for all that he ever held dear, even so little as broken toys, of which he writes thus feelingly :

[1] 'Gillot and Goosequill.' By Henry S. Leigh, Author of 'Carols of Cockayne,' British and Colonial Publishing Company, 81A, Fleet Street, E.C. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

Whenever in my tender years
I broke a toy of any sort,
I honour'd with a flood of tears
The damaged article of sport.
Folks told me I was very weak,
And very like a naughty boy,
To make a streak on either cheek
For nothing but a broken toy.

How oft the fleet and cruel years—
In bringing age and bringing care—
Have brought me fitter cause for tears
Than all my baby sorrows were.
How many hopes—how many dreams
'Twas theirs to give and then destroy;
How many a past ambition seems
No better than a broken toy?

Of life itself Mr. Leigh writes at times somewhat sombrely, as if the world to him presented constantly two sides, the one very bright, the other very sad, and it was the latter of which he saw most. He appears to know no medium; he is either in the seventh heaven of delight, or else is moralising over the vanity of all earthly things. And yet Mr. Leigh is a Cockney, and glories in it. To him the places best known in town are endeared by the associations connected with them, and Fleet Street and Covent Garden are themes on which he is never tired of dwelling. Moreover, he is a man of very moderate wants, and can console himself at all times for the absence of all that money brings, and withal that he appears to derive a certain inward satisfaction from the very fact that he can at times not only play a very prince of grumblers, but can also philosophically do without that which, if he had, he would extol with the warmest of praise. We cannot illustrate our meaning better than by quoting Mr. Leigh himself:

Tell me not of Gallic feeds;
Only, when I touch my bell,
Bring me all the poet needs—
Just a chop *au naturel*.
Tender, Phillis, let it be,
Since it forms my only dish:
Soups are not for such as me,
Neither will it run to fish.

Fetch the homely pint of ale,
Since the poet loves his beer;
For, whene'er the spirits fail,
Malt and hops are kindly cheer.
Burgundy and Claret, hence!
Not for me the purple vine.
Claret comes to eighteen pence,
Burgundy is two-and-nine.

Phillis, as you seek my beer,
If an organ-man you meet,
Kindly, softly, bring him here;
He will soothe me as I eat.
Music is the food of love,
But my purse will not attain
Even to the slips above
At the Garden or the Lane.

Bring me roses for my brow,
Since the poet entertains
Little hope of laurel *now*,
To engird his addled brains.
Let me, in Horatian style,
Carry roses on my hair;
For I find my only tile
Utterly unfit for wear.

The whole book so abounds in sweet, unaffected poetry, and is so well able to stand on its own merits, that we feel we need do no more than recommend it most heartily to all our readers, who, whatever be their mood, will ever find in it something congenial.

CURRY AND RICE.[1]

THE expression of critical doubt and omniscience which pervaded my face when I first took up this elegantly bound volume, which is composed of the 'Ingredients of Social Life at "Our Station" in India,' soon changed to one of pleasure by the time I had reached the second illustration, which is simply inimitable. At a small deal table is seated an individual, 'Our Judge,' revelling in the wildness of an Eastern *deshabille;* his hair is running away from his head; his mouth and eye express an eager and undivided attention to the observations which certain stolid Hindoos, who are separated from him by a wooden railing, appear to be hurling at him with a rapidity that is evidently puzzling the quill-pen he holds in his right hand. Behind 'Our Judge' stands a shoeless servant, in all the sublimity of Eastern indifference, his arms negligently posed on the back of 'His Excellency's' chair, whom he is regarding with an air half akin to pity, an opinion that appears to be shared by an aged Hindoo, who has dropped his spectacles over his nose as if the matter in hand were not worth further consideration. The contrast between the excited condition and self-sufficiency of the Judge, and the half cynical, half indifferent, and humorous respect paid by the Hindoos, is admirably portrayed by the artist, who, having given me pleasure, at once improves upon the effect he has created, and having soon caused me to smile,

[1] 'Curry and Rice,' on forty plates; or, The Ingredients of Social Life at 'Our Station' in India. By George Francklin Atkinson, Captain Bengal Engineers. London: John B. Day, Savoy Street, Strand.

never leaves me till he has landed me at an illustration entitled 'Our Pack of Hounds,' which not only convinces me that the book is humorous and life-like, but sends me into an uncontrolled fit of laughter. To the left of the picture you see Reynard (a jackal), with a somewhat anxious expression of countenance, making the best of the liberty that a long-boned Hindoo, who till now has kept our friend in a wicker basket, has granted him. 'Our Pack of Hounds' are, of course, the most prominent objects, and deservedly so, for certainly no Irish row ever brought together so ill-assorted, or incongruous an assembly. The ever anxious bull-dog is well to the fore; close to his heels is a sleek greyhound, whose ears appear to be starting out of his head; these are surrounded by every possible breed and half-breed, not to speak of certain positive curs, who are making the air resound with their clamorous cries. When I add that this mass is restrained by two very lean and uncomfortable-looking Hindoos, nobody surely will wonder that the sporting gentlemen in the background must indeed be enthusiastic Nimrods.

Each of Captain Atkinson's sketches is accompanied by a description, which in most cases is fully as graphic and entertaining as the drawing itself, and prove him to be, not only an able draughtsman, but also a writer of no mean power.

The amusing difficulties of 'Our Theatricals' are thus described by him:

'Let us pop behind the scenes. The band has thundered forth its operatic airs; the company have poured in; the melodramatizers, after a world of commotion and a profusion of scuffling and driving off of servants, have at last fairly commenced operations; the bell has tinkled; the prompter has hauled up the green curtain, to the detriment of his tights and the discomposure of his temper; the drama has opened—touching are the scenes—unnerved are the spectators—pocket-handkerchiefs are in demand; the plot thickens—the climax is at hand. Chumuch is the hero; a touching scene lies before him; he is in difficulties—he hums—he haws—he edges off to the wings—he eyes the prompter imploringly.

'"Weep," whispers the prompter, compassionately.

'"What? What?"

'"Weep! wee-ep! wee-e-ep!" speaks the prompter, in a graduated crescendo scale.

'"What?—what the deuce is it? Speak out!"

'"Weep!" shouts the prompter. "Confound it; can't you weep?—Weep!" roars the prompter.

'The touching appeal, together with the emphatic reply, has caught the ear of the house, and the laughter is prodigious; but Chumuch, unabashed, faces the storm, and weeps convulsively.'

The whole work is so humorous, so life-like, so witty, and yet so inoffensive, that it is sure to delight all readers, but especially those who are connected with or have lived in India. I would add one thing; the way the book is got up is a credit to the publisher.

JOHN B. DAY, Printer and Lithographer, 3, Savoy Street, Strand.

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